

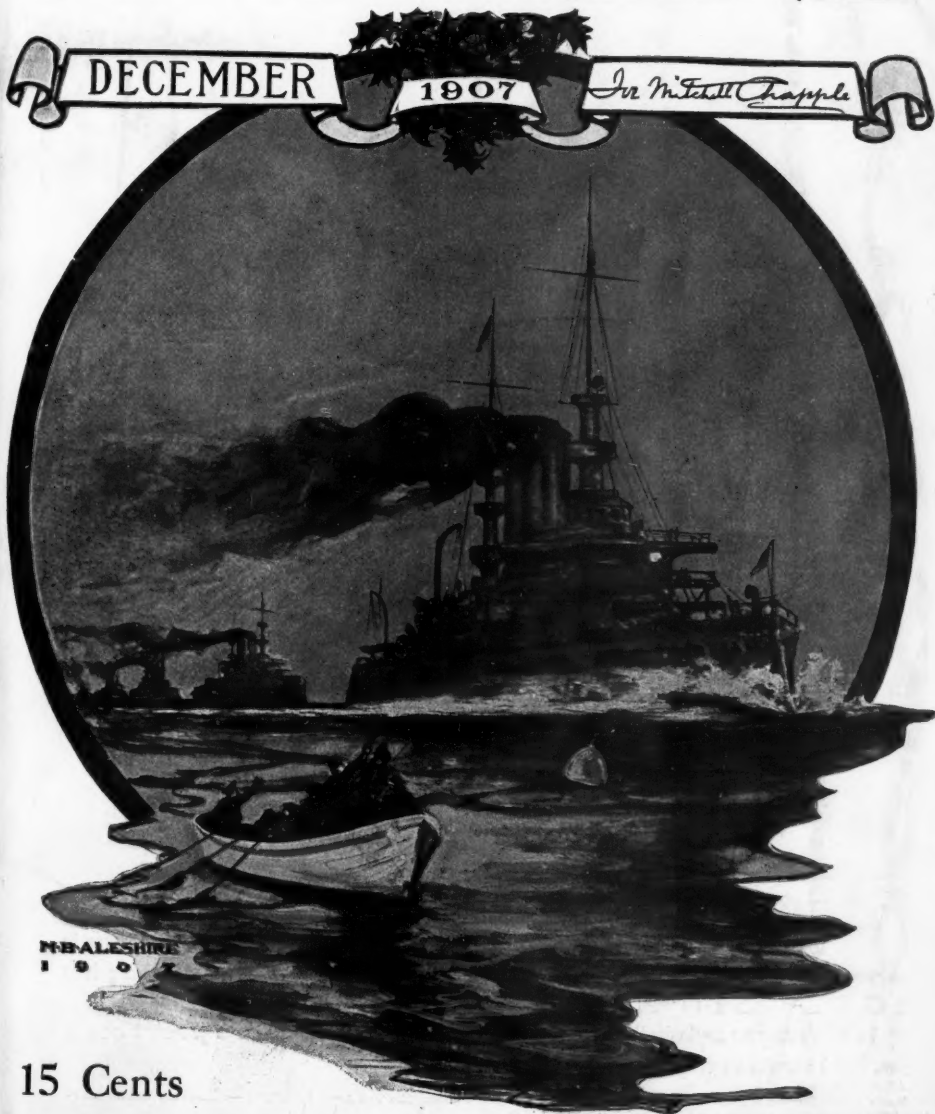
sup
w
Poele 27#3 Col. J. R.
Why the Fleet Will 'Round the Horn

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

DECEMBER

1907

In Mitchell Chapple



NEALESHIRE
1907

15 Cents

THE CHAPPLE PUBLISHING COMPANY LTD. BOSTON, U.S.A.

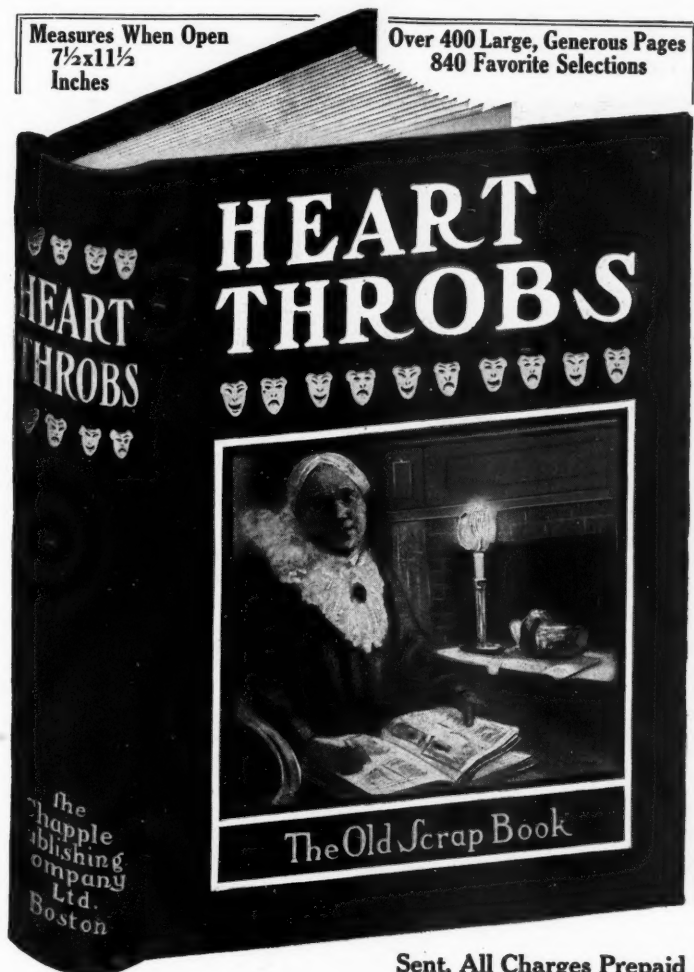
“THIS is the genuine **‘PEARS’** as sold for more than 100 years past! I have sold it all **my** life, and know how good it is. It is entirely **pure** and there is **no water** mixed with it, it is **ALL SOAP** and lasts longer than any other; it is the **CHEAPEST** as well as the **BEST**.

“I could sell you an imitation at half the money and **make more profit on it too**, but I should be only **swindling** you if I did.”

All rights secured.

Pear's Annual for 1907, with 22 illustrations and four large Presentation Plates. The best Annual published — without any doubt. How-
ever judge for yourself. Agents: The International News Company.

The Christmas Gift!



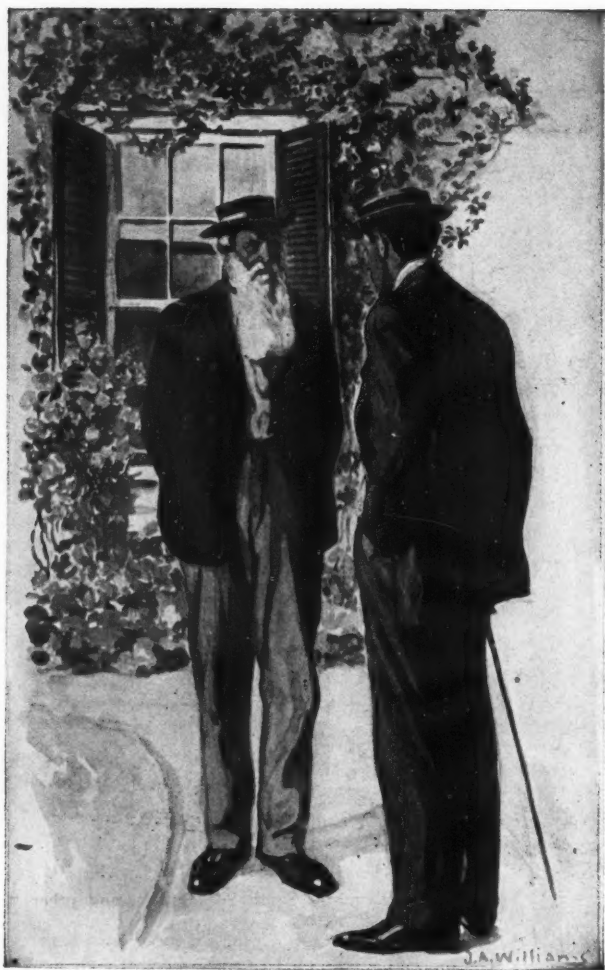
Sent, All Charges Prepaid

SPECIAL PRICE has been made to those who purchase in quantities of **SIX OR MORE COPIES**, as long as the present supply lasts, as follows:

- | | |
|--|----------------|
| SINGLE COPIES (handsome Gift-book Binding, Gold and Illuminated Cover, postpaid) | \$1.50 |
| SIX COPIES (packed singly in neat pasteboard cartons, with appropriate Christmas Card in Colors, ready for mailing) | \$8.00 |
| TWELVE COPIES (packed singly as above, money cheer- fully refunded if book is not satisfactory) | \$15.00 |

Order NOW, from your book dealer or the publishers, before you forget it, and solve a Christmas problem. (Show this ad. to dealer as authority for these prices.)

Chapple Publishing Company, 944 Dorchester Ave., Boston, Mass.



*"There was a kindly expression in the keenly alert gray eyes."
See "The Smoky God" in this issue.*

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXVII

DECEMBER, 1907

NUMBER THREE



Affairs at Washington

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

THERE has been a cycle of great events this month, which have touched directly indirectly, affairs at Washington. It seems that Washington has never been so pre-eminent a great national center as now. Do we have a flurry on Wall Street, with panic stricken depositors in double files, waiting night and day around the great stone buildings in "the street"—then the trouble is removed by the secretary of the Treasury, who comes from Washington and occupies his quarters in the sub-treasury in New York City.

On my usual trip to Washington, I chanced to stop over in New York on that dark day in October. There was a sort of panic look in the faces of the people, a reflex of the excitement that swept the country. The spire of Trinity never looked more secure and benignant than on that day, and the statue of Washington in front of the Sub-Treasury, seemed to have a quieting influence on the overwrought nerves of the passers-by. With all respect to the good people of New York City, they are the most timid and susceptible to fluctuation in money matters of all the citizens of the United States, though they ought to be the strongest. In fact, money is the all-predominating thing in New York life, and perhaps it cannot be wondered at that financial fear is acute.

In addition to the depositors' fine, there was a great throng of curiosity-mongers, and the mounted police were there too, to represent the majesty of the law. Some of the people were eating lunches while they

waited in line, a scene to remind one of the days when the land office "rush," occurred out West. As I walked around the buildings and looked in the faces of the depositors, and surveyed the boxes that some of them had brought to take away their coin, and the luncheon bags firmly clutched by others, the humorous aspect of the situation struck me—the "wherewithal-shall-I-be-fed" represented by food or coin, was certainly paramount in every mind. I asked one man how much he had at stake. His balance was \$17.63, and in his pocket he had something like \$100, and \$200 in another bank. His income was \$100 per month, and it seemed to me that he could have earned more by remaining at work than by wasting time chasing this deposit. I cannot say that he had my sympathy, but there were pathetic cases there, although in all that line I could see no one who appeared to be in real distress, such as one reads of in old-time stories of the confusion and real distress caused by the bursting of the English South Sea Bubble, and other "bubbles."

Over on one prominent corner of Wall Street J. Pierpoint Morgan had assumed command and was at the telephone, demanding that every bank and interest he represented send in their quota of money to meet this hungry host. It may be said that this is a small matter for him, "Pierpoint Morgan can afford to do it," but when one is behind the scenes and sees the faith, confidence, and splendid courage of such men in this emergency, in which their interests were

just as much concerned as those of the man demanding his \$17.63,—and much more so,—there is a saner understanding of the flurry on Wall Street, and what it means to both the big and little depositors.

In New York there were, in the Cafe Martin, certain individuals flourishing rolls of bills with \$20,000 in their pockets, and another chap had \$30,000: they were assuring me that "they were all right."

Then I bethought me: supposing that each person in the United States pulled out from the banks only \$10—not \$20,000, as some of the timid New York financiers have done—there would be eight hundred million dollars taken from the banks—what country could stand such a drain? J. Pierpoint Morgan never said a wiser word than "Keep your money in the banks and keep your head cool."

Millions of dollars were taken from the banks in one day, and every safety deposit vault in the city was rented.

There was no sane reason for the disturbance, and the people themselves have saved the financial situation, which was not a question of finance but just of plain common sense, by leaving things alone, for, after all, patience is often the truest courage.

* * * *

ANOTHER great event of the month is the sailing of battleships on the longest naval voyage ever organized for a great fleet. The passage of so many great war ships over thousands of sea-miles in time of peace makes us realize that the world is growing small, and that our ocean coast lines are no longer the boundaries of power and influence.

Then one reads of the President hunting in Louisiana; of the Secretary of War far away in the Orient, opening the Philippine parliament; Secretary Root in Mexico, and other members of the Cabinet scattered to the four winds of heaven—all indicating that distance is annihilated, and that though thousands of miles supervene between the President and his Cabinet, they can still continue their work by wire and wireless, while rapid transit brings them swiftly together again.

Then, too, the month witnessed the great balloon competition at St. Louis, when the winner of the prize landed at Asbury Park, covering a distance of 864 miles in forty

hours. As I looked upon this mighty balloon, I felt for the first time that aerial navigation is destined to become a real factor in our lives, and that it will not occasion as much loss of life as the introduction of automobiles. Who knows but the time may come when I can go to Washington on an air-ship and harness it to the dome of the World Building in New York while I stop there for lunch?

The same month witnessed the first really effective service of aerograms or wireless messages across the Atlantic, adding another wonderful record to the marvels of the age.

In Washington I found officials returning from the Isthmus of Panama, where the records of all previous progress have been surpassed, clearly demonstrating that this great artery of trade through the isthmus will undoubtedly change the map of the world.

Yes, these are great times in which we live; far greater than we realize, and the importance of events that are transpiring will be more plainly seen in the later years.

* * *

THE Thanksgiving proclamation of President Roosevelt has been issued. The opening of the Sixtieth Congress in December is looked forward to with keen interest, not only in the United States, but throughout the world. As one foreigner recently arrived, remarked, "The United States will occupy the center of the stage in world affairs; and the center of the center for the coming six months will be Washington, D. C."

* * *

A MASSACHUSETTS boy left his native New England home and went out "where rolls the Oregon." Since those days few public men have had a more interesting career than Senator Jonathan Bourne, Jr., of Oregon. It was he who helped the great fight against Senator Mitchell, in the land frauds, and perfected the organization of the legislature when he had secured enough votes to insure election.

Senator Bourne is a man of force of character, and carries into his daily life and work all that New England stands for in the history of the nation. He is an enthusiastic admirer of Theodore Roosevelt, and was among the first to foresee that public sentiment was crystalizing, and would insist on



SENATOR JONATHAN BOURNE, JR., OF OREGON, WHO OFFERS THE \$1,000 PRIZE FOR THE BEST ARGUMENT WHY ROOSEVELT SHOULD BE A CANDIDATE FOR PRESIDENT IN 1908

the renomination of the present chief executive for a second elective term. There is a widespread conviction that Senator Bourne is correct in his analysis of the situation for 1908.

Oregon will have reason to be proud of

the splendid record which Senator Bourne is making in the United States Senate. The interest of every individual constituent is to him a matter of careful study, for into this also he brings his "New England conscience," and earnest views of life; nothing

short of the best he is capable of will satisfy him. The senator is a broad thinker, and a man of progressive ideas and fearless in the championship of his convictions.

* * *

AT last the perfected utility of the Marconi Wireless Telegraph as a means of ocean cable communication has been form-

If this is not conquering the elements of "earth, air and water," I don't know when it will be done. We have subways tunneling the earth; messages flying through space without visible means of transmission, and submarine boats "moving on the face of the waters" and down into "the vasty deep."

* * *

SOMETIMES the joke is upon those very earnest individuals who have a desire to ferret out and proclaim the dishonesty of their fellows. During the past year there has been some weighing of mails, and Assistant Postmaster General J. T. McCleary has been given direct and authentic information that grindstones and scrap iron were finding their way mysteriously into the mails in Maine, with a view to pad the weight. Similar information came from one self-respecting citizen in Georgia; but the joke of the thing is that the mails in New England and Georgia are not being weighed, a fact which is of course well-known to post office officials. Therefore, no one could have any object in mailing grindstones and scrap iron in those localities. The mails are being weighed only in the northwestern states,



Photo by Harris & Ewing, Washington, D. C.

CAPTAIN W. P. POTTER

ally established. Some years ago I remember how Thomas Edison positively predicted that Marconi's would soon span the ocean, and would be sending messages at the rate of 1,000 words a minute. One expert in Washington has predicted that the time is coming when, within a few years, the electric communications between Europe and America will be almost as cheap as the telegraph on land is now. In fact, the wireless has already taken on such proportions that there is some apprehension that certain capitalists will obtain franchises on the blue sky and the invisible ether above the wide Atlantic, securing them for the transmission of messages; it being quite evident that some arrangement must be made to prevent confusion between competing companies.



Photo by E. Muller, New York

ADMIRAL HEMPILL, WHO IS NOW IN THE ORIENT TO GIVE WELCOME TO THE PACIFIC FLEET

known as the third district, so that the self-appointed government detectives in Maine and Georgia have not established any record for the exposure of dishonesty—neither have they established a record for personal veracity.

FRESH from the lake-paradises of Minnesota, Congressman James A. Tawney is ready for busy hours in the work of the Appropriations Committee. One of the most comprehensive addresses ever made by Mr. Tawney was that on the battlefield of Gettysburg, when he opened his speech with a description of a little house on Wolf's Hill, "on the old Low Dutch Road, connecting the York and Baltimore Pikes," where he was born. He went on to tell how, from an attic window, he and a brother, on the afternoon of July third, witnessed the fearless but modest Gregg and the gallant Custer drive back the cavalry of Fitz-Hugh Lee. He told, too, of the familiar churches and school-house, and gave a thrilling description of the morning of the opening day of the battle:

"I was picking cherries for my mother, high up in a big, black cherry tree on the farm, then owned by "old" John Snyder. Well do I remember the haste with which

shelling it on the third day, and that it was saved by the act of a Union soldier, who unfurled my sister's red flannel petticoat, with my fishing pole as a flagstaff, from the top of the highest chimney on the house. On the Tuesday following the battle I rode over the field with my grandfather, and there on the north side of Culp's Hill I saw the



Photo by Pach Bros., New York

CAPTAIN J. P. MURDOCK

I climbed down out of that tree and ran home with my cherries, while the first thundering tones of the battle rolled over Gettysburg and the surrounding country. I remember, too, that our house was used as a hospital for the wounded; that the enemy began



Photo by Harris & Ewing, Washington, D. C.

REAR ADMIRAL CHARLES SPERRY

bodies of some sixty soldiers lying in one uncovered grave. And all over this country side, in every wood and valley, I can, at will, hear the voices and see the fancy-painted faces of long ago.

"It seems but yesterday that I listened to those words from the lips of the immortal Lincoln, uttered upon the dedication of this ground as a National Cemetery, almost from the spot where I now stand.

"Here let us highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain."

Later, the Pennsylvania boy went West, and one does not have to travel long in Minnesota to understand that the citizens of the Gopher State are very proud of the congressman with the jet black moustache, who knows just how to set things a-going—and keep them going.

ON November 16th the forty-sixth state was formally added to the Union, and there was little ceremony in Washington to indicate that fact, except the presence of the numerous and vigorous campaigners for federal offices, who had long before established themselves at the Capital City.

Governor Frantz, of "Rough Rider" fame, was there to capture everything in sight; and the lone, solitary congressman from Pawnee, the Honorable Bird McGuire, was almost dis-



MRS. OVERMAN, WIFE OF SENATOR OVERMAN

tracted, trying to settle the claims upon him.

The Oklahoma bankers had gone on a holiday, proclaimed by the acting governor, and the New York drafts could not be cashed and had to be kept longer than their owners had planned, on account of this festive day in Wall Street. "Pockets full of drafts, and nothing to spend," was the popular song of Oklahomites in Washington.

* * *

ONE rough rider who has risen to the distinction of the bench is "Si" Reid of Oklahoma, who is to succeed Judge Wickersham as United States judge for Alaska.

Judge "Si" Reid is a jolly, good-natured man, about the same proportions physically as Secretary Taft—200 pounds—and over. He was a candidate for lieutenant-governor on the Republican ticket, nominated at the famous midnight session of the state convention. On a single stumping tour, he covered seventy-five counties in the state in forty days.

Judge Reid remarked that, like many young lawyers, he had always had "an ambition to go on the bench," and assured his listeners that he would rather be a justice of the Supreme Court than President of the United States. He is looking forward with a great deal of interest to his residence in Alaska, which he insists will one day be the popular summer resort of the United States.

* * *

THE smooth-faced and silver-tongued congressman from Missouri, Champ Clark, now comes into prominence as a champion of Pike County, and it records of superfluous whiskers. That is where he hails from; and he proudly boasts of one constituent in Spencerburg who has eleven feet and six inches of hirsute growth on his face, while another veteran comes in a close second, being the proud possessor of nine feet of imperial Missouri whisker.

Congressman Clark has grimly suggested that if the agitation for whiskers can be maintained, there may be some hope for the populist party, in which flowing whiskers are distinctive since the advent of Senator Peffer's Aaron-like beard into the Senate. Champ Clark, "all shaven and shorn," with face as smooth as a jack-knife or a Shakespearian actor, emphatically disclaims the rumor that he is attempting to rear a beard to maintain his popularity in Pike County.

* * *

ONE of the most notable dinners of the month was that given by the Swedish minister, Mr. Herman de Lagercrantz, who was the host of Prince Wilhelm during his recent visit to this country; the Swedish Embassy promises to be the scene of interesting hospitalities during the coming winter.

The Swedish minister enjoys the distinction of being the only minister or ambassador in this country who is a member of the Salvation Army. Mr. de Lagercrantz and



MRS. JOHN W. TIMMINS, DAUGHTER OF VICE PRESIDENT FAIRBANKS

his wife both belong to the Army, and take an active and keen personal interest in the welfare of that organization.

* * *

AN old-timer related this story concerning Bob Ingersoll's famous "stumping" tours along the coast of Maine. The trip was made on a yacht, and each afternoon

tor was reaching up to his utmost heights of eloquence, telling them that if the entire works of Burns were destroyed he believed that at the age of seventeen years he could have supplied every piece from memory. He was just getting his fingers in among the heartstrings of the worthy Scots, when he perceived a bonnie lassie close to the front gazing earnestly at his feet. She stared and stared, and a faint smile of amusement curved her rosy lips and dimpled her cheeks. He wished the yellow-haired lassie's eyes anywhere but where they were. Something was wrong with "the understanding" evidently. He paused a second in his flowing periods, and glanced down—his waving arms had caused his trousers to push up above his low-cut shoes—and then it flashed across his memory that, in dressing that morning, he had been unable to find a complete pair of socks; hence one leg was striped like a zebra, while the sock on the other ankle had the snowy whiteness of Mary's "little lamb." It was absurd that a Scotch lassie's cognizance of the defects of an orator's wardrobe should put his eloquent thoughts to flight, but the day would have been lost had not her woman's kindly wit come to the rescue.

"Gae on, gae on," she murmured, "I hae na seen that ither sock."

Afterward Ingersoll insisted that when a speaker can realize that the audience knows what he is thinking of, and will be frank in dealing with those to whom he is speaking, success

is assured, as in his case the sharing of his thought by the Scotch lass brought him to a fine climax.

* * *

IMAGINE my gratification when an army officer just returned from Panama told me that in nearly every one of the thousands of homes on the Isthmus he found copies of the National. He called attention to the fact that the April issue of the magazine,



Photo by Pach Bros., New York

REAR ADMIRAL CHARLES M. THOMAS

and evening a different audience was gathered to harken to the silver-tongued orator. James G. Blaine was with him on that memorable trip, and a remark was made by Ingersoll to the effect that when "it came to fighting, Blaine had a hide like a rhinoceros, but when it came to laughing at and ridiculing him, he was like a jelly-fish."

One audience addressed was composed almost entirely of quarrymen, and the ora-

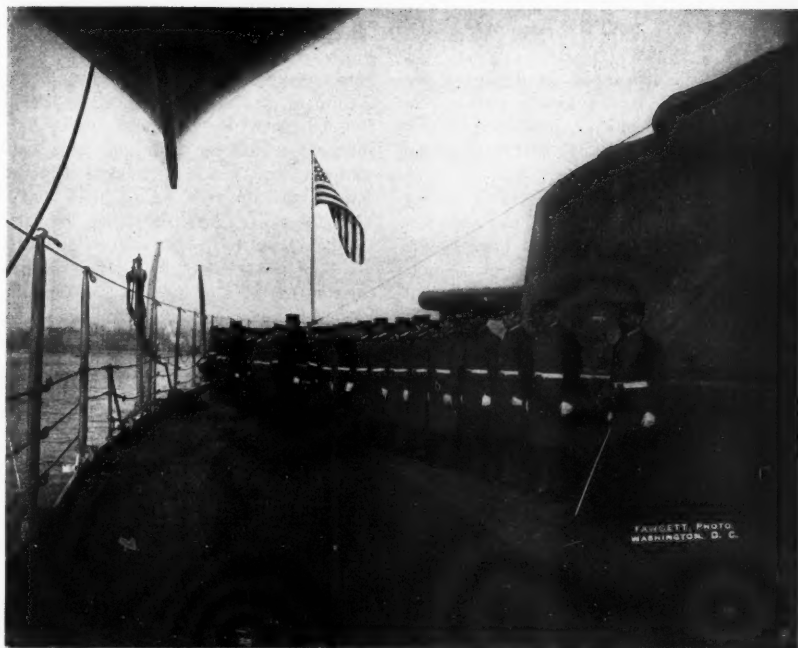


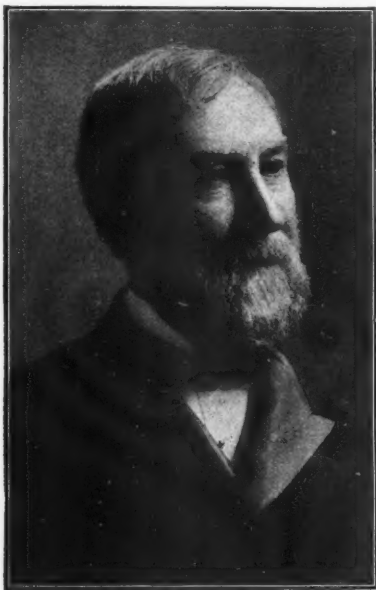
Photo by Fawcett, Washington, D. C.

UNITED STATES MARINES ON THE BATTLESHIP ILLINOIS
 BERTH DECK OF THE BATTLESHIP CONNECTICUT. (ADMIRAL EVANS' FLAGSHIP)
 SHOWING GUNS AND GUNNERS

containing the account of the digging of the Panama Canal, is still looked upon as an authoritative description. He said that everyone was looking for the editor of the National down that way this winter.

The cost of food on the Isthmus has recently been greatly reduced; sugar is now only four cents a pound, and other things have cheapened in proportion.

The question of widening the canal has been taken up, and according to Lieutenant H. H. Rosseau, who with Secretary of the Navy Metcalf has just come back from



SENATOR SCOTT OF WEST VIRGINIA

the Isthmus, it is one of vital importance. It is said that a change of plans will be essential, and that the matter must be laid before Congress promptly. The facts that the Lusitania is eighty-eight feet wide and one of the battleships, the Delaware, and others of that class, are eighty-five feet, and the proposed width of battleships that are to be built will certainly not be less, emphasize the necessity for the widening of the locks.

The work on the actual prism of the canal, near the Culebra Cut and extending from Las Cascades to Paraiso, covers a tract of about five miles, this space being commonly

known as the Culebra Cut. The locks at Gatun are planned for a width of ninety-five feet, but even this is thought to be hardly sufficient to accommodate the large battleships of the Dreadnought class and other ships which are to be added to the navy.

As the canal nears completion, interest in the merchant marine is awakened; for the question often comes up, "What sense is there in having a great navy and canal conveniences adapted therefor, unless we possess an American merchant marine of proportionate importance? Experts who have given the matter personal and thorough study have long been convinced that the good people of the Middle West must, in their own interest, realize that America's products must be carried in American ships whose profits go to American owners, masters, mariners and artificers. Even the subsidy, with all the odium it incurs, may have its place in the legislation of a country—that is to be truly great and prosperous

The oft-exploded argument of getting shipping where it is cheapest is no more reasonable than the idea that our products and manufactures should be affected in price by foreign competition. To the consistent mind, a protective tariff on cotton thread or coal is decidedly as much a subsidy as money apportioned for the encouragement of our leaders in coastwise commerce to establish steamship lines to South America and other foreign countries for the purpose of exploiting trade and commerce; in this following the methods which have been found effective by our European competitors.

Those old war horses at Washington, Senators William P. Frye and Jacob G. Gallinger, have prepared a measure that will obviate most of the objections that have heretofore been effectively urged. The proposed legislation will strenuously advocate and encourage the development of a merchant marine that will be a credit to the republic. Today a blush of shame and indignation comes to the cheek of every American who takes passage upon the high seas and realizes the lamentable decay of American ocean-shipping interests.

Every producer of a pound of wheat, corn or pork, or any other product of the farm, is vitally concerned in building up a merchant marine, not only because lower freight rates would ensure higher prices for raw



ADMIRAL DEWEY

and agricultural material, but because an enlarged foreign trade is certain to follow such increase because of more markets and a closer contact with new foreign customers. Today Americans expect British, German and other foreign vessels to carry their products; and seem to think that these will exploit American trade and interests; this idea is preposterous. Up to the days of the

and developed millions of dollars' worth of new and reciprocal trade which would otherwise have never existed. Then the glory of our shipping was in full measure understood. Of what avail is it to send battleships into the Pacific, expending millions in mere costly manoeuvres, when like amounts expended in building up an American merchant marine would bring universal benefits and give our rapidly-increasing navy some practical use.

* * *

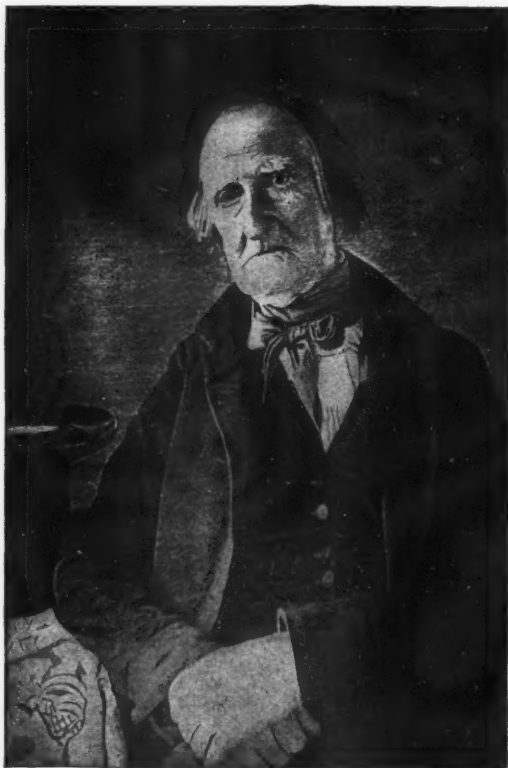
THE only operation of Uncle Sam's navy that pays a handsome cash profit is the work done by the Panama Canal fleet. It actually brings money into Uncle Sam's pocket over and above the expenses of maintenance, and this fact should inspire good old "Uncle Sam" to again become a skipper for profit as well as for glory, and proves still more clearly the necessity for a merchant-marine. The prospect that many tourists will visit Panama during the coming winter will add still more to the revenue accruing from the Panama fleet.

* * *

THE recent bank panic in New York has concentrated a great deal of attention on the office of the comptroller of the currency. The declination of Mr. Ridgley of the flattering offer made to him to become president of the Mercantile National Bank of New York indicates that a bank presidency is not always the most attractive position that a man can hold, despite the gorgeous salary thereto attached.

October was certainly a trying month for New York bankers; but the way in which the situation was met was a triumph for modern methods of meeting those emergencies arising from "financial flurries" which have hitherto bewildered the wisest financiers and have so often led to general and disastrous panics.

The unchecked revolution of the world's



JOSIAH FOX, FATHER OF THE AMERICAN NAVY

Civil War, the American merchant marine was remarkable as proportioned to the prestige of the nation, being only second to that of Great Britain. Respected on the high seas and in every port of the world, it was unrivaled in the beauty and speed of its ships, the skill and courage of its personnel, and the vigorous and aggressive enterprise of the Yankee captain-trader, who sailed to every port whereat trade could be established, introduced American products and "notions"

business methods must now have its reckoning, and the books must be balanced to show the truth of the claims made for the strenuous business policies of the last decade. The reckless and riotous phases of "high finance" in New York and elsewhere must be checked, and the prompt action of the federal government, in exercising its close surveillance of the national banks, has undoubtedly been of great service.

Such convincing demonstrations of the criminal over-exploitation through which so many honest people have been ruined, should recommend strongly to the average citizen the projects for postal savings banks, and place these institutions on a practical basis, as outlined by Postmaster General Meyer. Late experiences have demonstrated that Comptroller Ridgley was prepared for the recent monetary stringency, and knew how to meet it, though as Secretary Shaw has often said, these disturbances are more psychological than economical. He says, "When you are leading a horse behind a wagon, it is well to have a little slack rope; so that if he stops suddenly there will not be too much of a jolt."

The secretary also pointed out that our currency is too unelastic, while our market for currency is ever expanding and contracting in response to business and industrial demands. There will be plenty of problems for the student of finance to solve in the future, in considering the monetary system of the country, and scores of bills are already proposed for congressional action.

* * *

ON a trip from the Pacific Coast I stopped in Minneapolis to see Mr. C. A. Smith, the largest individual owner of timber land in the Northwest, except Frederick Weyerhaeuser. Those who travel on the coast soon discover that Mr. Smith is one of the big men of the great Northwest. Smooth-faced,

kindly, vigorous, blue-eyed, despite his business surroundings, it is evident that commerce is not his only interest in life. On the walls of his office, intermingled with pictures of the majestic timber of Oregon and Washington, hang many mementoes of public service and of prominent men and personal friends.

Mr. Smith is a splendid type of adopted



C. A. SMITH OF MINNEAPOLIS

American citizen. Born in the province of Ostergotland, in Sweden, in 1852, at the age of fourteen he arrived in this country, with his father and sister, ready to make his fortune. He attended the public schools of Minneapolis, and in 1873 was enrolled at the State University, and it was while a student there that he began work for Governor John S. Pillsbury. Mr. Smith, at that time, spent all his spare hours and vacations in the hardware

store. Later, a serious illness made it impossible for the young student to continue the tremendous strain under which he was living, and he was obliged to abandon his university education, which he did very reluctantly, thereafter giving his entire time to the hardware business.

In 1878, Mr. Smith went to Herman, Minnesota, a town on the Great Northern, where he built an elevator and opened an implement store and lumber yard. Here the young foreigner laid the foundation for one of the

and the suggestion was made by him that Mr. Smith should help by going into that business. At that time the great lumber manufacturing concern, known as C. A. Smith & Company was formed, Mr. Smith and Governor Pillsbury having equal interests.

One of the five large mills using water power in Minneapolis, owned by the John Martin Lumber Company, was purchased in 1887, but on a fateful Saturday night, but a short time later, the mill was entirely wiped out by fire, but that was the occasion when the courage of the young partner was put to the test.

In 1890, C. A. Smith & Company purchased the Clough Brothers' interest in a mill afterwards sold to Nelson, Tenney & Company; in 1892, the product of the firm, headed by this young foreigner, had reached a total of 25,000,000 feet annually. Incorporated as C. A. Smith Lumber Company in 1893, the construction of the largest, most expensive and complete saw-mill ever erected in Minneapolis was undertaken; all previous records were broken in this mill, for in eleven hours, with three band-saws and a gang in action, 599,627 feet of lumber, 71,500 feet being lath and 130,000 feet shingles, were produced.

As I sat there, from the left hand drawer of his desk, Mr. Smith took data, in red figures, showing the product of his mill each day, proof positive of the daily, strenuous effort to exceed all previous production. It was not surprising to learn that here lumber is produced at a lower cost than in any other mill of its kind in the country, this being due to the fact that every possible means is taken to save labor and avoid waste. There are thirty-five miles of steel tramways, where five horses do the work of 125 wagons. No load of lumber is ever dumped, and the waste fuel from the mill is sold to the city pumping station near by, thus saving to the city \$40 a day on its fuel bill the year around. The waste edgings are utilized by the Northwestern Compo-Board Company, an institution that belongs to the C. A. Smith Lumber Company. This factory is located in the company's mill settlement north of the city.

The saw-mill has steadily increased its cut since 1893, the record for 1898 being 87,000,000 feet of lumber, 36,000,000 shingles, and 9,000,000 lath. In 1899 the cut was 108,000,000 feet, and in 1901 it reached 112,000,000 feet; 1906, 145,000,000. Mr. Smith is chief owner of the company's property, and asso-



Photo by Harris & Ewing, Washington, D. C.

CAPTAIN HENRY OSTERHOUSE

largest commercial enterprises of this country under the name of C. A. Smith & Company, with Governor Pillsbury as an equal partner. The kindly interest and confidence of the governor was gratefully appreciated by the young man. The business was later extended and C. J. Johnson taken in as a partner, and at this time retail yards were opened in other towns throughout Minnesota. The firm was remarkably successful, and their records showed good returns.

Full of ambition and pluck, Mr. Smith was ready for the offer which Mr. Pillsbury made him in 1884. The governor had thirty thousand dollars involved in a log loan,

ciated with him is Mr. C. J. Johnson, the partner of early days, with Edgar Dalzell, secretary, and Enoch Oren, treasurer. The great lumber and logging interests of the concern are looked after by the C. A. Smith Timber Company, of which Mr. Smith is president, and C. A. Trabert secretary. The standing timber owned by this company is stated to be sufficient to stock the mill at Minneapolis for many years to come. Mr. Smith is also the largest individual holder of Pacific Coast timber. He is a practical lumberman and has been especially prominent in the advisory councils of the trade, as treasurer of the Mississippi Valley Lumberman's Association, and vice president of the National Lumber Manufacturers association.

Mr. Smith was a central figure in public affairs as a presidential elector in 1896, and was delegated to attend the Republican National Convention, which nominated McKinley and Roosevelt in Philadelphia in 1900.

A gracious compliment was paid to the adopted American citizen by the King of Sweden, when, in recognition of Mr. Smith's services to the subjects of his fatherland, he was created a commander of the First Degree of Vasa. He is well known to all Scandinavian and educational interests throughout the Northwest, for the prominent part he took in raising funds for the relief of the sufferers in the famine in Finland. Mr. Smith is certainly entitled to all the encomiums that have been poured upon him for his part in this noble work.

It is in his home city that his greatest triumphs have been achieved. Here his family altar was established and the home grew up, in which are now three daughters and two sons, who, with their mother, take just pride in the strong, self-reliant, forceful man who has built up for his family and himself enduring fame and fortune.

Extensive timber developments at Coos Bay one of the best harbors between San Francisco and the Columbia River, on the Oregon Coast, are being carried out by Mr. C. A. Smith. Coos Bay is an arm of the Pacific Ocean, protected by a high promontory at the entrance, and having a channel running northeast for several miles. Fifteen tidewater inlets reach in every direction from this bay, and the government is planning to make here an extensive network of canals.

Behind Coos Bay the great forest rises, rich and tall, covering the slopes and hills with a wealth of verdure. At the present time there is no direct railroad communication, but the coast-line roads are planning means of transit to this great inlet, the shores of which were settled many years ago.

With a climate never hot and never cold, where palm and pine dwell happily together, where summer and winter alike the roses bloom, Coos Bay, Oregon, is a port that promises great development, as the Orient and Panama Canal trade is developed.



MARCONI, WHO HAS PERFECTED OCEAN COMMUNICATION BY "WIRELESS"

On October 5, 1907, at Newport News, Virginia, the good ship Nann Smith, the largest in the coastwise trade, was christened and launched by Miss Smith, the eldest daughter of Mr. C. A. Smith, who has always taken a great interest in her father's affairs, since her graduation at Smith College. The good ship Nann Smith is eighteen feet draft, 300 feet long and forty-three beam, has two mammoth hatchways thirty-five by thirty-six feet, a carrying capacity of 2,250,000 feet of lumber, and will start in December on a voyage around the Horn, following Uncle Sam's great fleet of battleships. The new ship will be employed in transporting the product of Mr. Smith's mills now under construction at Coos Bay, and others to be

constructed at Humboldt Bay, to his yards on San Francisco Bay. Mr. Smith's prophecy that buildings of the East will be furnished with lumber from the Pacific Coast forests, brought through the Panama Canal in bulk cargo—at a lower cost in time and money than the same quantity could be shipped by rail across the continent—will probably be a fact within a few more years.

In the wake of his other achievements comes the announcement of the new mill, which he has recently established in Oregon, and it is a significant fact that the people of Marshfield,



CONGRESSMAN A. S. BURLESON OF TEXAS, MEMBER OF THE COMMITTEE ON APPROPRIATIONS

where this branch mill is located, warmly welcomed its establishment. The permanence and substantiality of all enterprises with which C. A. Smith and his firm have been associated are among the marked characteristics of the company. Mr. Smith's whole business policy is pervaded with the genial spirit of co-operation. Wherever he locates a mill he always manages to give as well as receive benefit.

It is estimated that the C. A. Smith Lumber Company have timber enough to run the Marshfield mill for two centuries, but its sawing capacity by no means represents that of the mills to be established and enlarged by this company on the Pacific Coast.

One cannot talk with this enterprising lumberman without discovering, that while the interests of his business are prominent in his thoughts, they by no means predominate. He loves to chat of his friends and home, of McKinley, of Hanna, of Roosevelt, and many other prominent public men with whom he has been associated. Those who know him best insist that the time is coming when C. A. Smith will honor his state in the higher councils of the nation. He is imbued with a wholesome philosophy of life, thoroughly alert to the great questions and problems of the day, and yet regards them in an aspect of fairness and justice. In meeting Mr. Charles Axel Smith I felt that I had, indeed, come into contact with a true type of the young and vigorous industrial manhood of our country, and one truly representative of the splendid adopted American citizenship that has done so much to make the great nation of today.

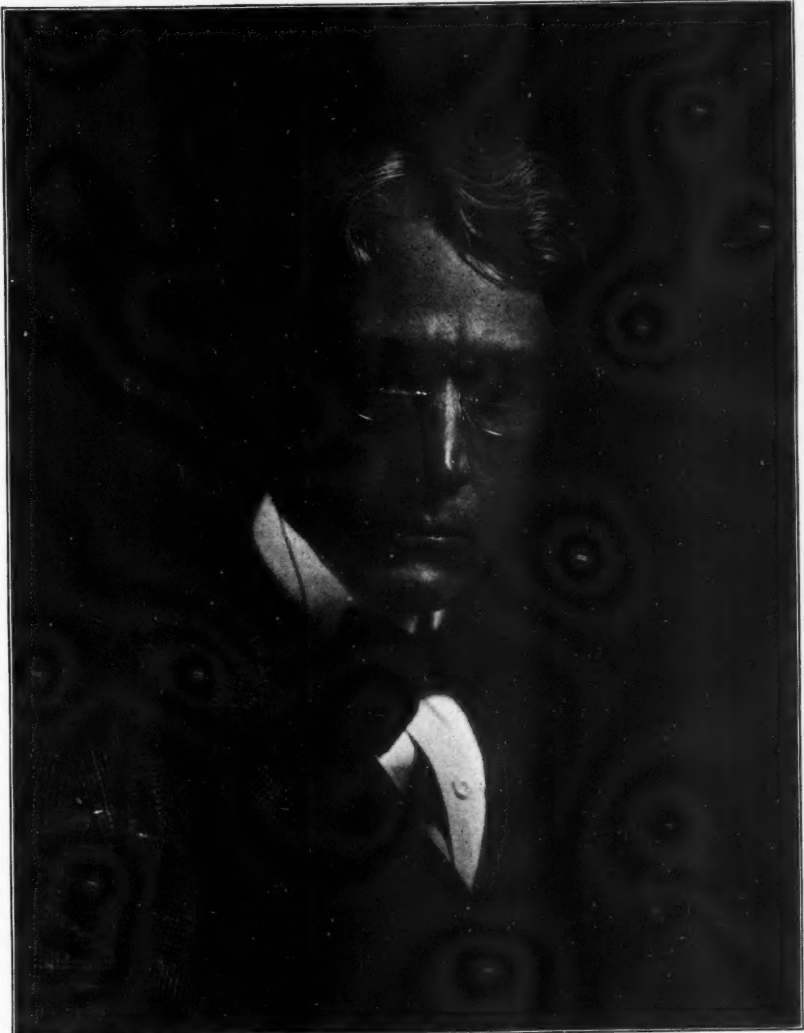
* * *

ONE of the overture stories of the session was told in the cloak room by Senator Nathan B. Scott, of West Virginia, whose dramatic mode of narration made the tale doubly impressive.

It seems that a judge of his acquaintance had a very charming wife, but she was over-neat and was forever brushing microscopic dust from his clothes; still all went well until she started on the "hair hunt." After that she never sat beside her husband for five minutes but she perceived a hair of some sort on his clothing, and hastened to remove it, be it hair of dog, cat or human being.

About this time there came to the town a long-haired lady, possibly one of the Sutherland Sisters, who sat in state at one of the principal hotels, daily exhibiting her seven feet of black hair to an admiring audience. The judge was present at one of these exhibitions, watched his opportunity and secured a hair.

He and his wife were regular attendants at church, and at the Sunday morning services he suffered most from his wife's hair-finding proclivities. Just as he composed his mind to listen to the reading, the sermon—or even the prayers,—he would feel a sudden pluck at some part of his clothing—a hair was discovered—and so on all through the service. The judge feared that some time he would be heard to say a naughty word in church.



Copyright 1907, O. L. Harrington, Logansport, Ind.

JUDGE LANDIS

On the Sunday after his brief visit to the long-haired lady, his last preparation for worship was singular. A corner of his handkerchief was carefully arranged to peep from his coat pocket, and, showing upon the white background, dangled an end of black hair.

With marvelous patience he endured the searching scrutiny of the good lady beside

him; her eyes soon reached his pocket, but a chance to secure the hair without attracting attention did not arrive until the sermon began, when the judge crossed his arms and was evidently absorbed in the eloquent utterances from the pulpit. A cautious jerk brought away a foot of black hair—another yank, another foot. There was a little surprise that the end was not reached

—a third foot came to light, then a pause to be sure that the "hunt" was unnoticed. A fourth yank, still no end to that hair. The good lady was exasperated and yank number five was energetic—still no end. The thing was like a nightmare; a damp chill came over her, but she was a determined and courageous American woman—yank number six—desperation—talk about nightmare—it was a joke to this! One more pull and seven feet of hair was on the seat between her and the judge. It could not be left there for the sexton to marvel over, so it was hastily thrust under the heavy cover of her hymn book, while she mopped the perspiration from her face and fixed her eyes in wrapt attention on the face of the minister, devoutly hoping that the "hair-hunt" had been unobserved by the congregation.

* * *

Quietly the judge's hand slipped down to the hymn book—a moment and the hair was in his pocket—no matter if it broke now. The sermon ended, the ireful lady grasped the book with relentless grip, holding on for dear life as she walked home, concocting scathing sentences to be uttered in the privacy of home—no word of the judge's pleasant conversation was heard.

The front door closed behind them:

"William, *what* did you have in your coat pocket this morning?"

The judge looked at her with an innocent and questioning gaze:

"You had *this*," she went on, sternly, opening up the cover of the hymn book. There was the flyleaf with the name neatly written on it—nothing more—absolutely nothing more. She turned pale and stared blankly at her husband.

"Could I have lost it?" she said, faintly.

"You could not have lost a speck of dust from that book coming home, Mary," he gravely assured her. "I saw the extraordinary way you gripped it. What did you think was inside?"

"Think"—she said indignantly—"I *know* I had a hair there—yards long," and she told the whole story.

The judge surveyed her, "more in sorrow than anger."

"My dear, you have imagined the whole thing; this hair hunting is becoming a positive mania with you," and he proceeded

with a speech as eloquent as any ever addressed to the listeners in a crowded court.

* * *

Senator Scott says that today, if the judge should walk out fairly festooned with a thousand hairs, it is doubtful if his wife would remove even one.

* * *

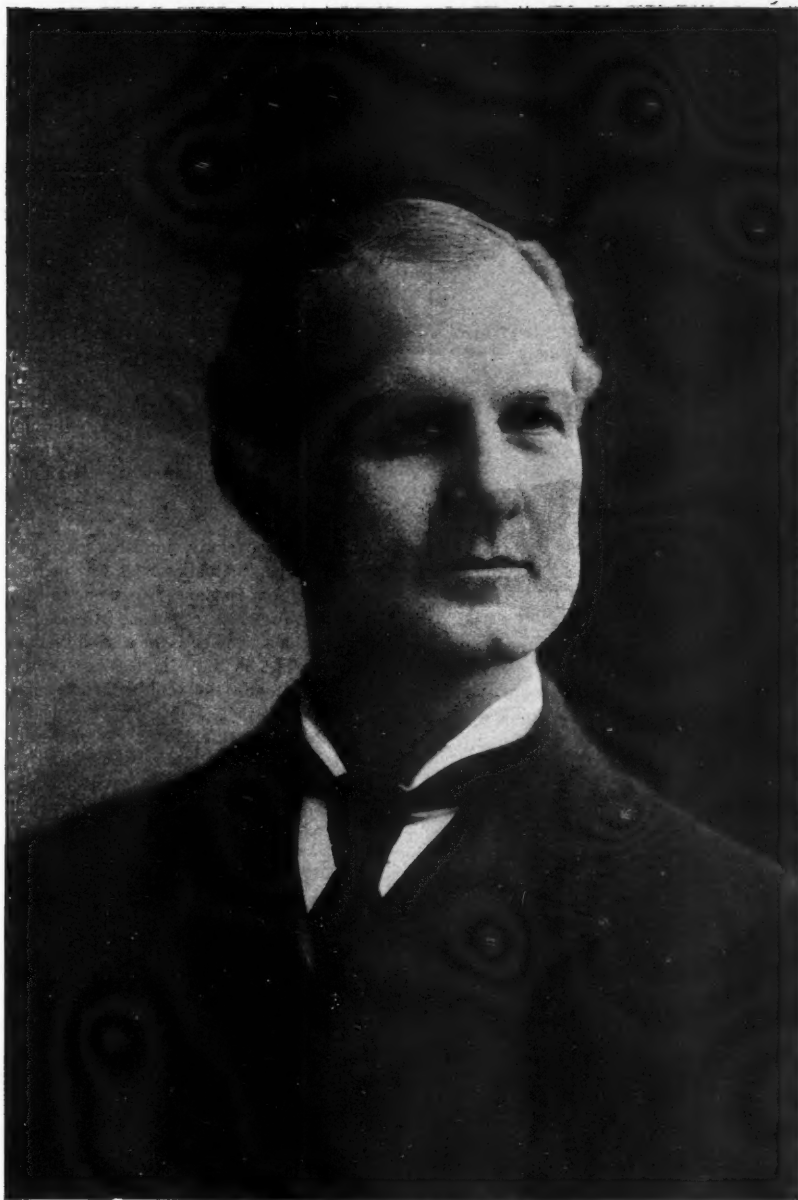
DURING a very pleasant hour spent with Postmaster General von Meyer, I gained an insight into one of the most business-like campaigns ever initiated by a cabinet officer. Mr. Meyer has had extensive business training at home and diplomatic experience abroad, and his public service exemplifies the same loyal, hearty devotion and care that he bestowed upon private affairs. The lofty sense of responsibility that characterized his conduct when American ambassador at St. Petersburg and Rome is apparent in the performance of his cabinet duties.

While in foreign countries, in addition to official and social obligations, Mr. Meyer made a special study of the European postal systems and became very familiar with the working of the parcel post and postal savings bank departments.

It is predicted that the postmaster-general will find congressmen and senators heartily cooperating with him in carrying out the practical postal reforms, which promise to make his term of office remarkable in the history of the department. His innovations aim at the advancement of popular prosperity, and respecting postal savings banks his principal endeavor will be to encourage thrift and economy among a certain class of the people, while discouraging as much as possible the hoarding of money in bulk, which operates against both capital and labor.

* * *

The foundation of the postmaster general's plans has been furnished by his exhaustive study of the immigration, which has been pouring into our country for the last ten years, from the places in which Mr. Meyer officially represented the United States. He understands the unlettered Latin and Slavonic peasantry as they are rarely understood outside of their own lands. Their attitude of suspicion toward private banks, their absolute faith in national institutions, are both an open book to Mr. Meyer, who knows that



SENATOR JAMES B. FRAZIER OF TENNESSEE

European environment has given the peasant unlimited confidence in our government. For this reason, the adoption of the postal savings system is especially recommended in order to secure the patronage of the working classes. Uncle Sam's bank rating will never



JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS

be questioned by the adopted citizen, whereas their suspicion of private enterprise often prevents their using any bank not connected with the government. Proof of this confidence is found in the fact that many of the immigrants practically deposit their spare cash with the Post Office Department by buying money orders payable to themselves, prefer-

ring to do this rather than bank money in the ordinary way, or hoard it after the "Old Stocking" method.

Mr. Meyer also recommends that money order offices, 40,000 in number, shall accept savings accounts—to draw two per cent interest.

It is also proposed to issue postal notes of fifteen different denominations from ten cents to \$2.50, including twenty-five cent and seventy-five cent notes, which would amount to a personal draft from the debtor to the creditor, drawn on the bank of Uncle Sam. No advice or separate slip would be sent to the postmasters with these orders, but any person can fill in the name of the party to whom these are to be paid. The plan is somewhat similar to that adopted by the express offices. By the adoption of this system it is hoped to discourage the practice of sending cash through the mails, and to further this, postal notes of dimensions under ten cents will be issued without fee.

* * *

An exhaustive study, in connection with the savings bank situation, has revealed the fact that in New England, where one third of the savings banks are established, the average distance of a postoffice from a savings bank is fifteen miles, in the Middle West twenty-five miles, and in the central states thirty-three, while in the Pacific West the nearest savings bank is estimated as fifty-five miles distant. The rate of interest shows that the plan is not to compete with savings banks, but is for the purpose of encouraging thrift among persons to whom savings banks are inaccessible by reason of their living in out-of-the-way places. Mr. Meyer realizes that increased savings mean increased confidence among the people, and having a stake in the government makes more conservative citizens.

It seems that there are three billions of money in the country—\$1,000,000,000, in the banks, \$325,000,000 held by the government, \$1,675,000,000 in other channels. Now even a slight hoarding by every earner necessarily means a "tight" money market, and that, eventually, indicates cessation of prosperity. The existing money stringency is not surprising when it is considered that every man; or woman in the country has more money in pocket now than probably ever before, and if, on pay day, the end of the week, there be an average of \$10 held by each person, it

means \$800,000,000 in the pockets of the people.

The postal savings banks proposition has long been discussed before Congress. With the present array of facts and figures it is difficult to see how Congress can fail to act.

* * *

In his recommendations to Congress, the postmaster general will also insist on the adoption of postal conveniences and privileges that have long been in use in other countries in the civilized world. He proposes to have packages,—weighing eleven pounds maximum, instead of the present limit of four pounds—taken through the mail on a postal conveyance basis and not on the zone method as adopted by the express companies. Thus, a parcel properly stamped and addressed will be carried to California for the same price that a parcel of the same weight would be delivered in any adjacent New England town. The disparity between the American and other postal systems is clearly set forth in Mr. Meyer's own words:

"Any individual entering the postoffice here in Boston, or in any other city or town in the country, with two parcels, each weighing four pounds, can send one parcel to New York for sixty-four cents, while for the other parcel, which is addressed to some one in a foreign land and goes via New York, he will have to pay but forty-eight cents, for the reason that the rate to foreign countries is twelve cents a pound, while the rate to our own people is sixteen cents a pound. Should the packages weigh four and one-half pounds each, the one addressed to the friend in New York would have to be refused by the postmaster, while the one addressed to the person in the foreign land, would be accepted and forwarded to New York and then on to its destination. The parcel for the foreign country would be received in most instances, even if it weighed as much as eleven pounds, and forwarded to any one of twenty-two foreign countries."

Under these circumstances it is not surprising that this part of the postal service is regarded with apathy, and that, as Mr. Meyer says, "it does not seem to be understood by many of our people that we have a parcel post at present." The desire of the postmaster general to place domestic postage at least on as advantageous a footing as foreign postage, making it twelve cents instead of sixteen cents



SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE WILSON

per pound, will be hailed with delight. Moreover, it has been proved that business can be conducted on such a basis without loss to the government.

All the mails throughout the country have been weighed during a given period, to ascertain the average weight carried from month to month, and the different classes of matter have been segregated, so that a mass of solid facts will be the basis of the suggestions and recommendations submitted to Congress this winter. There will be proof that Mr. Meyer's plans are not only feasible but profitable, and are designed to utilize to the full the present machinery of the department, while including postal savings banks and the parcel post.

In order to meet the objections of the retail merchants or store keepers in the smaller cities and towns, as to the inroads made upon their trade by the large mail order houses, the postmaster general has devised a rural delivery parcel post in which the rate is five cents for the first pound and two cents for each additional pound, making a maximum charge of twenty-five cents, for a parcel weighing eleven pounds, from all rural free delivery offices as point of origin thus giving them a lower rate than on general parcel mail. This innovation will prove of great general convenience to patrons along the free delivery routes, and make it possible for the country store-keeper to compete, by lower postage rates in his locality, with the large mail order houses.

If these various recommendations are adopted, the unnatural restrictions and limitations upon the postal service, now existing, will be removed.

* * *

The postmaster general believes in getting into close personal association with the people, and has already delivered several public addresses. His abundant fund of old-fashioned common sense, his level head, whole-some geniality and the fact that he serves the public with the same degree of courtesy that would be expected in a private enterprise, insures the highest possible standard of efficiency for the postal system under the present administration. Mr. Meyer's efforts are already enlisting the hearty cooperation of the people at large.

It was long after the clerks had gone, that I saw the postmaster general sitting at work, planning for the morrow. In such quiet visits one sees more of the personality of a public man than may be observed in the ordinary way. It was soon apparent that Mr. Meyer has an aversion to being addressed by the military title. No official bluster, no

bureaucratic methods for him—simple, business-like, direct, efficient, are the words that come to mind in describing him, though these do not express the force and vigor of the man who is initiating important improvements that are certain to materialize in response to the insistent demands of the people—nor can words convey an adequate expression or description of the charm and graciousness of the manner of the postmaster general—no matter how busy he may be in the conduct of Uncle Sam's postal bureau.

* * *

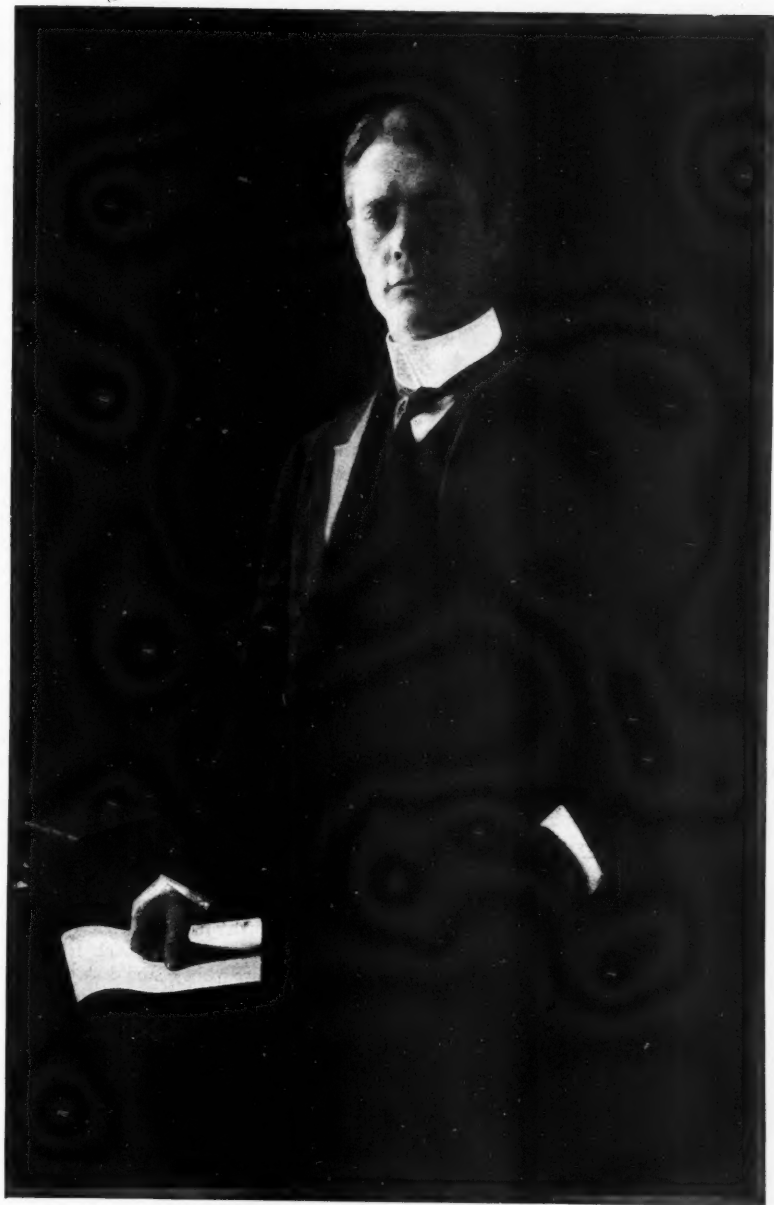
SHORTLY after the success of one of his first books, I met Mr. Booth Tarkington in Minneapolis and learned that he was doing all his writing at night. His system is decidedly unique. He sketches the *dramatis personæ* of his novel on his sketch-block or drawing-board. Then he proceeds to write about the characters as the sketch develops. In fact, he has a visible representation of all his characters before him while he tells their story in words. Thus there is always a realness and humanness about what he writes.

Booth Tarkington is one of that genial, whole-souled coterie of young authors whom success cannot spoil, and whose works are always popular. He started in life as an artist, but success did not seem to come as rapidly as he felt it ought. He wrote a number of novels which were not accepted, but, with the encouragement of his sisters and family he kept persistently at it.

* * *

ONE of the notable events of October in Washington, was the opening of the new Union Station. Over 25,000 visitors honored the occasion. It is said that \$20,000,000 were expended on this white marble building not far from the Capitol. Train No. 10 of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad was the first to arrive at six fifty-six in the morning. A few minutes later the New York Express rolled in amid the cheers of welcome. Excursion trains poured in from all directions.

The old Pennsylvania & Baltimore Station remains desolate, now only a landmark. In this station President Garfield was shot, and the spot has always been marked by a stone. This was stolen some time ago, but



SENATOR BEVERIDGE OF INDIANA

was promptly replaced by another for the same purpose, that the place might be kept in the memories of the people. This later mark was also stolen, probably by some ardent curio-seeker.

* * *

REPRESENTATIVE James Francis Burke, who is one of the youngest men in Congress, has taken the famous "Studio House" on Massachusetts Avenue, the Washington home of Mrs. Albert Clifford Barney,



SECRETARY OF STATE ROOT

the noted artist, for the coming social and Congressional season.

The Barney house, which is one of the most artistic in America, is almost as famous as the artistic owner, Mrs. Barney herself, who is now spending a couple of years abroad. It is not one of the Washington homes which can ordinarily be leased for a high rental, but Congressman Burke was fortunate enough to secure it solely through the fact that Mrs. Barney will not return to America this year.

As Mrs. Burke, who is already recognized as one of the most beautiful women in official life, is a charming hostess, the many friends of the young Pittsburgers will be assured a more than usually pleasant reception during the coming Congressional season.

Mr. Burke, who is a member of one of the largest law firms in Pittsburg, and also engaged in a number of business enterprises, is regarded as one of the most diplomatic men in Congress. He is also fond of outdoor sports, and Mrs. Burke and he are both enthusiastic motorists.

* * *

IN the office of the secretary of the treasury hang paintings of William Windom, John Sherman, Salmon P. Chase and Leslie M. Shaw. In an adjoining room there is a portrait of Gallatin, who was secretary of the treasury for thirteen years, from 1801 to 1814, under Jefferson and Madison, the longest term that the office has ever been held. In later years the terms of Cabinet officials have been much briefer than formerly. In that same room are portraits of Benjamin Bristow and of Levi Woodbury, the distinguished secretary from New Hampshire, who served from 1834 to 1841. The next longest term of service is that of Secretary Shaw, who held the position for five years. Mr. Levi Woodbury, the present proprietor of the St. James Hotel, and president of the Norfolk & Washington Steamship Company, is a direct descendant and namesake of the distinguished secretary from New Hampshire.

* * *

IN the rooms of the Navy Department, in the absence of Secretary Metcalf, the newspaper boys were seeking information. Assistant Secretary Newbury, the jolly and rotund secretary who hails from Detroit, and whose friends have been anxious to see him occupy the position of chief of the department, was the fount of information at this time. At his desk the reporters gathered, listening to the few sententious words which fell from the lips of the occupant of the desk chair. If all the remarks of the boys were chronicled it would require a great many pages of the Congressional Record; for they talk of almost every event that occurs at the Capitol on the hill.

Playing with his pen, the assistant secretary answered the interrogations until the six or seven inquirers felt that they had catechised him sufficiently upon every apropos and possible subject upon which he could give them information.

On that day the question of moving Old

Ironsides from Boston came up. There was evidently a desire to have the historic vessel float in the waters of the Potomac, under the eyes of the Navy Department; while others considered that she should be moored at Annapolis, to keep alive naval emulation among the cadets. When I ventured to offer my protest, I felt that the ringing words of Doctor Holmes would not be silenced; and compared with his masterpiece the reasons advanced for the removal of the old warship seemed trivial.

The newspaper men, standing in a semi-circle, hats in hand, like a class reciting its lesson, talked all matters over and canvassed the popular feeling with the insistent secretary.

The Atlantic division of the fleet is expected to sail from Hampton Roads on December first, or certainly not later than the fifteenth, and of course the newspaper men were especially interested in these movements. It seems that the fleet is to consist of sixteen battle ships, the Connecticut, Kansas, Vermont, Louisiana, Georgia, Virginia, New Jersey, Rhode Island, Minnesota, Missouri, Ohio, Maine, Illinois, Kearsarge, Kentucky, and the cruiser Tacoma. In addition to these there will be two supply ships, one water ship, one repair ship, nine navy colliers, and six torpedo boats. At San Francisco the battle ships Nebraska—recently commissioned—and the Wisconsin will join the fleet.

If the ships reach Magdalena Bay about the middle of March, as anticipated, and remain there a month for target practice, in will be April before they reach San Francisco, and the length of their stay there, it seems, is still uncertain.

It looks like a simple thing for a fleet to "weigh anchor" and sail away, but in reality at least thirty days of preparation are needed to prepare these floating cities for a lengthened absence.

The great difficulty is the supply of coal, and, in addition to the fuel carried in the bunkers when the ships start, it is estimated that 100,504 tons will be needed, besides the 13,000 tons which the torpedo boats will consume during the voyage. The ships will coal five times en route, making a total consumption of 125,000 tons. These facts are bringing to light the defective arrangements in regard to navy colliers. Nothing done by the Navy Department recently has created more

interest than this projected cruise, and it is probable that Congress will be requested to appropriate funds for building more colliers in addition to the two under construction. One of these boats is in a New York yard, and is nearly half finished; but the other is being built in San Francisco, and it is stated that work on it is practically stopped, owing to the inability to secure labor.

* * *

AFTER the notes and statistics have been thrown aside, one little item of Washington Affairs always draws most heavily on



Snapshot by Clinedinst, Washington, D.C.

SENATOR ELKINS

my memory and imagination. I wonder if any of the readers have discovered what it is. That special part of my work begins when I shut my eyes and try to think of things that have happened; wondering if they would be of interest to my readers. It has often startled me to learn that the deep and profound subjects that I have earnestly tried to grapple with, and that are so ponderous that it is difficult to handle them, have not dwelt at all in the memories of most of our readers—what they tell me they remember best are little odds and ends, the absurd nothings, regarding the way that things are done in Washington. After I have contended with a great national question or world-event, it is some-

what surprising to learn that some scrap in the reverie corner was much more interesting to the general reader. What most people like to hear of are the common things that might happen any day to you or to me if we went to Washington.

* * *

IT is peculiar how a certain class of stories will always be associated with certain public men. Everyone has heard the famous "Senator Vest Dog Story," and now comes another congressman who tells a tale of how when Senator Vest was a small boy he knew another lad who disobeyed orders, visited the cupboard and almost completed the demolition of a custard pie before his appetite became satiated. Premonitory warnings of indigestion recalled the fact that his mother would soon return, and the pie would have to be accounted for. To make a bad case good, he proceeded to catch the house cat and smear her all over with the custard from the remainder of the pie, and on the return of the good lady the boy pointed indignantly to poor Tabby, who bore upon her fur apparent proof of her guilt. Tabby was condemned upon circumstantial evidence.

So now that Senator Vest's dog story has reached the apotheosis of an "oft told tale," there is the new yarn of poor pussy, with her whiskers covered with custard, the scapegoat for that "certain boy" who richly deserved punishment, but never got it.

* * *

BEFORE the curtain was drawn to reveal the first act of the Sixtieth Congress, representatives from Arizona were at work in Washington, insisting that Arizona does not care to enter the union of states, unless she can have a statehood of her own. The plan of uniting Arizona to Nevada, as Oklahoma and the Indian Territory were united, does not meet with approval, according to the Arizona representatives, who pointed out that, while the State of Nevada is a very narrow strip of land, with a sparse population, Arizona is a great territory with 240,000 American citizens, and is American in progress and feeling, while the greater part of the population, about 200,000, of Nevada today is Mexican. The taxable property of Arizona has increased to over \$150,000,000 in the past five years, and Montana alone leads that state in the production of copper. Arizona is likely to make a

strenuous record for herself in another campaign for statehood at Washington this winter.

* * *

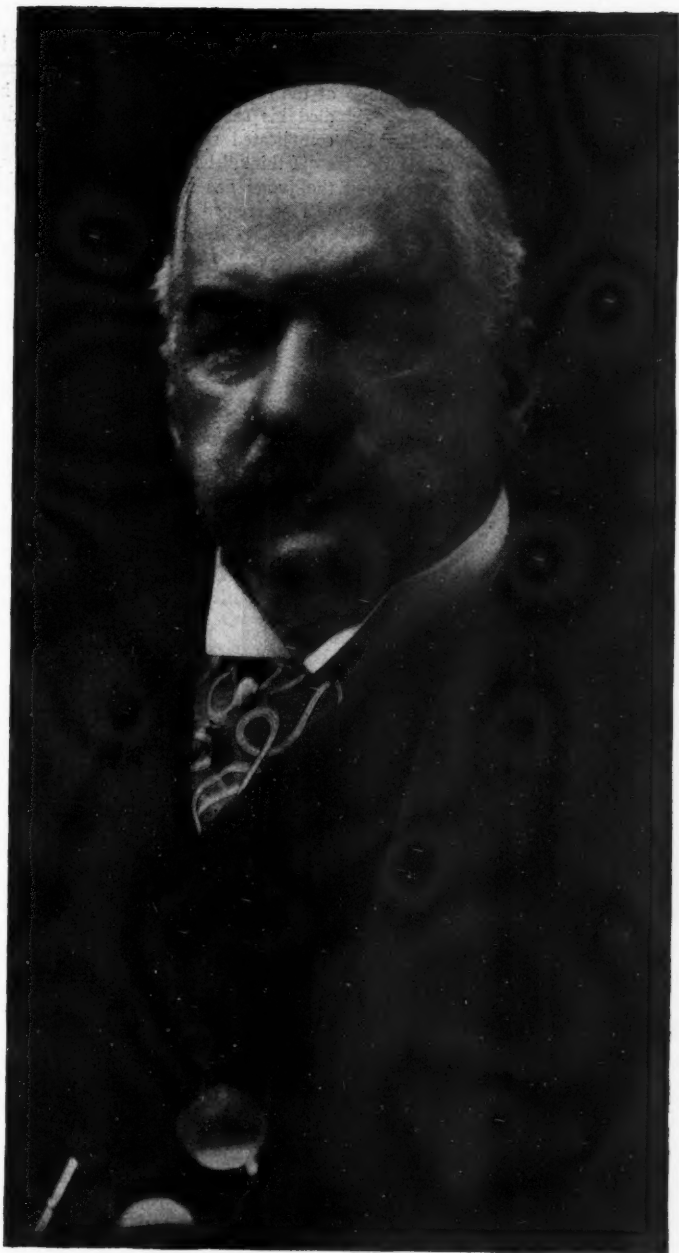
AT the opening of Congress it was apparent that the presidential candidacy of Uncle Joe Cannon is becoming more and more popular; congressmen from New England, the Middle West and the Pacific Coast are all speaking outright for Uncle Joe, which certainly indicates that he will be favored by a brigade of friends in the campaign of 1908. No one who has met or known him can feel aught else than enthusiasm in contemplating, as a candidate for the presidency of the United States, a man who was a personal friend of Abraham Lincoln. Nearly all candidates are keeping their booms well within the boundary lines of the states in which they were nurtured.

The opening gun of the 1908 campaign was practically placed in position at the call of the National Republican Committee. In naming the dates for that convention, and in the other preliminaries, there was a suggestion of shuffling the cards for the great game of national politics. In it there is scope for the philosopher and the grafter; it has the exhilaration of football, and the silent absorption of solitaire; it may be a game of luck like "pitch and toss;" a game of science like whist, or a nerve racking ordeal like poker. Intertwined with it are alliances that may be hanging on a word, on a grimace, or the chance incident of two men meeting.

What a wonderful and delightful game it would be if it could be all played on the square! The rules change, just as the mode of playing "four old cat" would hardly be suited to modern baseball, yet the theory of both games is the same. Sometimes the political ball is played "ante over," and sometimes it simmers down to the science of the battery on the diamond. It will be interesting to see and trace the various ways in which the candidates play their parts in the overture of the new productions to occupy the boards for 1908, with a full season's run assured.

* * *

THE remarkable decision of Judge K. M. Landis in connection with the Standard Oil cases recalls the time when he was in Washington with Judge Gresham, who



J. P. MORGAN

served in the Cabinet of President Cleveland and President Harrison.

One of his school boy friends was in Washington recently, and remembered the days when they "were boys together" at Greensburg, Indiana.

"In those early days we used to call K. M. Landis, Squire Landis, because of his deliberate and judicial manner. We were associated in a wholesale warehouse, and even

larly brilliant, even more so than his work as a lawyer.

"I have visited him several times in Chicago," continued his friend, "and marveled at the remarkable manner in which he handled his cases and grasped every detail of complicated situations.

"I think," he went on meditatively, "that the judge has no political ambitions."

This seemed quite probable, as there are already two legislators in the family, and the judge is doubtless convinced, as well as the public, that the bench is the path for him.

* * *

THE newspaper correspondents stationed at Washington at the present day are without doubt as keen and capable men as were ever assigned duty at the national capital. Each instinctively knows just what questions to ask on behalf of the readers of the journal he represents, or of the local and political interests of his section of the country. A certain subject may be of vital importance to a paper in one city and of no consequence at all to the newspaper readers in another state.

The trained correspondent becomes an expert cross examiner, without the license and protection afforded the sarcastic attorney. He also becomes a past-master of tact, as was apparent in the collective interview granted by the President,

wherein one of them asked an irrelevant question just as the others had judiciously brought the conversation around to an important climax, as the President was about to say something of the prospects of Theodore Roosevelt succeeding himself. The President had been answering every question as they came thick and fast, and there was a moment's hush when he was about to respond on this subject; but he also saw the little strategem, and tactfully and adroitly answered the interrupting question rather than the one which preceded it.

At that time, the President had just re-



SENATOR FORAKER'S HOUSE ON 16TH STREET

then we used to discuss our ambitions for a career. When I was a full-fledged lawyer my chum was a clerk in the post office at Cincinnati, and after I had established myself "Squire" used to come to me for more advice concerning a law career.

"As a boy, it aggravated him that he was not christened plain Tom, Joe, George or John, the same as other fellows that he knew. He was named by his father in honor of the victory of the troops at Kenesaw Mountain, and it was simply wonderful how his cognomen worried him as a lad.

"His career on the bench has been singu-

turned from Sagamore Hill, the ruddy tan of summer on his hands, arms and neck, and his clear eyes betokening perfect health and stalwart manhood—a man in the prime of his forty-nine summers. He talked pleasantly of his anticipated voyage down the Mississippi and the days of joyous and successful chase with baying hounds and ready rifle, crashing through the canebrake of Louisiana. This interview with the boys was peculiarly characteristic of American ways; here was the chief executive throwing aside all official exclusiveness and receiving as friends the representatives of the newspapers of his country, and frankly and cheerfully giving them information at first hand.

The correspondents filed out, each holding his folded yellow papers, on each of which a scratch made here and there would, it was safe to prophesy, soon blossom into a story of several columns. For a single word, a terse sentence, is often the text for pages of good discursive newspaper material; and each day brings up its special question or story of peculiar interest. The old-time newspaper-man, with his expansive notebook and copious notes, has passed away. Not only does the expert memorize a man's words, but he carefully notes just how, when and where they are said, the inflection of the speaker's voice, the expression of his face and other collateral facts which often determine the state secret or legislative or party action which inspired the speaker. A conclusion drawn from these data often goes forth in startling headlines and interesting "inspired" correspondence. Sometimes, alas! these deductions may be erroneous; but the newspaper correspondent does not often make a mistake.

The Gridiron Club, which includes the Washington correspondents, is certainly a power in national legislation, not considered or foreseen by the makers of the Constitution of the United States, but they are none the less an active, potent and very real factor in shaping legislation.

* * *

THE Navy Department was established in 1798, but it was in 1804 that Josiah Fox was appointed naval constructor of the United States. This was eight years previous to the outbreak of 1812, and since that time no more effective work has been

done in the Navy Department than that accomplished by Mr. Fox. To his credit are the following vessels which he built, every one of which took an active and prominent part in the naval engagements of the country.

RIGS	NAME	GUNS
Frigate	Chesapeake	44
Frigate	Constellation	36
Frigate	John Adams	32
Frigate	Portsmouth	22
Sloop of War	Hornet	18
Sloop of War	Wasp	18
Sloop of War	Ferret	12

* * *

A COLLEGE professor who has lived some years in Paris makes an interesting comparison between that city and Washington. He concisely states that Paris is the most interesting city in the world to live in, because its inhabitants are the most entertaining people in the world.

Next to Paris, comes Washington, for the same reason. Washington people are interesting because they absolutely refuse to notice anything that is not interesting. There, money counts only because of what it can purchase; but money as money does not come first in the estimation of Washington society. There is little of that ambition to own money for the sake of being rich that reigns in New York and other large cities, where wealth has been rapidly accumulated. As in Paris, the people who are liked most are not the wealthy or the highly connected, but the wittiest, or the brightest in some particular line.

In Washington, social caste is more or less determined by official position; but the power conferred upon the individual by office is transitory. Though the flow of official life goes steadily on, yet in its many changes it is always recognized that there are a few buoys that must always mark out the sailing course—the men of special brilliancy or merit are regarded as bright lights in the social firmament, and the guiding beacons for others to steer by.

In other words, residents in Washington soon find out who are the best conversationalists; who the best diners-out, or who may be depended upon to help make a social function a success. These celebrities are not always found among office holders; for there is many a good bit of official advice given by men who have long since passed off the stage of active political life.

CHRISTMAS DREAMING

By Willis George Emerson

A JOYOUS whisper fills the air,
A laugh is borne on every breeze;
And tender tokens, fond and fair,
Be-gem the love-crowned Christmas trees.

The bells ring out in sweetest chime
The old, old story, once again;
The message with a hope sublime
To light and lift the lives of men.

Once more we see Judean skies
With one bright star of love impearled;
And in an humble manger lies
The Christ-child, come to save the world.

Fond memories, so sweet, so sad,
Are in the sleigh-bells' merry lay;
And hearts, though bruised, grow young and glad
When loved Kriss Kringle holds his sway.

And mid these hours with joy imbued,
We see as with "that inner eye
That is the bliss of solitude,"
A realm where love shall never die.

With ivy green and wassail bowl;
And holly from the forest glen,
We'll breathe our blessings, soul to soul,
"And on earth peace, good will toward men."



WILLIS GEORGE EMERSON, AUTHOR OF "THE SMOKY GOD".

THE MOTHER AND BABE

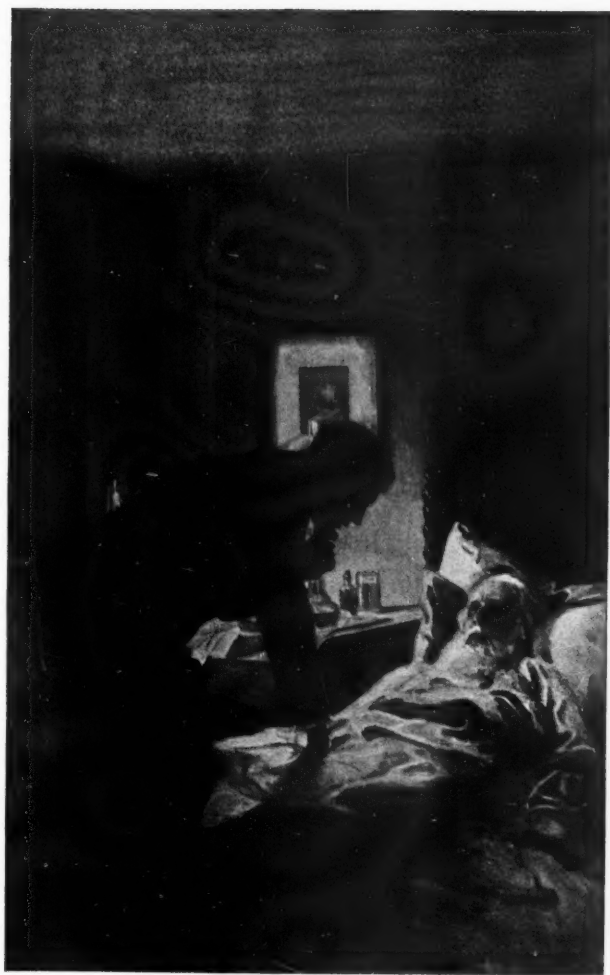
By Grace G. Crowell

ONE beautiful night in a far off land
All snuggled up warmly lay
The little Christ-child in His mother's arms,
On a bed of sweet grass and hay;
For though he was King of the whole, wide world,
No room in the inn had they.

And I wonder sometimes, as she held Him close,
If possibly she could see
The long, bleak road that her baby's feet
Must travel to Calvary—
And, as she thought of the weary years,
Could she face them unflinchingly?

Oh! I cannot tell of the many things
Her dear heart was pondering;
But this, methinks, on that first sweet night,
Whatever the years might bring,
She knew He was hers for a little while—
Her baby—and not a King.





"I was left alone with the dead."



"Twenty-eight years—long, tedious, frightful years of suffering."

THE SMOKY GOD

OR, A VOYAGE TO THE INNER WORLD

By Willis George Emerson

Author of "Buell Hampton," "The Builders," etc.

"He is the God who sits in the center, on the navel of the earth, and he is the interpreter of religion to all mankind."—PLATO.

AUTHOR'S FOREWORD

I FEAR the seemingly incredible story which I am about to relate will be regarded as the result of a distorted intellect superinduced, possibly, by the glamour of unveiling a marvelous mystery, rather than a truthful record of the unparalleled experiences related by one Olaf Jansen, whose eloquent madness so appealed to my imagination that all thought of an analytical criticism has been effectually dispelled.

Marco Polo will doubtless shift uneasily in his grave at the strange story I am called upon to chronicle; a story as strange as a Munchausen tale. It is also incongruous that I, a disbeliever, should be the one to edit the story of Olaf Jansen, whose name is now for the first time given to the world, yet who must hereafter rank as one of the notables of earth.

I freely confess his statements admit of no rational analysis, but have to do with the profound mystery concerning the frozen North that for centuries has claimed the attention of scientists and laymen alike.

However much they are at variance with the cosmographical manuscripts of the past, these plain statements may be relied upon as a record of the things Olaf Jansen claims to have seen with his own eyes.

A hundred times I have asked myself whether it is possible that the world's geography is incomplete, and that the startling narrative of Olaf Jansen is predicated upon demonstrable facts. The reader may be able to answer these queries to his own satisfaction, however far the chronicler of this narrative may be from having reached a conviction. Yet sometimes even I am at a loss to know whether I have been led away from an abstract truth by the *ignis fatui* of a clever superstition, or whether heretofore accepted facts are, after all, founded upon falsity.

It may be that the true home of Apollo was not at Delphi, but in that older earth-center of which Plato speaks, where he says: "Apollo's real home is among the Hyperboreans, in a land of perpetual life, where mythology tells us two doves flying from the two opposite ends of the world met in this fair region, the home of Apollo. Indeed, according to Hecateus, Leto, the mother of Apollo, was born on an island in the Arctic Ocean far beyond the North Wind."

It is not my intention to attempt a discussion of the theogony of the deities nor the cosmogony of the world. My simple duty is to enlighten the world concerning a heretofore unknown portion of the universe, as it was seen and described by the old Norseman, Olaf Jansen.

Interest in northern research is international. Eleven nations are engaged in, or have contributed to, the perilous work of trying to solve Earth's one remaining cosmological mystery.

There is a saying, ancient as the hills, that "truth is stranger than fiction," and in a most startling manner has this axiom been brought home to me within the last fortnight.

IT was just two o'clock in the morning when I was aroused from a restful sleep by the vigorous ringing of my door-bell. The untimely disturber proved to be a messenger bearing a note, scrawled almost to the point of unintelligibility, from an old Norseman by the name of Olaf Jansen. After much deciphering, I made out the writing, which simply said: "Am ill unto death. Come." The call was imperative, and I lost no time in making ready to comply.

Perhaps I may as well explain here that Olaf Jansen, a man who quite recently

celebrated his ninety-fifth birthday, has for the last half-dozen years been living alone in an unpretentious bungalow out Glendale way, a short distance from the business district of Los Angeles, California.

It was less than two years ago, while out walking one afternoon, that I was attracted by Olaf Jansen's house and its homelike surroundings, toward its owner and occupant, whom I afterward came to know as a believer in the ancient worship of Odin and Thor.

There was a gentleness in his face, and a kindly expression in the keenly alert gray eyes of this man who had lived more than four-score years and ten; and, withal, a sense of loneliness that appealed to my sympathy. Slightly stooped, and with his hands clasped behind him, he walked back and forth with slow and measured tread, that day when first we met. I can hardly say what particular motive impelled me to pause in my walk and engage him in conversation. He seemed pleased when I complimented him on the attractiveness of his bungalow, and on the well-tended vines and flowers clustering in profusion over its windows, roof and wide piazza.

I soon discovered that my new acquaintance was no ordinary person, but one profound and learned to a remarkable degree; a man who, in the later years of his long life, had dug deep into books and become strong in the power of meditative silence.

I encouraged him to talk, and soon gathered that he had resided only six or seven years in Southern California, but had passed the dozen years prior in one of the middle Eastern states. Before that he had been a fisherman off the coast of Norway, in the region of the Lofoden Islands, from whence he had made trips still farther north to Spitzbergen and even to Franz Josef Land.

When I started to take my leave, he seemed reluctant to have me go, and asked me to come again. Although at the time I thought nothing of it, I remember now that he made a peculiar remark as I extended my hand in leave-taking. "You will come again?" he asked. "Yes, you will come again some day. I am sure you will; and I shall show you my library and tell you many things of which you have never dreamed; things so wonderful that it may be you will not believe me."

I laughingly assured him that I would not only come again, but would be ready to believe whatever he might choose to tell me of his travels and adventures.

In the days that followed I became well acquainted with Olaf Jansen, and, little by little, he told me his story, so marvelous, indeed, that its very daring challenges reason and belief. The old Norseman always expressed himself with so much earnestness and sincerity that I became enthralled by his strange narrations.

Then came the messenger's call that night, and within the hour I was at Olaf Jansen's bungalow.

He was very impatient at the long wait, although after being summoned I had come immediately to his bedside.

"I must hasten," he exclaimed, while yet he held my hand in greeting. "I have much to tell you that you know not, and I will trust no one but you. I fully realize," he went on hurriedly, "that I shall not survive the night. The time has come to join my fathers in the great sleep."

I adjusted the pillows to make him more comfortable, and assured him I was glad to be able to serve him in any way possible, for I was beginning to realize the seriousness of his condition.

The lateness of the hour, the stillness of the surroundings, the uncanny feeling of being alone with the dying man, together with his weird story, all combined to make my heart beat fast and loud with a feeling for which I have no name. Indeed, there were many times that night by the old Norseman's couch, and there have been many times since, when a sensation rather than a conviction took possession of my very soul, and I seemed not only to believe in, but actually see, the strange lands, the strange people and the strange world of which he told, and to hear the mighty orchestral chorus of a thousand lusty voices.

For over two hours he seemed endowed with almost superhuman strength, talking rapidly, and to all appearances, rationally. Finally he gave into my hands certain data, drawings and crude maps. "These," said he in conclusion, "I leave in your hands. If I can have your promise to give them to the world, I shall die happy, because I desire that people may know the truth, for then all mystery concerning the frozen

Northland will be explained. There is no chance of your suffering the fate I suffered. They will not put you in irons, nor confine you in a mad-house, because you are not telling your own story, but mine, and I, thanks to the Gods, Odin and Thor, will be in my grave, and so beyond the reach of disbelievers who would persecute."

Without a thought of the far-reaching results the promise entailed, or foreseeing the many sleepless nights which the obligation has since brought me, I gave my hand and with it a pledge to discharge faithfully his dying wish.

As the sun rose over the peaks of the San Jacinto, far to the eastward, the spirit of Olaf Jansen, the navigator, the explorer and worshipper of Odin and Thor, the man whose experiences and travels, as related, are without a parallel in all the world's history, passed away, and I was left alone with the dead.

And now, after having paid the last sad rites to this strange man from the Lofoden Islands, and the still farther "Northward Ho!"; the courageous explorer of frozen regions, who in his declining years (after he had passed the four-score mark) had sought an asylum of restful peace in sun-favored California, I will undertake to make public his story.

But, first of all, let me indulge in one or two reflections:

Generation follows generation, and the traditions from the misty past are handed down from sire to son, but for some strange reason interest in the ice-locked unknown does not abate with the receding years, either in the minds of the ignorant or the tutored.

With each new generation a restless impulse stirs the hearts of men to capture the veiled citadel of the Arctic, the circle of silence, the land of glaciers, cold wastes of waters and winds that are strangely warm. Increasing interest is manifested in the mountainous icebergs, and marvelous speculations are indulged in concerning the earth's center of gravity, the cradle of the tides, where the whales have their nurseries, where the magnetic needle goes mad, where the Aurora Borealis illumines the night, and where brave and courageous spirits of every generation dare to venture and explore, defying the dangers of the "Farthest North."

One of the ablest works of recent years is "Paradise Found, or the Cradle of The Human Race at the North Pole," by William F. Warren. In his carefully prepared volume, Mr. Warren almost stubbed his toe against the real truth, but missed it seemingly by only a hair's breadth, if the old Norseman's revelation be true.

Dr. Orville Livingston Leech, scientist, in a recent article, says:

"The possibilities of a land inside the earth was first brought to my attention when I picked up a geode on the shores of the Great Lakes. The geode is a spherical and apparently solid stone, but when broken is found to be hollow and coated with crystals. The earth is only a larger form of a geode, and the law that created the geode in its hollow form undoubtedly fashioned the earth in the same way."

In presenting the theme of this almost incredible story, as told by Olaf Jansen, and supplemented by manuscript, maps and crude drawings entrusted to me, a fitting introduction is found in the following quotation:

"In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth, and the earth was without form and void." And also, "God created man in his own image." Therefore, even in things material, man must be God-like, because he is created in the likeness of the Father.

A man builds a house for himself and family. The porches or verandas are all without, and are secondary. The building is really constructed for the conveniences within.

Olaf Jansen makes the startling announcement through me, an humble instrument, that in like manner, God created the earth for the "within"—that is to say, for its lands, seas, rivers, mountains, forests and valleys, and for its other internal conveniences, while the outside surface of the earth is merely the veranda, the porch, where things grow by comparison but sparsely, like the lichen on the mountain side, clinging determinedly for bare existence.

Take an egg-shell, and from each end break out a piece as large as the end of this pencil. Extract its contents, and then you will have a perfect representation of Olaf Jansen's earth. The distance from the inside surface to the outside surface,

according to him, is about three hundred miles. The center of gravity is not in the center of the earth, but in the center of the shell or crust; therefore, if the thickness of the earth's crust or shell is three hundred miles, the center of gravity is one hundred and fifty miles below the surface.

In their log-books Arctic explorers tell us of the dipping of the needle as the vessel sails in regions of the farthest north known. In reality, they are at the curve; on the edge of the shell, where gravity is geometrically increased, and while the electric current seemingly dashes off into space toward the phantom idea of the North Pole, yet this same electric current drops again and continues its course southward along the inside surface of the earth's crust.

In the appendix to his work, Captain Sabine gives an account of experiments to determine the acceleration of the pendulum in different latitudes. This appears to have resulted from the joint labor of Peary and Sabine. He says: "The accidental discovery that a pendulum on being removed from Paris to the neighborhood of the Equator increased its time of vibration, gave the first step to our present knowledge that the polar axis of the globe is less than the equatorial; that the force of gravity at the surface of the earth increases progressively from the Equator toward the poles."

According to Olaf Jansen, in the beginning this old world of ours was created solely for the "within" world, where are located the four great rivers—the Euphrates, the Pison, the Gihon and the Hiddekel. These same names of rivers, when applied to streams on the "outside" surface of the earth, are purely traditional from an antiquity beyond the memory of man.

On the top of a high mountain, near the fountainhead of these four rivers, Olaf Jansen, the Norseman, claims to have discovered the long-lost "Garden of Eden," the veritable navel of the earth, and to have spent over two years studying and reconnoitering in this marvelous "within" land, exuberant with stupendous plant life and abounding in giant animals; a land where the people live to be centuries old, after the order of Methuselah and other Biblical characters; a region where one-quarter of the "inner" surface is water and three-quarters land; where there are large oceans and many

rivers and lakes; where the cities are superlative in construction and magnificence; where modes of transportation are as far in advance of ours as we with our boasted achievements are in advance of the inhabitants of "darkest Africa."

The distance directly across the space from inner surface to inner surface is about six hundred miles less than the recognized diameter of the earth. In the identical center of this vast vacuum is the seat of electricity—a mammoth ball of dull red fire—not startlingly brilliant, but surrounded by a white, mild, luminous cloud, giving out uniform warmth, and held in its place in the center of this internal space by the immutable law of gravitation. This electrical cloud is known to the people "within" as the abode of "The Smoky God." They believe it to be the throne of "The Most High."

Olaf Jansen reminded me of how, in the old college days, we were all familiar with the laboratory demonstrations of centrifugal motion, which clearly proved that, if the earth were a solid, the rapidity of its revolution upon its axis would tear it into a thousand fragments.

The old Norseman also maintained that from the farthest points of land on the islands of Spitzbergen and Franz Josef Land, flocks of geese may be seen annually flying still farther northward, just as the sailors and explorers record in their log-books. No scientist has yet been audacious enough to attempt to explain, even to his own satisfaction, toward what lands these winged fowls are guided by their subtle instinct. However, Olaf Jansen has given us a most reasonable explanation.

The presence of the open sea in the Northland is also explained. Olaf Jansen claims that the northern aperture, intake or hole, so to speak, is about fourteen hundred miles across. In connection with this, let us read what Explorer Nansen writes, on page 288 of his book: "I have never had such a splendid sail. On to the north, steadily north, with a good wind, as fast as steam and sail can take us, an open sea mile after mile, watch after watch, through these unknown regions, always clearer and clearer of ice, one might almost say: 'How long will it last?' The eye always turns to the northward as one paces the bridge. It is gazing

into the future. But there is always the same dark sky ahead which means open sea." Again, the *Norwood Review of England*, in its issue of May 10, 1884, says: "We do not admit that there is ice up to the Pole—once inside the great ice barrier, a new world breaks upon the explorer, the climate is mild like that of England, and, afterward, balmy as the Greek Isles."

Some of the rivers "within," Olaf Jansen claims, are larger than our Mississippi and Amazon rivers combined, in point of volume of water carried; indeed their greatness is occasioned by their width and depth rather than their length, and it is at the mouths of these mighty rivers, as they flow northward and southward along the inside surface of the earth, that mammoth icebergs are found, some of them fifteen and twenty miles wide and from forty to one hundred miles in length.

Is it not strange that there has never been an iceberg encountered either in the Arctic or Antarctic Ocean that is not composed of fresh water? Modern scientists claim that freezing eliminates the salt, but Olaf Jansen claims differently.

Ancient Hindoo, Japanese and Chinese writings, as well as the hieroglyphics of the extinct races of the North American continent, all speak of the custom of sun-worshipping, and it is possible, in the startling light of Olaf Jansen's revelations, that the people of the inner world, lured away by glimpses of the sun as it shone upon the inner surface of the earth, either from the northern or the southern opening, became dissatisfied with "The Smoky God," the great pillar or mother cloud of electricity, and, weary of their continuously mild and pleasant atmosphere, followed the brighter light, and were finally led beyond the ice belt and scattered over the "outer" surface of the earth, through Asia, Europe, North America and, later, Africa, Australia and South America.

It is a notable fact that, as we approach the Equator, the stature of the human race grows less. But the Patagonians of South America are probably the only aborigines from the center of the earth who came out through the aperture usually designated as the South Pole, and they are called the giant race.

Olaf Jansen avers that, in the beginning,

the world was created by the Great Architect of the Universe, so that man might dwell upon its "inside" surface, which has ever since been the habitation of the "chosen."

They who were driven out of the "Garden of Eden" brought their traditional history with them.

The history of the people living "within" contains a narrative suggesting the story of Noah and the ark with which we are familiar. He sailed away, as did Columbus, from a certain port, to a strange land he had heard of far to the northward, carrying with him all manner of beasts of the fields and fowls of the air, but was never heard of afterward.

On the northern boundaries of Alaska, and still more frequently on the Siberian coast, are found bone-yards containing tusks of ivory in quantities so great as to suggest the burying-places of antiquity. From Olaf Jansen's account, they have come from the great prolific animal life that abounds in the fields and forests and on the banks of numerous rivers of the Inner World. The materials were caught in the ocean currents, or were carried on ice-floes, and have accumulated like driftwood on the Siberian coast. This has been going on for ages, and hence these mysterious bone-yards.

On this subject William F. Warren, in his book already cited, pages 297 and 298, says: "The Arctic rocks tell of a lost Atlantis more wonderful than Plato's. The fossil ivory beds of Siberia excel everything of the kind in the world. From the days of Pliny, at least, they have constantly been undergoing exploitation, and still they are the chief headquarters of supply. The remains of mammoths are so abundant that, as Gratacap says, 'the northern islands of Siberia seem built up of crowded bones.' Another scientific writer, speaking of the islands of New Siberia, northward of the mouth of the River Lena, uses this language: 'Large quantities of ivory are dug out of the ground every year. Indeed, some of the islands are believed to be nothing but an accumulation of drift-timber and the bodies of mammoths and other antediluvian animals frozen together.' From this we may infer that, during the years that have elapsed since the Russian conquest of Siberia, useful tusks from more than twenty thousand mammoths have been collected."

But now for the story of Olaf Jansen. I

give it in detail, as set down by himself in manuscript, and woven into the tale, just as he placed them, are certain quotations from recent works on Arctic exploration, showing how carefully the old Norseman compared with his own experiences those of other voyagers to the frozen North. Thus wrote the disciple of Odin and Thor:

OLAF JANSEN'S STORY

MY name is Olaf Jansen. I am a Norwegian, although I was born in the little seafaring Russian town of Uleaborg, on the eastern coast of the Gulf of Bothnia, the northern arm of the Baltic Sea.

My parents were on a fishing cruise in the Gulf of Bothnia, and put into this Russian town of Uleaborg at the time of my birth, being the twenty-seventh day of October, 1811.

My father, Jens Jansen, was born at Rodwig on the Scandinavian coast, near the Lofoden Islands, but after marrying made his home at Stockholm, because my mother's people resided in that city. When seven years old, I began going with my father on his fishing trips along the Scandinavian coast.

Early in life I displayed an aptitude for books, and at the age of nine years was placed in a private school in Stockholm, remaining there until I was fourteen. After this I made regular trips with my father on all his fishing voyages.

My father was a man fully six feet three in height, and weighed over fifteen stone, a typical Norseman of the most rugged sort, and capable of more endurance than any other man I have ever known. He possessed the gentleness of a woman in tender little ways, yet his determination and will-power were beyond description. His will admitted of no defeat.

I was in my nineteenth year when we started on what proved to be our last trip as fishermen, and which resulted in the strange story that shall be given to the world,—but not until I have finished my earthly pilgrimage.

I dare not allow the facts as I know them to be published while I am living, for fear of further humiliation, confinement and suffering. First of all, I was put in irons by the captain of the whaling vessel that rescued me, for no other reason than that I told the truth about the marvelous discoveries made by my father and myself. But this was far from being the end of my tortures.

After four years and eight months' absence I reached Stockholm, only to find my mother had died the previous year, and the property left by my parents in the possession of my mother's people, but it was at once made over to me.

All might have been well, had I erased from my memory the story of our adventure and of my father's terrible death.

Finally, one day I told the story in detail to my uncle Gustaf Osterlind, a man of considerable property, and urged him to fit out an expedition for me to make another voyage to the strange land.

At first I thought he favored my project. He seemed interested, and invited me to go before certain officials and explain to them, as I had to him, the story of our travels and discoveries. Imagine my disappointment and horror when, upon the conclusion of my narrative, certain papers were signed by my uncle, and, without warning, I found myself arrested and hurried away to dismal and fearful confinement in a mad-house, where I remained for twenty-eight years—long, tedious, frightful years of suffering!

(To be continued.)



THE MYSTERY *of* "THE LILACS"

By Isabel Graham Bush

THE idea would never have entered McKinshie's head if it had not been for the Morleys. For years they had belonged to the great army of flat-dwellers, until one morning, McKinshie, suddenly breaking loose from his briefs, looked in on his friends to find the rooms bare and tenantless. The night's mail brought an explanation, and the next week saw McKinshie making his first call at the Morley's suburban residence.

It was the sight of Tom Morley in overalls, delving with a spade in the neglected garden patch, which stirred something under McKinshie's vest. He caught the smell of clover—the clover field was a mile away, although he could have sworn it was only around the corner—the odor of harvest apples from the big tree in the orchard. Twenty years suddenly lifted their weight from his shoulders, and his pulse quickened with a youthful fervor.

Undeniably, that was the beginning. McKinshie grew restless; he could not call on his friends more than twice a week, so other evenings he took long car rides to the borders of citydom, and walked aimlessly up and down the streets, which almost brushed the fields in their nearness, where each house was set down in a wide breadth of lawn and garden.

It was upon one of these occasions, that delicious blossomy odors carried him on and on until he paused before a lilac hedge overgrown and straggly for want of a restraining hand, but the foliage was green and abundant, and soft, purple plumes waved languorously a full arm's length above his head. No exhibit of his favorite florist had moved him to such a glow of enthusiasm. He stepped back, his chin tilted in an unconscious attitude of interest.

"Well, well, but there's a sight for you, now! Why haven't I seen it before?" He took long whiffs and boldly plucked a flower for his button hole.

In the pleasure of the discovery, it was some moments before he noticed the house

behind the blossomy barrier—a house with room and to spare under its ample roof. Queer little nookeries thrust themselves out in the most fantastic fashion, like the branches of a vine unpruned, with a balcony here, an oddly shaped window there; and up to the very edge of the gable a creeper stretched pale, green fingers. Of the garden, he caught but small glimpses—it was a tangled wilderness, that under a careful hand would blossom as the rose. The high-barred gate, which allowed of no intrusion, bore the sign of a dealer in real estate. The place was for sale.

McKinshie gazed long and earnestly. Never had the simple life so appealed to him; the city apartments his friends considered so luxurious, which he had delighted to fill with whatever his fancy dictated, suddenly grew distasteful. His love of Nature would not be satisfied with a handful of flowers set carefully in a choice vase; why need it, here in this quiet uncrowded spot was such a wealth of fragrance and bloom? After all, why shouldn't he as well as the Morleys? Aunt Martha would be only too glad to leave her daughter's home already crowded to overflowing. How his fingers itched to rejuvenate the tiny arbor, to set the water foaming from the gray dolphin's mouth into the marble basin. Footsteps came around the corner, and he sauntered carelessly away to return again and again.

His determination grew. "I'll try it, I'll see the agent now—Ellsworth street, that's two blocks east," he started off briskly.

Mr. Frey rose obsequiously at the entrance of a possible customer, and the thin lips parted in the semblance of a smile. McKinshie eyed him with suspicion when he stated the price.

"We'll go over and look at it; nicest place around for a family man, lots of room for the children to play in. How many may I inquire?" as they walked along.

"Ten," McKinshie answered solemnly, with such a weight of care in his voice he might have said twenty.

"Ah, fine family! I have five myself, but I think, sometimes, I could raise a dozen just as easy. Give 'em enough to eat an' turn 'em loose in a big yard like this here, and they'll stretch up like a lot of young colts, yes, sir." Mr. Frey opened the door, and stepping inside, threw back a blind. "If it wasn't for that laylock hedge, now, there'd be a mighty fine view from these front windows; I'd a had it cut down long ago, if"—

"Cut it down! Why man alive, it's what will sell this place!"

The agent subsided meekly. "Ten o' course," he muttered. "I wasn't thinking; young ones do need something of the sort. Well, here's everything a reasonable man could ask for—good-sized rooms, paper not bad—a mite cob-webby, perhaps"—

"Ah!" McKinshie paused at the door of a long room. Here was where he would set up his bachelor gods—his books in their low bookcases, his prints, a Whistler, and Turner, on those cool gray-green walls, his favorite chair on a favorite rug before that quaint, roomy fireplace. He flung the blinds back noisily. What an expanse of wide tangled turf, of lilac leaf, and blooms as odorous as a dozen hay fields. Cut them down? The very thought was sacrilege! At the other end of the room was a window, deep-seated, but McKinshie struggled with the shutters in vain; he turned his steps toward the garden.

It was a tangled, briary place, but some remains of its former glory still lingered—a row of daffodils, a dozen parrot tulips like a flock of gay-colored birds, a syringa bush with here and there a bud opening to the sun. McKinshie's keen eyes saw them all, and more; the possibilities were many.

The very next day The Lilacs came into his possession, and the day following, his treasures, with sundry additions, were bestowed therein. The necessary repairs would be made from time to time as he had leisure to plan them; just now he begrudged every moment that was not spent in his garden.

So occupied were his spare moments, the Morleys were totally neglected. Even after the twilight blurred blossom and foliage, and drove him to his bachelor fireside, the jovial, rollicking blaze from generous sticks of beech and maple wooed him to dreams he was loth to leave.

Never had it seemed so companionable,

so full of sympathetic life, as he lounged before it one evening. He had been wrestling with the obdurate blind, which shut out the view of his garden. The window was a plate glass surrounded by small, delicately-tinted panes of diamond shape, and the moonlight flowed through, a broad, silver stream between flowery banks, which rippled out over the velvet of the rug in shining waves. McKinshie, stretched out in luxurious ease, revelled in it.

At last he arose, and lighting his spirit lamp, brewed with a practiced hand, a cup of Mocha and Java. Maid Phyllis herself could not have arranged with greater nicety upon the tiny table, the cream, fruit, and rolls he brought from an outer room. He ate leisurely, then settling back against the soft cushions of his chair, gave himself up to the enjoyment of his surroundings.

Suddenly he sat upright. The room was in twilight, and at the window, overlooking the garden, stood a dark figure; the moon's rays fell full upon the bared head and upturned face of a man—a slim passionate face with dark intense eyes and hair swept back from a wide forehead. Keeping in the shadow, McKinshie stealthily drew nearer. That the visitor was not a house-breaker was evident; he seemed to evince no curiosity concerning the room or its inmate, he simply gazed at the window with the expression of one who sees a vision. Suddenly he disappeared, and, although McKinshie kept a long vigil, he did not return.

It was late too, when McKinshie arose the next morning, to go into the garden, and at night, instead of hurrying home, he took the car to the Morleys. They greeted him affectionately, and he became the merriest of the merry group, but in no way did he reveal his change of quarters.

How beautiful the place looked that night, as he passed through the gate in the lilac hedge. It was home, his home! He did not light the grate fire, but sat meditatively in the moonlight; suddenly, a shadow darkened the window—the visitor had returned. McKinshie watched him curiously, standing as close as possible to the window without betraying his presence. The white, slender fingers worked nervously, the large, dark eyes grew larger in the intensity of their gaze, and it almost seemed as though the face borrowed some of the radiance of the moonbeams

as the watcher studied it, greatly perplexed. This particular window seemed to be the attraction; it was beautiful enough from the inside with the light pouring through it like a flood, but outside—what could account for such a rapt expression? At last, the stranger departed with seeming reluctance.

The next day was Sunday. After a leisurely breakfast, McKinshie strolled into the garden; as he reached the farther end he turned with one comprehensive, self-satisfied glance around, until his eyes fell upon the window of his room. A woman sat in a low chair before it. She was young—he could see at that distance—with a fair, dimpled face; the golden hair piled in a wavy mass atop the pretty head bent forward in anxious expectancy. One small hand caught at the lace in the bosom of the low bodice.

McKinshie rubbed his eyes. His sight had never been impaired or given to tricking him; he drew nearer, but utterly unmindful, she gazed wide-eyed at an old elm near the house—a tree McKinshie had voted an eyesore, and promised himself the pleasure of cutting in the early future. It had evidently been a magnificent specimen of its kind, but now, although on one side slender branches drooped in a brave attempt at luxuriance, toward the window dead limbs dangled, and the trunk was scarred as though a stream of molten lead had passed its entire length. Annoyed and perplexed, he hurried into the house; there were no signs of the strange visitant in the room, not even a chair at the window, but when he returned to the garden she was still there with that anxiously expectant look in the brown eyes as though they petitioned the Fates to deal gently with her. He noticed the dimpled roundness of cheek and chin, the smooth curves of the slender neck and tapering arm. In the flesh she must be—or was it the past tense?—bewitching. This was what had attracted his midnight caller; McKinshie's curiosity was fully aroused; tonight, if possible, he would unravel the mystery.

At eleven o'clock, that evening, McKinshie emerged from the house. A black cloak covered him to the knees, and a dark hat with wide, slouching brim was pulled over his face; he grasped firmly a stout stick. It was a night well suited to his purpose; now and then a cloud hid the moon, and seizing such an opportune moment, McKinshie

secreted himself behind a syringa bush in close proximity to the window. From this vantage ground he watched with an alert eye. He had fastened the gate securely; how was his visitor to gain an entrance, or was he of the sort that laughed at bolts and bars? Even as he wondered the moon shone out—the figure stood before the window.

McKinshie gave a violent start. This personage, whoever he might be, had developed an unexpected phase of character, so uncanny, that a queer sensation made itself felt along the watcher's spine. If he were really flesh and blood how did he get in? It was an unanswerable question, but whether spirit or human, McKinshie resolved to learn at once. Rallying all the courage he could muster, he rushed forth and grasped the intruder by the arm—a real flesh and blood member that instantly dispelled his trepidation.

"What are you doing here, sir?" he thundered.

The prisoner made no attempt to free himself, but turned a strangely white face. "Pardon me, I had no intention of annoying you; I am going away tomorrow and I could not resist coming once more." The voice was so gentle McKinshie's anger was disarmed; his hand dropped in astonishment.

"Will you be so kind as to explain—this"—he said at last, pointing to the window.

The young man shook his head. "I don't understand it myself, unless it is a special dispensation of Providence—to comfort me," he added. "I never saw it until this last visit; it is wonderful—so perfect—as though she must speak to me!"

"She! Who is it?" demanded McKinshie.

"You are a stranger here?"

McKinshie nodded.

"And the owner of—this—place?"

Another nod.

"Tell me," the stranger seized hold of the black cloak in his eagerness, "have you seen her in the daytime?"

"I discovered the—the likeness this morning for the first time—strange I didn't notice it when I took down the blinds, but I was in a hurry, and it was late."

"It is singular, very, I thought, perhaps, it was only at night—she—she"—the stranger stopped with a gesture of disappointment.

"Come into the house." McKinshie drew an unresisting arm through his.

The night was cool and sufficient excuse for the grate fire, which was speedily kindled, and the two sat in silence until the cheery crackling flames invited the stranger's confidence.

The Lilacs had been built by a man of wealth and many eccentricities, who was continually pulling down or adding a nookery here and there as the whim seized him. He had two children—Gardner, and Lettice a beautiful young woman. This was her room decorated to suit her fancy. Charlton Carter came from his Virginia home to visit her brother; he saw Lettice for the first time—McKinshie did not need to be told how she was wooed, as he looked into the fine, sensitive face keenly alive to every emotion. The afternoon before the wedding, a terrible storm came up suddenly. Lettice sat by the window overlooking the garden watching for her father, whom she idolized; he was accustomed to approach the house by the short cut across the yard, and had just reached the elm, near the window, when he was struck by a bolt of lightning. The shock was too great for Lettice, and she died on her wedding night.

"Did you notice nothing peculiar about the window?" inquired McKinshie, after a long silence.

"No." Charlton Carter shook his head decidedly. "The blinds were put up and the room closed immediately; shortly after, Gardner and his mother left the city, and to my knowledge have never returned. Twice a year I come here—the old break in the hedge is hidden by foliage, but I have not forgotten it. You can imagine my joy, the other evening, when I discovered her face at the window; it seemed"—Charlton Carter's voice suddenly broke—"it seemed as though she was—expecting me, that the time has almost come for me—to go—to her, and—and that she is waiting."

The older man could find no words of consolation; it was a phase of life he had read of, scoffingly, but when personally encountered it suddenly seemed strangely beautiful.

"You have been very lenient with my trespassing; I am exceedingly grateful." At last, Charlton Carter rose.

"Don't speak of it, my dear fellow," exclaimed McKinshie, impulsively. "Come whenever you wish; I was too hasty in my conclusions."

"No, I am confident this is my last visit to the city, and so I make bold to ask you a favor."

For answer McKinshie gripped the outstretched hand.

"My sister is with me and she has a great desire to see this place again; I refused to bring her with me when I saw the house was tenanted, but any time that would suit you"—

"Certainly, come tomorrow at—half past five."

McKinshie closed the door upon his guest with a new sensation tugging at his heart. He sat down and looked around. So, this had been her room, sacred to all the memories which cluster around young womanhood. How strange that he, a bachelor, and a confirmed one at that, should have chosen this apartment!

McKinshie was on the veranda the next day, when brother and sister arrived. They were noticeably alike—the same hair and eyes, a certain distinguished air which clung to their very garments,—but Doris was of shorter, fuller build, with little graceful movements; the symmetry of arm and shoulder showed through the lace of her gown, and where the silk glove had dropped from the short sleeve, with the tint of a blush rose. It seemed to McKinshie as though a blossom of some rare species had suddenly unfolded before him. Scrupulously attired, he was in a frame of mind that put him at his best, and the young woman gave grateful little glances toward the handsome lawyer, as her brother's reserve quite melted in the glow of their host's genial spirits.

Adroitly, the visitors were piloted over the lawn and garden, pausing, at last, before the window.

"She was good as she was lovely," whispered Doris, at last, the tears on her cheeks; a comforting arm went around her brother's shoulder while McKinshie looked on enviously.

"Have you any idea how the picture came here—can it be—explained?" At last, Doris turned to McKinshie.

"Since Mr. Carter has told me the circumstances I have given the subject a good deal of attention. I am something of an electrician—I might say that it is a fad of mine—and I have made a good many experiments. The only solution I can offer to the mystery, is, that the same bolt which struck the

the father, imprinted the daughter's likeness upon the glass—a peculiar example of electrical photography."

The young woman was at once impressed with the plausibility of the explanation, but her brother shook his head, unbelievably. Doris gave McKinshie an appealing look, which received an answering nod, and they went into the house.

The host drew out a small table. "I am a bachelor, you see," he smiled gallantly, "and for the present without a housekeeper: may I ask my guest to assist me? I fancy the table would be more to a lady's liking."

"Certainly," Doris smiled, rising at once.

McKinshie brought her the tea-things, and with his hand upon the closet door, watched her as she hovered over the table; it was evidently a pleasing task to which she was not unaccustomed.

"Is there anything more needed, Miss Carter? Command me." McKinshie glanced at the small array of china which still adorned the shelves.

"Oh no, indeed, and I think you must credit us with large appetites, you have provided so generously."

"I always have an immense one myself, and you know a person likes company on such occasions."

But somehow, he was so occupied in waiting upon his guests, so absorbed in watching Doris pour the coffee with a pretty regard for the requirements of cream and sugar, that for once, his own wants were forgotten.

How empty and still the room seemed when, two hours later, McKinshie turned back to it alone. He extinguished the lights—they suddenly seemed to have lost their brilliancy—and drew his chair before the garden window. The moon shone dimly through a filmy drift of mist, and a sighing wind now and then swept around the house. McKinshie shivered; it was unbearable; he hastened to the grate. When the flames, with much splutter and contention flared up the chimney, he leaned back partially content. Never before had he realized his lack of companionship—not those of his club friends who marvelled at his absence—but the closer relationship of one who would laugh or cater to his whims, who would joy in his joys, or with a tactful sympathy, woo him from himself, and that one—ah, he had found her, she had

suddenly come into his sky and outshone all else as the sun puts to shame a candle's light. All the fervor slumbering in the man's warm nature was kindled, and it leaped and glowed in a strange, fiery unison with the crackling flames at his feet. Her soft, southern speech was still in his ears; the sympathetic look in the dark eyes surely bespoke a gentle heart, he mused, striving to recall each charm.

The wind became louder and more insistent, it whistled down the chimney eerily, but the fire burned on unheeding—McKinshie had fallen asleep.

An hour passed, two hours. Outside, the moon was blotted out; the sky was black except for a broad, pinkish band in the west; the wind had become a fury whose rage waxed more and more ungovernable. McKinshie awoke with a start and looked around. The room was in darkness; he had been lulled to sleep by a peaceful stillness which seemed to envelope him, and now he was surrounded by a seething tempest of sound which grew wilder with each moment.

Suddenly, a heavy crash, a sound of falling glass brought him to his feet in alarm; he stumbled to the electric button, but there was no illuminating response. Just then, as though in answer to some imperative, unheard mandate, there came a great stillness, but he could hear in the distance the roar of the retreating storm.

Half-dazed, McKinshie lighted a gas jet and looked at the havoc which had been wrought. The plate-glass in the window, overlooking the garden, was a ruinous heap, but its mosaic settings were intact. He peered through the opening—the stricken elm lay prone upon the ground.

The next morning, as McKinshie was dressing, the door bell jangled furiously. An old colored man stood on the porch bowing and scraping. "Mis' Ca'teh sez, would yo' do her de favah to cum at once, sah? It's jes' a little way, sah 'roun' de co'nah at Mistah Buttahfiel's."

McKinshie's heart thumped vigorously, to his own disgust, as he ran back to complete a careful but hasty toilet. His general judicial calmness had left him; he was inwardly so elated at the possibility of being of service to Miss Carter, that the unusualness of such a request, at that hour, hardly entered his mind as he hurried down the street strewn with the wreckage of the storm.

At Mr. Butterfield's there was much confusion. A voluble maid conducted him to a back parlor. "I'll tell Miss Doris," bringing forward a chair. "She took it mighty hard at first, and it was dreadful sudden"—

"What was?" a sudden fear dawned upon McKinshie.

"Why, poor Mr. Carter, didn't you know? We found him dead in his room this morning."

McKinshie was standing half-stupefied when Doris Carter entered. She did not break down as most women might have done, she was pale and trembling, but McKinshie noted with a new admiration the splendid self-control which kept back the rising tears, and forced her voice to a semblance of calmness.

"You have heard—they have told—you?" she began.

"Yes, but I can hardly realize it; you have my warmest sympathy." He held the cold little fingers close for a moment in his warm grasp. "Isn't there something?"—

"I could not persuade Charlton to believe in your theory of the window," she said, mournfully, hardly heeding him, "he persisted that it was a sign"—

"Perhaps it was," interrupted McKinshie, "it lies in my room broken in a thousand pieces, and the old elm is uprooted."

"Oh!" Doris clasped her hands in a tremor. "And do you think that was the time—that—she came for him—that they are happy now—together?" she urged.

"We may surely believe so, my dear young lady," McKinshie responded, with as much certainty as though he had penetrated the

mysteries, "much happier than we poor mortals can conceive."

The tears rushed over the white cheeks. Doris was sobbing pitifully, while McKinshie sat dumb and miserable; he wanted to comfort her, but strangely enough, his vocabulary was inadequate; a few formal phrases stuck in his throat; he could not bring himself to utter them. Suddenly, Doris raised her head and met the look in the brown eyes opposite her. She was startled; her cheeks flushed rosily and as quickly paled again.

"I wish I could say or do something to comfort you," McKinshie blurted out, awkwardly.

"You have," murmured Doris, striving to calm herself. "It is such a comfort to think they are together and happy—he has suffered so much. I ought to be glad, but I shall miss him so!" Again she broke down, and McKinshie felt more helpless than ever.

His sympathies could best be expressed in action. The young woman was alone, and among comparative strangers, and he immediately took charge of all the necessary arrangements, until Major Carter could reach his daughter.

Two weeks later, Aunt Martha was duly installed at The Lilacs, and the house behind the flowering hedge underwent a process of rejuvenation, from which it emerged in early fall, fresh, and fair, and stately.

McKinshie still finds pleasure in his garden, but the radiant face that smiles approval from the window is not the ghost of another's buried happiness, but Doris, the flesh and blood embodiment of his own.



OUR FIRST GUEST

By Anna A. Merriam

HELLO, that's our door-bell, I believe—great old fire alarm isn't it. Now, have I got to travel down four flights of stairs just to tell somebody, that somebody else doesn't live here? No one knows *us*."

"You don't suppose there's a chance that our boxes aren't all here, do you Tom?"

"Perish the thought!" I replied, squeezing between two boxes, and jumping over a third, as I made for the stairs. I started down one step at a time, but made it two, as a more vigorous alarm was sounded. When down two flights, I was brought to a halt by Mabel's cry of distress:

"Oh Tom, the tube!"

"What tube?"

"The tube up here—come back and call down it."

"Oh, blow the tube!" was my laughing reply.

Mabel and I had been married just four weeks, and were now ending our honeymoon in a city, two thousand miles from Mabel's old home. We were strangers in a strange land, where my hard won "shingle" was soon to swing in the breeze, and bring us friends and money, I hoped. All our wedding gifts had been forwarded to a flat, which I had rented on a flying trip, and here we were among them, and for twenty-four hours we had been doing our noble best to make a start toward unpacking.

"A letter for Mrs. Thomas Waring," I said, returning to my breakfast.

"How nice," said Mabel, but the way her face changed as she read it, showed me it wasn't nice at all.

"What's up—anybody going to die?"

"Oh, no," was the reply, in a tone that plainly indicated, "No such luck as that,"—"it's Uncle Jacob—he's coming here to-day!" and her voice rose in such a comical wail of despair, that to save me, I could not help laughing.

"Well, it's no laughing matter, I'll have you understand," she said, trying to look severe

"But my dear, which one was Uncle Jacob? Talk about the tribe of Abraham! your family relations!"—

"Oh, surely Tom," Mabel interrupted, "you remember Uncle Jacob—the little, withered-up old man, who insists on dyeing his hair."

"Great bottles, yes. And he's the one who gave us that three-foot Milo Venus. Don't you remember, when my old nurse, Hannah, came to see the presents, that had just come, and when she saw it, she turned fourteen shades of vermillion, and covered her face and said: 'Oh, Mr. Tommy, whatever kind of a family are you marryin' into.'"

"Yes," said Mabel, plaintively, "Uncle Jacob is *very* artistic! But what shall we do?"

"Do! why I'll put him up at a hotel,—of course. When does he get here?"

"Oh, that wouldn't do at all—he hates hotels."

"Well he couldn't hate it more than he would the confusion here," and I looked about me in cheerful despair. There were six hundred bosom friends, not to mention relatives, invited to our wedding, and every mother's son of 'em sent a present, and every blamed one is here in a box twice the necessary size."

"I know it," sighed Mabel, "but they meant well, and really there were only four hundred and thirty-five, you know."

"And furthermore," I continued, "we haven't got but one bed, so that settles it—Uncle Jacob has got to go to a hotel whether he likes it or not."

"I see you don't know your Uncle Jacob," said Mabel. "If there is a fifty-second cousin in a place where he's stopping, and he's never met them but once in his life, he'll favor them with his society, rather than go to a hotel."

"All right," I laughed, giving in, "he may come, and welcome—I'll bet he never ate his cereal out of a cut glass berry bowl. How many were there? Eighteen? Good,

there'll be enough to go 'round. Will his artistic temperament permit him to eat his breakfast off one box while he sits on another? Awfully careless of somebody, that nobody gave us a dining-room table and chairs. I suppose we'll have to buy them."

"We'll get along—don't worry," said Mabel, her usual spirit and pluck coming to the front. "We'll get that big leather couch unpacked, and"—

"Sure enough, Uncle Jacob can sleep on that," I interrupted, jumping up and beginning to look around in a dazed sort of way.

"Mercy, no, Tom! Uncle Jacob never can sleep unless he has a good comfortable bed—it would never do. We'll have to give him the bed."

"Well, I'll be hanged!" was my fervent reply. "How long is your estimable, artistic Uncle Jacob going to linger under our vine and fig tree? I have an idea we won't get along very well together."

"Only until to-morrow morning—do be a dear, and help make the best of it, and for gracious sake let's get to work. We don't know what's in anything, so we'll just have to trust to luck to get anything useful out."

I couldn't withstand Mrs. Tom, possibly, so very soon my hammer and chisel were in use, and the blows rang merrily.

"I say, Mabel," I shouted, "here, I've struck Uncle Jacob's lady the first thing. Wasn't that luck? Look out there," and away I slashed at the boards.

"Do be careful, Tom," urged Mabel, "it makes me shiver to see you so reckless with that hammer."

"Oh, pooh! I know what I'm doing," was my magnificent rejoinder, and then, blest if I see why, that disgusting hammer slipped—and off came the nose of the marble Venus. I don't mind admitting that my brow was bathed in morning dew, and not from over exertion, either, and my gasp was genuinely horrified. I expected Mabel to burst into tears of wild grief, but instead, she began to laugh.

"I don't see anything to laugh at," I growled.

"But I—look at her, Tom," groaned Mabel.

"I am looking."

"Well, don't you think she looks funny?" And this time I couldn't help joining in her helpless mirth.

"She certainly does look as if she'd been on a bat. We're used to seeing her without any arms and clothes, and little things like that, but when it comes to her nose"—and by this time we were almost hysterical. But all too soon, the awful predicament we were in asserted itself.

"What will Uncle Jacob say?" said Mabel, wiping her eyes.

"Say? he won't say anything. I'll box her up again, and we'll hide the case under a pile of others—we can spare a few," and I began viciously swathing the lady up.

She was finally left in an unsuspicious-looking corner, with two boxes on top of her, and barrels of china on three sides.

"There, I said, with a satisfied grunt, "if Uncle Jacob unearths that, I miss my guess."

"I only hope you haven't got another guess coming," Mabel said, doubtfully.

"Uncle Jacob is very observing."

"Well, he doesn't wear X-Ray glasses, does he?" I asked, sarcastically. I'd worked hard to cover up the tracks of my indiscretion, and I didn't like to think it was wasted energy.

How we worked. After each box was unpacked, I gathered up the fragments, (wood generally) and carted them to the back porch.

"Begins to look like home, doesn't it?" I observed, cheerfully, as I lifted out a brass bowl the size of a wash tub, and carefully balanced it on top of a cloisonné umbrella stand. But Mabel paid no attention to me, and I attacked another "beslatted" chair.

My next remark wasn't so cheerful. "Maybe we were foolish to try and do this work ourselves—we really should have had professional packers come in and do it," I said, ruefully sucking my thumb.

"Oh no," mumbled Mabel, half way down a barrel of cut glass berry bowls, "just think how they would have marred things."

"That's so," I agreed cheerfully, as I hurriedly put a mahogany rocker in a far corner of the room, and then, with one eye on Mabel, wet my finger and vigorously rubbed a scratch four inches long, right in the middle of the back—miserable old thing!

"Tom," called Mabel, emerging from the barrel. "I've such a bright idea. We'll

take Uncle Jacob into the bed-room and tell him this is our room, and then we'll walk around a bit, and then go back in it and say this is his room furnished just like ours. He'll never know the difference, and you see, the two rooms open off the hall, and he'll be all twisted."

"Great," I replied. "But what you tell me of Uncle Jacob, would not give me the impression that he would not mind at all to be occupying the only bed on the premises, so why put yourself to the trouble?"

"You never can tell, he might make a fuss. He's very fussy, "Uncle Jacob is."

"Humph," I ejaculated, as I cut the cord around a roll of rugs. "Here, let's spread these out—whew! aren't they beauties! We will have to put them down three thick until we get things thinned out some. Let's make a line of them—and we might put some of them in Uncle Jacob's room."

"Don't put more than one layer," Mabel begged. "Uncle Jacob always shuffles, and he might stumble and break something."

"Well, there's nothing to break but a brass bed and a chiffonier," I said

"Oh, I mean his bones, you stupid," laughed Mabel, as she pulled the chairs on the rugs.

"Now, isn't this nice," I sighed, sinking down in one, and then, jumping up, I fixed them in a straight row, observing genially: "We'll play 'Going to Jerusalem,' when Uncle Jacob comes."

We stopped work long enough to go out and get lunch, and refurnish our commissary department, and by dinner time we had brought to light twelve chairs, eight clocks, a brass bowl, six cloisonné vases, nine tables, cut-glass galore, sixteen rugs, a bust of somebody, a picture of the Sistine Madonna, and one of a particularly fetching Bacchante, seven candelabra, nineteen single candlesticks, and the leather couch. We borrowed a broom of the family down stairs, swept and garnished our rooms, pushed everything unpacked to the wall, and really felt very virtuous and pleased, as we sallied forth for dinner. It was arranged that Mabel should come back and have the place lighted, and I should go out to the eight-thirty train, and meet Uncle Jacob.

His train came in promptly on time, and I, thinking with remorse of the lost nose, engaged an electric cab, a most unnecessary

expense, and we were soon landed at the foot of four flights.

"It's quite a ways up," I remarked apologetically, "but the air is so much better, and you can take it slowly."

"Humph," grunted Uncle Jacob, beginning to puff before he'd taken a step, and he could have given points to a steam engine before we reached the top. Mabel met us on the landing, and greeted her panting relative like a long lost brother.

"Dear Uncle Jacob, I'm so glad to see you," she said, kissing him, and, "one for your Sapphira" I put in under my breath.

"Sit right here and get your breath," and without daring to look at me, Mabel ensconced her U. J. in the scratched mahogany rocker, and offered him some water in a stein a foot high.

By and by his natural curiosity got the better of his abused feelings, and he began to look around.

"I see you haven't unpacked my Venus, yet," which wasn't as obvious as it appeared.

"No," Mabel said, hurriedly, "you see we don't know what's in the different cases, excepting chairs, of course, and some few other things, so we just take them as they come along."

"Just so, just so," assented Uncle Jacob, "but now, maybe, I could help you find it—I think I'd recognize it," and with sprightly goodwill he began to peer here and there.

Mabel cast an agonized glance in my direction, and I bravely came to the rescue, and escorted U. J. to the boxes farthest from the fatal corner, while he strained his eyes and neck for a familiar hall-mark. Mabel hovered round like a chipping sparrow protecting her young, and when finally, U. J. couldn't be kept away from the barricaded corner, she burst out:

"Oh Uncle Jacob, do come see the bed-room! don't bother to look any more—I'm positive we'll find it," (prophetic soul). But she was too late, for with the spring of a cat on a mouse, U. J. had swooped down on the corner, and was gleefully rolling out barrels of china.

"There she is," he cried joyfully, pointing to a huge black cross on the side. "I marked it myself—funny, wasn't it? Now give a hand here, Tom, and we'll have her out," and he commenced to pull.

"Please, please Uncle Jacob, don't,"

Mabel begged, while the effort to look pleased and gratified, and not horrified and petrified, gave her a composite expression that was positively weird. "I am so glad you have found it, (two for Sapphira) for now we'll not unpack it until the very last thing."

"What's that, eh?" said U. J. holding his hand, and looking uncertain and crest-fallen. "Why not, I'd like to know?"

"Why, because it's so beautiful," panted Mabel, "and with things so in confusion it would be sure to get knocked about—oh, I wouldn't have you take it out for worlds."

"Well, perhaps you're right," said U. J., with unwilling consent, and then swelling visibly with pride, he continued: "You're quite right, my dear—it's a very beautiful thing, and you should not run any risks," and, strutting like a little turkey cock, he was led away from temptation.

"This is your bed-room," said Mabel, and her tone was quite buoyant, as she threw open the door and turned on the electric switch. "Of course, it's in no kind of order now, but we've only been here two days, you know."

If she expected to get a complimentary rise out of U. J., she got left, for he only grunted and shuffled out. Then Mabel took him through to the kitchen, and returning, threw open the bed-room door again.

"And this is our room," she sweetly said, keeping her back turned to me as I softly sang:

Oh Sapphira was a lady,
Though her habits were quite shady."

"You see it's just like yours," Mabel's sweet voice went on, that's the only trouble in a flat—the bed-rooms are all just alike."

"Humph," again grunted U. J. "Well, if you don't mind, I guess I'll go to bed now. I'm tired. Which was my room?" and he started for another door.

I could see Sapphira was in agony, so I grabbed him, and in my most jovial host tone I said:

"Oh, I say, Uncle Jacob, do come see this bust of Napoleon before you go to bed," and not waiting for his consent, I led him by devious ways to the place where that gentleman held forth. "I know this is a thing you'll appreciate," I urged, as we stood in front of it. "Now, isn't that great? To me it's more like my ideal of Napoleon than any I've ever seen," and I tried to get the proper squint to my eyes as I stood and stared.

"Napoleon!" snorted U. J. "What are you talking about young man. That's a bust of Lord Byron, and I helped Mrs. Satterlee pick it out for you—what in the name of—" "but I had fled to the kitchen, and there turned on both faucets full force, to drown further damaging truths.

When I ventured back, U. J. had disappeared, and Mabel was stretched on the leather couch, but whether she was laughing or crying I could not tell.

"Hello Sapphira," I whispered, and when she looked up I saw that she was shaking with mirth not grief. I gave a sheepish grin, and said: "Suppose we go to bed—you can sleep on that couch, and I'll fix up some rugs—hang Uncle Jacob, anyway!"

Notwithstanding the mortification of spirit, not to mention the flesh, (rugs don't make an ideal bed, even if they are genuine Persian, made in Hoboken) I slept soundly, and didn't relish, at all, Mabel's very decided and urgent invitation to "get up," when it seemed as if I'd just gone to sleep.

"Please, please get up Tom, dear," she begged. "Uncle Jacob is a very early riser, and he's apt to walk out here any moment."

"What time is it?" I muttered, trying to get one eye open.

"Five o'clock, nearly."

"Five o'clock," I roared, my abused feeling effectually waking me up. "I'm not going to get up at five o'clock for a dozen Uncle Jacobs," and I indignantly flounced over on my bed and, much to my surprise, found myself on the floor. This completed the waking process, and like a sulky boy, I began the day, breathing maledictions down on U. J.'s head with frenzied froth. But for once Mabel was right. Scarcely had the rugs been scattered, when the pattering of U. J.'s little feet was heard, and by six thirty we were gathered round the hospitable board. Mabel had forgotten to say whether U. J. was a hearty eater, but I fancied from the way he looked over the cold cereal, fruit, and coffee, that he was; and to cover up any feeling of want to his physical man, I commenced to feed him nibbles for his artistic nature.

"Great old plates these are, Uncle Jacob," I observed cutting my orange. We have a dozen. "And they do say," I continued, dropping my voice confidentially, as Mabel left the room a moment, "that they are the original set that Marie Antoinette used—

ah—you know," and my voice died away as Mabel appeared.

U. J. didn't seem properly impressed, though he examined the plate carefully, and Mabel, noticing him, blithely butted in.

"Aren't they dear—a special make of Tiffany's, you know. Blanche Ross had a set just like them given to her, too. I love them," and she calmly buttered a roll while I tried so hard to look serene and unconscious, that Mabel, in alarm, asked if I didn't feel well.

U. J. chuckled away like a little maniac, and I gave up and laughed too, but so immoderately that Mabel could see no reason at all for it, and the more alarmed she looked the harder I laughed. Nevertheless, it was not a cheerful meal, and I was thankful when it was over, and blessed Mabel from my boots up, when she suggested that we take U. J. for a drive until time for his train.

"No, no—I'll stay and help you unpack, and tell you where to hang your pictures," was U. J.'s obstinate response to this cordial suggestion, but I stamped out his offer with both feet, and Mabel assisted, and in the end, much to his disgust, we carried the day, and insisted on the drive—I let Mabel do the talking—I couldn't think of anything but profanity, and only when, at last, we brought up at the station, and U. J. was safely tucked in a green plush section, did my voice come back. All my cordiality came with it, and I almost shook the little man's arm off as I wished him a speedy journey—Mabel, as she kissed him goodbye, said she hoped next time he came we'd be all settled, and as the train pulled out I fervently breathed:

"Whatever else we do, don't lets *ever* get settled."

ADVERSITY

By D. B. M.

I ENVY not ill-gotten gains nor heights;
I follow not where bounties breed desire;
I question not good fortune nor its rights;
I worship greatness and celestial fire.

That solitude that cheers with saddened sounds
Oft echoes sorrow's wail for hopes destroyed;
I envy not an inspiration found,
Nor genius, crowning glory from a void.

But you who stand as yon majestic spire,
While troubles rage and storm around your head,
Ah, you who beat the onset and the mire,
And strive to rise in silence from your bed.

Doth God Almighty mete a greater wage?
Could fortune, save by trouble, make such men?
Ah, let the tempest and the tumult rage,
Though long the battle, you will rise again.

And now you're singled out among the crowd,
'Tis you all eyes and hearts look upward to;
And lo, the multitude doth praise aloud;
'Tis you I envy; yes, I envy you.

FALLING LEAVES

By Willis George Emerson

THE brown leaves of autumn are falling,
The meadows grow sombre and drear,
The voice of King Winter is calling,
Foretelling the death of the year:
From branches where once dwelt rare beauty and mirth,
The brown leaves come fluttering down to the earth.

The voices of summer, so cheery,
The autumn has hushed to a sigh,
For now the Old Year is aweary
And waiting his hour to die:
Where life was once throbbing, is solitude now,
As brown leaves come fluttering down from the bough.

How gaily the leaves, in the June-time,
Made love to each rollicking breeze!
How sweetly the birds in their tune-time
With music made merry the trees!
The trees whose green crowns have grown hoary and sear
With frosty old age, now that winter is near.

Our hopes, like the leaves of the May-time,
They, too, have grown faded and old;
And Love, like the year, has its gray-time,
When life seems so dreary and cold:
When Care lays its hand on the heart and the brow
And brown leaves come fluttering down from the bough.

But after Old Winter's dull sadness,
Comes Spring with her smiles and her showers,
To brighten the world with her gladness
And bless it with birds and with flowers:
And Beauty shall twine her fair garlands where now
The brown leaves are fluttering down from the bough.

THE ONE THING

By Charles T. White

THERE was a grapevine which almost entirely covered the east kitchen window, shutting out the early morning sun. A door opened into the garden close beside the window, but the door was closed, though the afternoon was warm. Celia was heating the oven for the Saturday's baking, and what little breeze there was came from that direction. She stood beside the table, near the center of the room, deftly molding the bread into shapely loaves, and listening to the old voice, thin and quavering, which droned on monotonously from the opposite side of the room.

"'Taint as though it was your enemies, Cely, them'ts jealous of your good looks, and would laugh in their sleeve to see you hangin' your head, when you've carried it high as the best o' 'em, and had reason to. I tell you it's them't wouldn't hear a word against you from nobody, and won't now. There's Maria Wilcox—she 'twas Maria Gibbs. Sez she, 'Cely Webster's too pretty a girl to take up with a shyster like Lem Hawkins.' That's what they *all* say."

Mrs. Evans took a furtive survey of Celia's face, partly averted, across the level of her knitting-needles. In her nervousness she held her work high, like a portable breast-work, behind which she might retreat in case of threatening demonstrations. Her skinny, blue-veined hands trembled a little in this unnatural position, causing the steel needles to click sharply against each other, though she was not knitting at the moment. Delicate diplomacy of the sort Mrs. Evans had taken in hand was hardly less perilous than open war, and Mrs. Evans realized the fact fully.

Celia was looking hard at the mass of dough she was kneading. Her cheeks were flushed crimson, but that was only what might be expected, Mrs. Evans assured herself, still hopeful of the success of her mission.

"Lem's well enough," Celia said doggedly. "A girl can't speak to a fellow without having the whole town at her heels. A girl wants

to go—some. What's the harm, I'd like to know?"

"Nobody seems to 'a' known anything about him before he come here," Mrs. Evans resumed conscientiously. "Folks say he drinks hard—not but good men other ways have *that* failin'." The late John Evans was more than suspected in his lifetime of tarrying too long over the alluring beer. Mrs. Evans was guarding her defences from a counter attack. "Lem Hawkins is shif'less—there's no denying that, I guess. Not but what he's pleasant enough to meet and talk to—I own to like him myself—but he wouldn't make no hand to settle down and provide for a family. I tell you, Cely, there's lots in havin' a good provider, one that won't leave the flour barrel empty while he squanders money on himself. John never'd do that, whatever else he might do."

Mrs. Evans' faded gray eyes were sadly reminiscent, and she heaved a sigh above the irregular click of her needles. The muscles in Celia's bare arms swelled and shrank under the satiny white skin as she vented the energy of her embarrassment on the last of the puffy loaves. Mrs. Evans' second sigh was one of relief that Celia didn't "fly up."

"Lem don't drink—no *great*," the girl protested, stung into the necessity of saying something defensive. "He never has *once* when I've been with him places. It's no business of mine what he does other times. About providing—land sakes!" She accented the expletive with a mirthless, cackly laugh. "Whoever *marries* him will have to look out for that."

"Of course, we didn't *know*, Cely; but I just felt called upon to come over here when you 'was all alone by yourself and speak my mind. I know you'll take it as it's meant, and if there wasn't any need, so much the better." Mrs. Evans' effusiveness stirred up the deeps of her emotions, and she turned away to wipe her eyes with a black-bordered handkerchief. "I told Maria Wilcox the other day that I'd never feel right if it went

on to the end without your knowing what your best friends thought about it."

Something rustled the leaves of the grapevine outside the open window behind Celia, and she turned quickly. She flashed an inquiring glance at the corpulent figure on the other side of the table, then raised a warning forefinger at the brim of a straw hat rising above the level of the sill. The hat-brim obediently disappeared.

"Shoo! Shoo! Those Leghorn chickens of mother's just strip the vines clean before the grapes get fairly set." Celia presented a suspiciously rosy face to meet Mrs. Evans' mildly-questioning gaze. She was mentally debating what fractional part of a hat-brim might pass for a predatory fowl, if curious eyes happened to fall upon it.

"They've just ruined *my* garden," Mrs. Evans declared indefinitely, folding up the gray sock she was knitting. "I used to tell John they cost more'n they come to, winter feeding and all counted in. Eggs have kep' up this summer, though, wonderful. I don't believe I've sold for less'n eighteen more'n once or twice. I guess I'll have to be going now, Cely. I only ran in for a minute, and I've got to bake biscuit. I hope, Cely, you won't take it amiss—what I've said. You know I meant well, and I couldn't have no means of knowin' how far the thing might 'a' gone."

"Oh, that's all right. I'm sure I'm obliged to you, Mrs. Evans." Celia was following her visitor through a narrow hall, opening midway of its length on the front porch. Her rejoinder was not flippant, and there was a ring of heartiness in her voice. Mrs. Evans' interference had rather impressed her with the importance which her "keeping company" with Lem Hawkins had already acquired in the public eye. "Good advice don't break any bones, and it may save having them broken sometimes." Celia could afford to be generous. "You run in again when mother's home. She dotes on having you come."

"There was one *other* thing I'd counted on speaking of, but mebber it's just as well, seeing there's nothing serious." Mrs. Evans lowered her tone to the pitch of confidential disclosures, the gray eyes searching Celia's face in vain for encouraging signs of curiosity. That the signs were lacking was due to the fact that Celia was thinking of Lem,

crouching impatiently under the east kitchen window. Mrs. Evans' voice trailed off into shallow apologies for her silence. "Folks talk just the same, whether they know what they're talking about or not. But 'tain't been noways unfriendly to you, Cely; only your friends's been anxious—*dreadful* worked-up over it."

Celia's eyes followed the loquacious neighbor's stiff, ungraceful waddle beyond the thin screen of syringa bushes which flanked the front gate. She wondered vaguely, as she went back through the hall, what Lem's coming at this unusual hour might signify, and her heart quickened its beat a little as the rear door of the kitchen opened softly, admitting in cautious succession the haunting hat-brim, a rather handsome masculine face and a muscular frame clad in a natty outing suit of blue flannel.

"The coast is clear," Celia announced, but there was a hint of constraint in her usual free-and-easy manner, and the laugh was forced. "Come on in and sit down, Lem. The folks are all gone today."

Lem jauntily advanced, and threw an arm lightly around Celia's pliant waist. She made a little flurried remonstrance, holding her golden head erectly defiant, but as he drew her closer, it dropped to his shoulder complacently, the hat-brim sweeping her hot cheeks.

"That's one for waiting so long, and there's another to celebrate the evaporation of that old fossil." Lem's explanations would have been more clearly audible had his lips been given undividedly to the subject in hand.

Celia hid her face coquettishly in the bend of her dimpled arm, and slipped out of his grasp, smoothing her rumpled hair. She had a great admiration for Lemuel's masterful way, his tailor-made clothes, and his approaches to cultured speech. Lemuel had been in college once, he had told her, and sold dress-goods now over a counter at Dalway's. Beyond this acknowledged admiration for a man, quite different in style and manner from the young men of the countryside, Celia had never analyzed her feelings in the matter very closely.

"The horse and carriage are down yonder in the oak grove, Cele," he declared abruptly, swinging one of the wooden chairs into range and dropping into it. "It may seem rather sudden to you, but it's got to be now or

never, sweetheart." He reached for her hand, but she shrank back from him a little, watching his handsome face intently. "You see, I've given up my place at Dalway's—struck something that's better in Boston, but it won't wait on ceremony. We go together—for good and all—if you say the word."

Celia still stood looking at him, her eyes widening as she caught his meaning. The red flush died out of her cheeks, and her bosom heaved jerkily under the plain muslin waist.

"We'll make the splice at Blackinton. There might be a hitch of some sort, if we tried it nearer home." The light, business-like tone somehow chilled Celia. "You'd better hustle along now, and get ready. There won't be too much time." He glanced at his watch carelessly. "We'll drive through to Blackinton and send back the rig."

Celia walked away a few steps and stood for a moment in the open door, the cool afternoon breeze fanning her hot cheeks and playing with her kinky hair. Unerringly, as in a rose-tinted mist, making all sharp, hard outlines indistinct, the consciousness was shaping itself in her mind that this was her wedding-day. It had dawned hours before, with never a hint in the pearly-gray of the morning sky, as she dressed in the half-light, looking at it dully through the parted folds of the muslin curtain. That long ride across country with Lem was to fill up the whole of the mysterious space which her girlish fancy had always peopled with giggling friends and fussy dressmakers, endless shoppings, unheard-of kitchen preparations, adorable gowns, and an array of gifts and a flutter of invited guests at the finale. Celia had a whimsical sense of being somehow defrauded by the suddenness of this most momentous of things coming up thus without warning from the dead level of the commonplace. She recalled the day when Jane had married Ezra Woodhull under a huge arch of evergreens in the musty front parlor, and how Ezra's big red knuckles had tried ineffectually to hide themselves in the conventional white gloves.

"Well?"

The man's questioning syllable smote upon her ear sharply like a blow, and she turned with a sly, nervous start. She merely glanced at him, without speaking, a serious look, which was almost the shadow of trouble, in

her blue eyes, as she moved mechanically toward the back stairway. Lemuel heard the door above close, waking responsive echoes in the empty house. He settled back in his chair, whistling softly to himself, his long legs, outstretched, crossing the broad bar of sunlight on the yellow-painted floor.

Celia slipped off the muslin waist, and undid her hair, which fell in a sunny shower over her shapely white shoulders. Childishly, she was trying to fend off the real seriousness of the issue under the pretence that she was going with Lemuel for a drive, just as she had done often before. He couldn't have meant what he said a moment ago. He would laugh over it as a joke when once they were on the way. A wedding-day—the only one in a girl's whole life—couldn't come in such a sudden, unexpected fashion. Celia tried to smile at her distorted image in the cracked mirror over the bureau, as she twisted her hair into heavy, silken masses at the back of her head; but the bowed arms sank slowly, letting the hair fall loose again, as though some all-absorbing thought had taken possession of her, thrusting itself insistently into her consciousness like an unwelcome guest.

"She said there was *one* thing she didn't tell," the girl mused in a low, murmurous undertone, recalling Mrs. Evans' sibilant confidences on the front porch. "I wonder what it was. I'd give the—the world if I knew *now*. To be shiftless and drink ought to be enough for one man. Lem *does* drink. I smelled it on his breath this afternoon. It couldn't have been any common bad habit, like gambling, or she wouldn't have been so mysterious about it. There *are* things"—Celia's self-communing drifted off into her very immature acquaintance with the shady side of life.

Lemuel heard her descending step upon the stair a few moments later, and looked up carelessly. His eye was focused to take in the details of the trim girlish figure, the rakish tilt of the summer hat, the face—a trifle too highly-colored—softened into becoming tints behind the screen of dotted cream lace, the easy, unconscious swing and lilt of the lithe body and supple joints; items of a charming personnel which he had noted a score of times with a certain languid, sensuous satisfaction in their mere proximity; a tingling response of some artistic or esthetic

sensibility within him to their unstudied and unspoiled artlessness. The frayed toes of the every-day shoes, half-showing under the brown skirt, with a mended rent in the front breadth, startled him. She came straight up to him, putting aside his outstretched hands.

"I can't do it, Lem—not today." The chin trembled weakly, and the grotesque wrinkling of the red lips on the verge of tears spoiled the childish prettiness of the face, as he looked down at it. "There isn't any use talking." She cut short the beginning of his passionate remonstrance with a pathetic little gesture. "I won't have you going away, thinking I don't care for you. I *do*—more than anybody. If you like—love me the same way—as *much*, you'll come back. There isn't no 'now or never' when a man's heart is set on a girl for good and all."

"There's fifteen minutes to make up your mind," he burst out angrily, snapping his watch-case between his clenched fingers. She shrank away from his harshness, seeing the stern lines of his face dimly through her swimming eyes. "Don't put me off like this, Cele," he pleaded in a softened tone, trying to take her hand. "You know that your folks will turn it down, if we come out open and above board. That old gossip was filling you with stuff about me when I came. You can't deny it, for I heard enough to know. You can take her word or mine—which is it?"

Celia did not answer. She had drawn away a little farther, leaning heavily, as if for support, upon the battered casing of the door. The insistent demands of a great crisis were pounding their way into her bewildered brain. She looked across at the man opposite, standing jauntily, his hat poised in one hand. She was pitifully weak at that moment, feeling herself some powerless, passive thing in the grasp of a giant destiny, working its will with her helplessness. If there had been a glimmer of tender concern in the handsome brown eyes, one unmistakably convincing token of a great love struggling for utterance through the set lips, she would have thrown herself into his arms. His darkening face repelled her. She read the unanswered question anew on his lowering brow, and shook her head sadly.

He turned and went without a word, jerking his hat down savagely over his eyes. She heard his thick-soled shoes striking

sharply on the board walk and crashing through the bushes at the foot of the garden. There was silence after that, broken only by the solemn ticking of the eight-day clock in the corner, but she listened to the silence for a long time as though it had been sound. Then, she crossed the room with a quick, nervous step, calling his name softly, her aimless fingers tearing open the fastenings at her neck, while her breath came in short, panting gasps.

"If I'd have known—what—that—one—thing was." The words came slowly in full-rounded syllables, as though Celia would force her sober reasons to stand out against their will in the revealing light of day. "Lord! What's one thing—what's a *thousand* things—to a whole life? I loved him—better than I ever knew till now—and he's *gone*—gone, never to come back. He said it was now or never, and he meant it. Anybody'd known Lem would know it, if they knew anything. 'Tain't 'at he didn't love me. It's just his way. I never had any chance when he'd say we'd go to a place, or when he'd put his arm around me as he did this afternoon. I don't see how—*how*—"

She passed the back of her hand over her forehead, struggling with the multiplying perplexities of the problem. The magnitude of the disaster was gradually unfolding itself as against the extreme pettiness of all the causes which had led to it. Lem had gone away angry, as he had every right to be. She would never see him again—*never!* The impossibility clutched at Celia's bare throat as though some beast of prey had sprung upon her, fastening strong, relentless fangs in the soft, quivering flesh. She stood upright with an effort, the merest cringing drop in her strong young shoulders, her blue eyes staring, tearless, into the unfathomed mystery, a haunting fear creeping into them as the real meaning of the impending desolation dawned upon her. It was a waking trance of disillusion, more enlightening to a nature that could bear the strain than weeks of passionate tears. Her limbs ached with the prolonged tension when she came to herself and began to move them stiffly, her feet dragging with the shuffling motion of age or weariness. The broad belt of sunshine on the kitchen floor had retreated to a narrow angle at the doorway. Celia opened the oven, more by housewifely instinct than by intention.

The plump loaves were barely beginning to brown, and the fire was nearly out. She laid two or three sticks of hard wood on the smouldering coals and opened the draughts. There was a sound somewhere at the rear of the house, and she glanced up quickly, half expecting to see Lemuel's smiling face framed grotesquely in the green leaves of the grapevine. She drew a long choking breath when she saw nothing, her throat swelling painfully, like the throat of a sensitive child that has sobbed away all its strength.

Then, for the first time, her woman's weakness prevailed, and she accused herself of being hard and cold to Lemuel, letting him go away without a kind, tender word, to be remembered when he was far off and alone in a strange city. A fanciful notion possessed her that he might linger in the oak grove where he had told her the horse was tethered, thinking she would relent and follow him; and this last she resolved to do, without much considering how her going would alter the situation for the better. She was not yet prepared to marry him in the sudden, off-hand fashion he proposed, but she would say something to him which would soften his disappointment at her refusal, and leave him feeling that she would not forget him when he was gone.

Celia tripped down through the garden, a new hope lending speed to her feet, crossed the slender stream with a lithe, graceful bound, and climbed the long slope of close-cropped pasture land beyond. She was panting with the exertion when she reached the top of the hill, and the high color had come back into her fresh young face. There was a strip of partially cleared woodland behind this, and another pasture longer than the first. The oak grove bordered the main road to Durleigh and Blackinton. Celia came down upon it from behind, descending a series of irregular, rudely-terraced knolls.

There was a horse and carriage standing in the road beyond, partly hidden by the low-hanging branches of a scraggly maple, and Celia's heart gave a great bound. It was as she had shrewdly surmised, then, and she would have the opportunity she sought of setting herself right with Lem after their abrupt parting. She hastened forward, dropping down from ledge to ledge, and into the shadow of the trees, with little airy leaps, drawing the thin muslin together at her neck

as she ran. She was quite close to the scraggly maple, having it on her lips to call out some gay greeting, when she discovered that the man in the carriage was elderly, with gray mutton-chop whiskers, that the other occupant of the carriage was a young woman, and that both were looking full in her direction, evidently waiting for her to come up. Celia uttered a little startled cry of surprise and tried to murmur something apologetic, for the nature of her errand made her morbidly self-conscious.

"Didn't happen to see a man passing along here—white horse and top-wagon—did you, miss?" the man inquired, jerking the brim of his soft hat with an awkward thumb and forefinger. "You see—" He paused, glancing over his left shoulder at the young woman, as though somewhat at a loss how to proceed.

Celia said "No" emphatically. "I haven't been here such a very great while—not in sight of the road," she added, still seeking to explain the fact of her being there at all.

"Well, you see—" the man began, but the other took up the subject boldly, with a vindictive light shining in her dark, rather deep-set eyes.

"We got track of my man last week," she snapped, "and we're following him up. He left me to shift for myself 'bout a year back, and I've never been able to locate him till now." The voice was brazenly assertive; the high-pitched falsetto of the ill-bred. Celia glanced up to take in the coarse, rather sharp-featured face, the tawdry, careless attire and the sensuous droop of the lower lip, scarcely concealed by the woman's rising anger. "After the baby come, I couldn't work in the mills any longer. He's dead now. I'd 'a' gone to the poorhouse then, I guess, if it hadn't been for pa here." This matter-of-fact flaunting of family privacies in the face of a stranger made Celia shudder. "It's more'n likely he's got wind of my coming and moved on. I think, pa, we'd better drive along to that other town—what's the name?—that the man at the hotel told us about."

"Yes, yes, my dear; don't excite yourself." The manner and tone of the person addressed as "pa" was as mild and characterless as his face. "It has been a most unfortunate affair; yes, indeed, *most* unfortunate. This Mr. Hawkins—Lemuel Hawkins—of whom

my daughter speaks, was employed at Dalway's Emporium. You may have heard of him; seen him, possibly. He is dark—*rather* dark—and counted good-looking. Yes, I think, Agnes, we must drive on."

Celia stood for a long time just within the screen of hazel bushes that skirted the roadside, watching first, the slowly-receding vehicle, then the gradually disappearing cloud of dust whirled up by the passing wheels. This was the oak grove—that was her first coherent thought, and her cheeks flamed red as the glowing sunset in the west as she recalled why she had come here. The voice of this strange woman—Lemuel's wife—seemed to be mocking her with its loudly-uttered disclosures. She shrank back with an involuntary gesture of repulsion, as though in the plucking of flowers her delicate fingers had touched some cold, slimy, loathsome thing. The pleasant-faced and glib-tongued Lem Hawkins of sundry drives and parties had dropped suddenly by some sub-

tle play of circumstance into a distance too remote even for thought. She repeated the name twice in a kind of articulate sob, looking up quickly at the sound of her own voice, as though the tall, unbending tree-trunks might have ears to pilfer her secret.

"That was the *one* thing," she murmured softly, turning to face the rising slope of the hill. "That—was—the—one—thing."

With the first movement of her strong young limbs came a glad sense of release, thrilling in her veins like wine. She was leaving the dizzy precipice behind, and the black, abyssmal deeps yawning underneath. The clover-scented breeze showered chaste kisses upon her face and toyed like a lover with her golden hair. The great world, sinking into silence for another sunrise, opened its arms to her. She paused, and the red lips moved, this time inquiringly, with the gray tree-trunks growing hazily indistinct in the backward distance:

"I—I *wonder* if that *was* the one thing."

FLOWER O' MADONNA

By Edward Wilbur Mason

"MOTHER, mother I dreamed a dream last night!
A dream of beauty and loveliness bright.
Oh, I dreamed that you were a sweet rose tree,
The pride of a garden all fair to see."

"Nay child, but a common thorn brake am I,
And far from the eyes of the world I lie."

"Mother, mother I dreamed a dream last night!
A dream of rapture and joy and delight.
Oh, I dreamed that I was the rose that grew
All white and stainless at the heart of you."

"Nay little child, thou art but meadow flower,
And I shelter you safe from the wind each hour."

"Mother, mother I dreamed a dream last night!
A dream of terror and grief and of fright.
I dreamed that the winter with icy breath,
From thy trembling bough hurled me down to death."

"Hush thee child, whatever the blast may bring,
After black winter shall blow the green spring!"

THE DEACON SAVED THE MILL

By Herbert Orlando Smith

I NEVER told you fellers what give me my start as a public man," remarked His Honor, Judge Pillsbury, quizzically contemplating the end of his cigar. "It was a spring freshet and Deacon Busberry's engineerin'."

"It's a queer thing," he continued,—"an unceasin' marvel to me—how triflin', accidental and uncontrollable a circumstance often changes the trend of a man's whole career. More often than not the pattern of one's whole life turns upon an event and is woven of affairs with which his interests have not a bit o' traceable connection. Providence works by methods quite beyond the grasp of logic. The ultra-logical is where the personal an' the social elements an' the forces o' natur' git in their work,—where man's a mere puppet of his environment. Providence gives ye surprisin' chances. But, after all, boys, you have to be thar to seize yer chance—to call Providence, as it were—make him show his hand. He deals yer the cards; but you have to play 'em. My own experience is full o' such.

"Deacon Tom Busberry and I was boys together, an' the rival representatives of our respective towns. He was raised over yonder acrost the line in Eastman; I, in this 'ere house in Pillsbury. From the earliest days, the towns o' Eastman and Pillsbury hav' been sharp competitors f'r the local lead. When the state was admitted in 1820, Pillsbury an' Eastman, bein' the most central located o' Sachem County, fought f'r the county seat. Pillsbury got it. Whereupon Eastman went to work an' endowed the Eastman-Sachem County Academy. So, the contest was nip-an'-tuck till Tom Busberry give me and Pillsbury town a boost in '78. Eastman ain't never got convalescent from that blow!

"As I said, Busberry an' I was boys together. Both on us attended old Eastman Academy, was rivals in class, in debate, in spellin'-bees, owed ardent allegiance to our respective towns, courted the same girl, were exponents o' two antithetical ways o' life.

"Tom Busberry cam' of a line o' farmers—good ol' dissentin' Puritan stock—and was a ploddin', sober, self-satisfied, earnest feller, who early showed the hereditary traits—a talent for activity in church administration affairs, for takin' enthusiastic part in the church services, an' a genius f'r drivin' a sharp an' skinflint barg'in. He was born deacon timber; an' when his father died, 'bout the time Tom left the academy, Tom inherited the farm, the batch o' mortgages, the deaconship, an' settled down at once as a safe an' sane representative citizen.

"Wal, I was Busberry's opposite. That's enough said. I cam' o' a line of professional men—mos'ly lawyers, some ministers—and gentleman farmers,—an' was a natural born scapegrace. Busberry got the girl—bein' the more promisin' in the estimation o' the deestirc—I wa'n't in his class fer virtu' and respectability—an' I went off to Bowdoin College, got my degree in law, an' settled down here t' allure the county practice. It came slow, but I had enough to live on, an' didn't worry. By the time I had set up so fer practice, Busberry was already chairman o' the board o' selectmen for Eas'man.

"Years went by, an' I shifted along comfortably, havin' plenty o' leisure for travel an' study, an' didn't waste it all. Bein' o' the minority party in the county, though it commanded a majority in the state, I'd held one or two insignificant positions at the capital, but saw no prospect o' the county or the deestric' ever rallyin' to my standard.

"But in the spring o' '78 Providence dealt me the cards; an' I played 'em.

"My party in the deestric' asked me to accept the nomination on the ticket f'r state senator. I had no objection; somebody had to serve. Deacon Busberry, bein' a prominent citizen an' farmer o' the county, was put up on the other ticket—and had the support o' the church fr'm his prayin' and preachin' orthodox; the support o' the agricultural element, because he was a farmer an' money-lender an' held mortgages on half the re-el

estate o' the deestric'; an' o' the farmers' Prohibition section, because he was a croaker fer no liquor, *cept* cider, whereas we stood for no booze altogether—or high license. Apparently, he hed the whol' deestric' behin' him; but he played it all into my hands.

"It was the middle o' March, an' two foot o' soggy snow on the ground. The spring thaw had set in calm an' gentle. The ponds an' water courses was already high. But everyone was in hopes that the melt would be gradual and the water drain off steady, without the damagin' freshets so liable in these 'ere hills.

"The night after my nomination a cloud-burst, with tremendous thunder 'n' lightnin' an' deluge o' warm rain near drowned the whol' o' Sachem County. The next mornin' the hills was bare in great gray and brown patches; the towns in the valley o' the Sachem River half under water; an' most o' the bridges an' mills, an' riverside buildin's gen'rally migrated further down.

"Eastman and Pillsbury, bein' up toward the crest o' the ridge, had as usual escaped serious damage. They wa'n't altogether safe, however,—at least, not Eastman, with Busberry as chairman o' se-lectmen.

"In the mornin', the stage driver, bringin' the mail from Eastman to the station at Pillsbury, reported Pollard's Pond full-up an' threatenin' to bust, an' ol' Pollard's mill in danger. So, wantin' to see anythin' that was doin', I hitched up an' druv' over.

"Pollard's mill an' Pollardsville, the mill settlement, is suburb to the hamlet o' Eastman, about two mile f'm the main village, on the Pillsbury road, where the road dips into a valley—rather, gully—between two ridges. On the lower side o' the road sits the mill, where, for four or five months in the year, they used to manufactur' a cheap, cotton-wool shoddy. Above, just t' other side o' the road, lays the artificial pond, coverin' sixty acres, averagin' ten to thirty foot deep, an' confined by an ol' dirt bank, part o' glacial formation, supplemented by the crafty hand of man. A four-foot box sluice under the road furnished the power for the mill. The gate through the dam for sluicin' off surplus water was out o' repair, an' not to be lifted—been so for years. Ol' Pollard was too mean to repair it; the town too easy-goin' ter make him.

"When I drove into sight o' Pollardsville,

I was plumb dumbfounded. In all my acquaintance with the place, I had never known the pond to be within ten or fifteen foot o' the level o' the road. Now it lay tremblin' an' quiverin' an' lickin' greedily at the very brink o' the bank. Against the quicksilver surface o' the pond, reflectin' the leaden, low-ery sky, and flashin' streaks o' light through the trees o' the woods beyond—it must have covered more'n a hundred acres. The whol' population of Eastman was lined up like rows and clumps o' blackened stumps in a clearin', awesomely waitin' developments.

"I druv ner as was safe, and, hitchin' 'side the road, walked down an' mingled with the populace.

"What's happened?" I asked the first pers'n I come to.

"Pickerel Pond above yere bursted las' night an' turned itself loose into Pollard's," he replied. "They're expectin' the dam an' the mill to go out. I cal'cate ef the water starts it *will* take the mill."

"What they goin' to do about it?"

"Noth'n much, I guess. I cal'late it's the water'll do the doin's—ef anythin'! I'm goin' up f'r my tools an' togs, t' be on han' ef thar's work ter do. The se-lectmen are yonder, discussin' ways an' means," he continued. "Ol' Pollard's been sent fer fr'm Riverboro. They're expectin' him any minute."

"Wantin' to be near the center of int'rest, I went over an' mixed with the throng distributed loosely 'round the respectable slouch hat an' vibratin' whiskers, which I recognized as the trimmin's o' the Deacon.

"Most o' the crowd stood about in ruminatin' curiosity, like a suddenly distracted herd o' quietly grazin' kine. A few o' the more substantial townsmen, respectable, well-to-do citizens, ventured now and then a bit o' sage personal comment, or voluntary advice. Busberry and his fellow se-lectmen, Philpotts, Baptist deacon, and Pinkham of the tannery, were discussin' the situation in low tones, with many a perplexed head-shake and wise nod—grave, important, nonplussed.

"Watchin' the water an' waitin' fer ol' Pollard! I heard somebody remark.

"By the time I had worked through the crowd near enough to git a nod fr'm Busberry, who c'd be condescendin' an' gracious; in anticipation o' the state senatorship he expected to win fr'm me; there was a stir of

expectancy in the multitude, an' ol' Pollard dashed up behin' a blowin' an' foam'n' nag. He was a little, asthmatic, apoplectic old man who'd acquired a good deal by shrewd methods and accumulatin' most of it by consistent an' undeviable exercise of a phenomenally close fist. Tumblin' headlong out o' his buggy, he butted his way to the center o' the knot o' people about the Deacon, fairly in a palsy of alarm an' fury o' resentment. The way he glared at that hungry sheet o' water an' that bewildered herd o' human cattle was right blasphemous. 'Twas a speechless arraignment o' both God an' man an' the town o' Eas'man, for the happenin' o' that freshet!

"W'y don't ye *do* suthin'?" he blurted shrilly, addressin' himself to the town of Eas'man an' its board o' selectmen in the person o' Chairman Busberry. 'Don't ye see the darn dam's li'ble ter bust and my mill be carr'ed away? W'at ye standin' here fer like—like—?' "

"We was partly waitin' fer you, Hank," interrupted Busberry with grave deliberation, as befitted his position as official head o' the town, 'bein' as you're the mos' interested party. Mebbe the bank'll hold. The water's sluicin' off through the mill race."

"Yes! 'n' wearin' out my machinery! W'y didn't some o' you pesky numbskulls shunt it off? Thet plant is wuth ten thousan' dollars, ef it's wuth a cent. I can't afford ter lose it. It 'ud be the ruination o' me. I'll sue the town, ef—"

"Thar, thar, Hank! The mill ain't gone yit—an' the town ain't li'ble—but thar! We'll *save* yer mill!"

"You better! Remember you hol' a mor'gidge—"

"We'll save yer mill, an' no damidge done! The ol' gate won't work. You'd oughter kept it in repair, Hank; thet pond needs easin' off; an' I guess we kin dew it. Le's see! Hey, Thomas!—to his son and heir—'Go hitch up the hosses ter the plow an' bring 'em down here. Some o' yew men git yer picks an' shovels. We'll need ye."

"What's up?" "What's yer idee naow, Deacon?" came in chorus from his co-equals in civic responsibility.

"Wal," the Deacon explained, 'we've got ter ease off thet pond an' save ther mill—can't let that head o' water stan' over night. I've be'n offerin' up a petition fer guidance

—never knew prayer ter fail. My petition's be'n answered by an inspiration. We'll give the water a leetle outlet, jest enough ter ease it off."

"The throng became visibly intent to larn the Deacon's plan. It was very simple.

"I sent fer my hosses ter plow a deep furrer acrost the top o' the dam," he explained. 'We'll carry the furrer as near the edge as the hosses kin be drove—ter save manual labor—an' pick an' shovel the rest. That'll give the water a leetle channel to flow off."

"I stepped forward hastily, to put in a friendly admonition; but young Brewster, then teachin' the 'cademy, who was standin' near, a silent spectator beside the minister's sweet, merry, clever daughter, was ahead o' me.

"Deacon," he said persuasively in a low voice, 'that won't do at all. You'll have the whole pond on you in a minute—if that water gets a start—'

"Young feller—" began the Deacon.

"I think the embankment will hold if let alone. If the water doesn't fall before tomorrow call up an engineer from Portland I'd be glad to suggest, but under the conditions I'm at a loss—"

"Course ye're at a loss, young man," returned Busberry, chin whiskers quiverin' an' maxillary muscles o' the jaw workin' with the energy of positive conviction. 'Yew hev ther book-larin' all right, but thet ain't much good in sech cases. This ere problem requires practical sense—an' Providential guidance. Engineer fr'm the city to dreene off a leetle water fr'm the top of a mill pond! Guess yew mus' think the town treasury's the United States mint! *I'm fr' savin' the taown fun's 'n' keepin' daown taxes!*"

"Brewster retreated, astonished, to the girl's side, said somethin' to her very sober an' earnest, and seemed about to speak to the crowd. But the girl restrained him.

"You don't know Deacon Busberry," she murmured in gurgly, choky tones. 'They didn't teach science at the academy in his day!'

"Young Brewster's strenuous earnestness slumped into grim irony. The rest o' the populace stood 'round, skeptical but expectant.

"The Deacon's magnificent twenty-five hundred poun' team, draggin' behind 'em on its side a clankin', thumpin' plow, arrived gaily upon the scene.

"'Make way!' cried the Deacon triumphantly, seizin' the plow handles. 'Some o' ye stand ready thar to pick an' shovel out the ends o' the furrer—Giddap!'

"The crowd stood aside; and out upon the embankment bumped and jerked the heavy plow behind the powerful horses, with Deacon Busberry switchin', lurchin', stumblin' at the handles. Headin' horses toward the pond, he set plow-nose into the frozen soil, and cut a deep transverse furrow, inch or two below frost.

"'Hi! Shovelful or two o' dirt here'll set 'er a-goin' all right!' he called 'xultantly. 'She's tricklin' through naow!'

"A final stroke of a pick gave the water passage. The Deacon stood leaning against his nigh horse, placidly an' benignly watchin' that finishin' touch. That water nosed gently, uncertainly round in the loose unfrozen gravel o' the furrow, then hit out like a durned batterin'-ram, and, with the suddenness of an explosion, knocked a big hole in the top o' the dam.

"'Dam's cavin', b'gosh!' bawled Busberry in starin' consternation, an' drove his team more in haste than dignity up the side o' the gully—none too soon.

"Less'n the time it takes to tell it, the pressure o' them tons o' water swep' that bank away as if it was made o' feathers an' broom-straw, an' went plungin' a vast, seethin', hissin', roarin', mad, staggerin', leaden torrent, meanderin'ly tearin' in the gen'ral direction o' the river, carvin' its own path, an' noticin' nothin' in its way. In less'n ten minutes, Pollard's Pond was jest a big hollow o' lead-blue clay an' slime, with a silvery thread o' water windin' through the middle an' the slidin', slippin', tumblin', liquid monster was gone out o' sight, swish-tail an' all. We c'd hear him snortin' an' rippin' down the valley. Two or three houses o' the mill settlement, fortunately uninhabited, it bein' slack time, I last seen bobbin' sawyin', rollin', doin' circus stunts on the back o' the flood, bowin' an' flappin' doors an' shutters to each other like bouncin', curtsyin', giddy equestriennes, when they hit timber half a mile away. Trees bowed, swayed, tossed their tufted crests in air an' waved their lanky arms, salaamed, prostrated themselves, kicked uprooted heels skyward, an' joined the procession. That was all!

"The mill was saved! Stood in stoical in-

difference while the rip-roarin', swish-tailed, watery thing cavorted by, fifty yards to east-'ard.

"The house which stood just over the east end o' the embankment, was left hangin' a third o' its bulk beyond the brink o' the wash-out, but remained poised there uncertainly, not bein' so courageous or so rash as its little mill-cottage neighbors to try the experiment o' rough-ridin'.

"Soon's the populace recovered some'at fr'm the blank dizziness which the phenomenon afflicted 'em withal, they set out afoot an' horseback, to follow the path o' the flood. It cut a groove through the sandy, clayey soil averagin' two to three hundred yards wide an' fifty to one hundred feet deep. The damages was consid'able. The major part o' its course was through a timber patch o' Deacon Busberry's an' ol' Hank Pollard's, an' it strewed some tens o' thousan' o' feet o' the Deacon's biggest timber, which he thought to cut, but had decided to let stan', waitin' better prices,—strewed it all along the river to Sachem on the coast, twenty miles off.

"The county mail road was cut in twain by a gulch fifty feet deep and a hundred yards wide. The Deacon, with his team, was left, dazed and scairt, stranded on the further side o' the washout, an' had to drive three miles 'roun' to git home.

"But he—the aforesaid Deacon—had saved the mill, valued by its honorable possessor, ol' Hank Pollard, at ten thousan' dollars. It cost the town o' Eas'man \$30,000 to replace the dam,—they put in granite an' cement masonry—an' \$10,000 to repair the county road, not to mention losses sustained by the Deacon an' ol' Pollard in timber an' re-el estate!

"Those an' the popular indignation against the Deacon was the cards; an' I played 'em. I knew he had a platform to win the rural vote. He was, besides, the can'idate for the majority party o' the county. So I jest laughed the senatorship away fr'm him by tellin' all over the deestic' at the end o' every speech how my 'ponent Deacon Busberry saved the mill.

"That was the end o' the Deacon as a public man—came pretty nigh bein' the end o' him as a shinin' light o' the elect. The brethern an' sisters, bein' indignant at the ridic'lous result, didn't like the way the Dea-

con said his plan f'r handlin' the freshet was God-given in answer to prayer. He saved himself, however, by a specious, unanswerable plea, backed up by me, who was magnanimous. 'Brethren,' he said, 'I hev' allers hed child-like faith in the infallible an' special efficacy o' prayer. It is now stronger then ever; but I hol' it with a greater sperrit o' humility then afore. I as'ed only ter be guided ter save ther mill; an' the prayer was answered to the letter. I *saved* the mill; but

God, ter 'umble my sperrit, an' the more strongly ter empha-size the lesson, made o' me the instrument fer the destruction o' mos' everythin' else.'

"That's so," I testified, 'an' in further support o' the Deacon Busberry's chil'-like faith, I want ter say that I've been prayin' for months ter win the 'lection 'gainst the Deacon. As you know, I've got it—which I wouldn't ef it hadn't ben fer the Deacon's easin' off the pond.'"

KOKIKOMING *and the* IRON MOOSE

By L. B. Kinder

THE cold November moon glimmered across Lake Sesabegama, to a western peninsula's sombre pines, where blazed the campfire of a Chippewa war party returning from a barren incursion into Sioux territory beyond the upper Mississippi. The pitchy flames flashed about the circle of squatted councillors, revealing on one side Chief Umbigosh towering above the stooped medicine man, Mikidji; and on the other, gaunt Kokikoming, standing at the head of a dozen irresolute braves.

"Brothers," spoke Umbigosh, "who is this Kokikoming, that you should give weight to his words? Is he a hunter that brings meat into our lodges, or moose-hide for our moccasins? Is he a shrewd setter of traps that we may have furs with which to buy powder, rifles and hunting knives? Is he a warrior at whose name the Dakotahs tremble; does the blood of our enemies brighten his rusty knife blade? Do their dry scalps crackle in his wigwam? No, brothers. The great sun has watched Kokikoming in our hunting grounds and on the war-path; and by night the moon has scanned the shadowy trails; and neither has seen him perform a deed that should entitle him to be heard at our council fire!"

"Brothers," sullenly answered gaunt Kokikoming, "unworthy as I may be, the truth from my lips is as true as if uttered by the

Great Manitou himself. Again I say to you that if we do not kill this whiteface, who has pitched his tepee on these shores, others will camp beside him until they wax strong, when they will drive us from our hunting grounds."

"There is room for us all," asserted Umbigosh. "The whitefaces are like needles on the pine. They would avenge their brother. I had rather get their bullets over the trader's counter than from their rifles."

"They are a people of marvels," cackled old Mikidji. "They build stone lodges as big as small hills, and they ride in long, narrow wigwams after a giant, iron moose that runs like the wind."

"A moose of iron!" sneered Kokikoming.

"Aye, a moose of iron that eats black stones and breaths fire and smoke."

"Some manitou has told you this in a dream," asserted Kokikoming.

"It is true," declared Umbigosh. "I have seen this monster with my own eyes."

The confirming testimony of a dozen others convinced the assembly, who by an almost unanimous voice, voted to permit the whiteface to remain unmolested. Whereupon, seeing himself deserted by his half-hearted supporters, Kokikoming launched his canoe and paddled morosely northwards.

Two weeks later, with the speed of one eager to execute a purpose, Kokikoming hastened to rejoin his tribe on the east shore

of Lake Mille Lacs. Before entering the village he paused on its outskirts to dishevel his hair, bedraggle his garments and ochre his greasy face.

Those who hailed him, as he passed between the huts, he greeted with vacant stares, gibbering meaningless phrases. Thrice he thus made a circuit of the village, and people said: "Kokikoming is possessed of an evil manitou." When he judged that all had been sufficiently impressed, he went to the wigwam of his former adherent, Lotowis.

"Brother," he asserted, "I have made a powerful medicine. For two weeks I have lived among the spirits of the dead. Then a mighty manitou sent me away, saying: 'You must go and capture the iron moose of the whitefaces. Then the Chippewas will become strong and the whitefaces will vanish like the snow in springtime. But it is a task for many men. Lotowis will aid you.'"

The latter assenting, Kokikoming sought his friend, Nettagama, to whom he imparted the vision, ending with the injunction: "Nettagama will aid you." In a like manner he enlisted Esquegamah and seventeen others, who, that night, stole out of the village, heading eastward, for it was towards the rising sun that Umbigosh had seen the iron moose that drew, like the wind, the narrow wigwams of the whitefaces.

During a month they roamed about the forest wilderness. The lakes and swamps froze over and the snow came thigh deep upon the ground. For a week they halted to make snow shoes, on which they traveled faster than before. Frequently, his fickle companions threatened to desert, but Kokikoming passed such crises by invoking his patron manitou, and luckily the hunting remained good. Many were the strange trails that the others would have followed had not their leader sagely declared, that the manitou would tell him when they were on the right one.

Towards the end of December, when search for game succeeding their original motive, impelled them northwards, they discovered the long-sought-for trail. Late one afternoon, on emerging from a pine ridge into a long, narrow clearing, cleft by a long, deep cut, they came upon it. Rushing down the banks, they gazed in awe at the parallels of steel that bound the eastern to the western horizon.

"It is to be expected," declared Kokikoming, "that the iron moose should leave an iron trail."

"Look, brothers," cried Lotowis. "He is running towards us!"

"He is flat like a turtle and no bigger than a small she-moose," grunted one.

"Perhaps it is an iron moose calf," suggested another.

"No," Kokikoming asserted, authoritatively. "It does not breathe fire; neither does it travel like the wind. See, there are men upon it, and they are working their arms. It is some land canoe that is following the other's trail."

Nevertheless, they scrambled up the bank, from which they suspiciously watched it approach. On nearer view, it turned out to be a hand-car manned by four section men, who, alarmed at sight of a score of armed Indians above, redoubled their pumping. To Kokikoming's band, however, the hand-car was an object of only lesser mystery than the monster for which they were seeking. Curiously, they gazed until its outlines were dimmed by distance, when at their leader's command they descended to the track and followed.

Greatly they marvelled at the iron trail that maintained its even level, apparently by the filling of swamps and the boring of hill-sides, and whose double line of steel spiked to hewn logs of cedar, kept their equi-distance with unvarying exactitude.

"It is the work of some manitou," asserted Kokikoming, to which explanation all grunted concurrence.

The end of the December day still found them in pursuit. With darkness came the realization that the trail was doubtless a long one, and they were hurrying across a heavy fill towards what seemed to be a favorable camping spot, when an unearthly shriek, like the wail of squaws during massacre, made them glance anxiously behind.

As they looked, a dazzling light rushed towards them from the cut they had just left. A second more terrifying shriek sent them scampering down the sides of the grade, when a sizzling, roaring monster crashed by at the head of a dozen lurching, clattering monsters, followed by a brilliantly illuminated one, wherein sat a score of whitefaces at their ease.

In the panic-stricken retreat southwards, no one ran faster than Kokikoming, but, when

on the following morning the party proposed to abandon the undertaking, his easily restored equanimity asserted itself.

"Brothers," he protested, "when Nettagama relieved me from the watch at midnight, I fell into a deep sleep in which the manitou appeared to me, saying: 'If you wish to trap an animal, first you watch him closely until you have learned his habits, and then you set your snare in such a way that he can not escape. So you must do before you can capture the moose of iron. Be not afraid. He is obedient to his master and does not wish to harm you, else he would not have cried out a second time to warn you from his path. This is no child's task. But you are not children, but men, and if you put your hearts into the enterprise I will give you success. But if you give up now, I shall proclaim your cowardice to the pine trees, who will spread the news abroad until you become the laughing stock of the whole Chippewa nation.'"

By repetitions of this and similar arguments, he won over the frightened warriors to return to the iron trail. With darkness, and the approach of the hour at which the monster had appeared on the night before, their anxiety became intense, but the expected did not come. For in those early days of the Northern Pacific (for such was the trail on which the Chippewas were encamped), a mixed train every other day was sufficient to handle the then insignificant traffic between Duluth and the West.

On the following morning, emboldened by the failure of the iron moose to appear, the band again ventured out upon the track, whence shortly before noon a terror-inspiring shriek sent them scurrying back once more to cover.

Crouched in readiness for immediate flight they waited, hearing with trepidation, the increase of sound that marked the monster's approach. When, at length, the latter rounding a curve dashed towards them, their hearts indeed quaked, but by daylight the iron moose seemed so infinitely less dreadful, that the reaction from their imagined fears saved them from a second panic. Nevertheless, the spectacle of a shiny, black, smoke-puffing creature, bounding along before a lurching line of narrow wigwams, in the last of which, stared whiteface men and women, so alarmed them that with difficulty Kokikoming held them to his purpose.

At his command wigwams were erected of balsam banked with snow, in which the party cowered during the bitter January days, and slept during the long nights. For three weeks they thus camped, becoming with daily familiarity less and less afraid, until it was no longer accounted sport to dare one another to stand close to the track when the train went by.

As yet, however, no effort had been made to capture their quarry. Repeatedly Kokikoming held councils, which failed to bring forth any feasible plan of attack. The instability of Indian character made a protracted siege impossible. Kokikoming, who had hitherto schemed in vain, now stimulated by fear of desertion, opportunely had a vision, in which a manitou confided the means they were to use for ensnaring the prey.

"Brothers," said he, exultantly, on the following morning, "the mighty manitou that commanded me to undertake this enterprise, appeared last night to me saying: 'You shall braid a rope of buckskin that shall be as thick as your arm and as long as three tall men. This you shall stretch tightly across the iron trail. Ten of your warriors shall hold on one side and ten on the other. When the iron moose comes he will stop, for he cannot dodge, neither to the right nor to the left, but must keep the iron trail that has been made for him. Then you will leap upon his back, overpower the whitefaces and ride him away to Lake Mille Lacs, where your warriors will be most honored of men, and you, Kokikoming, will be made chief.'"

"Brothers," objected Lotowis, "perhaps we can not lead the moose away from this iron trail."

"Do you question the words of the great manitou?" thundered Kokikoming. "If the monster needs a trail of iron, the manitou will make one."

Without further objection, the band set to work cutting deer hides into strips and braiding them into ropes, which in turn were braided and rebraided into a large cable. Many hands soon completed the task. Working with child-like enthusiasm, in eagerness to put the plan into immediate execution, they hurried at the first shriek of the whistle to the west end of the cut above which they were encamped. This they judged to be the most advantageous place to trap the monster, for he would be hemmed in by steep banks, and

in case of failure they could escape down the sides of the hill.

Dropping the rope across the track, they took their places in equal divisions on each side. On the right, Kokikoming stood next to the rails, while Lotowis occupied this post of danger on the left. Coward, as he was, the former, cocksure of success, awaited the result with an inward composure equal to his outward stolidity of countenance.

When, a few minutes later, the near whistle-blast was followed by the train sweeping into view and sailing down the straight track towards them, Kokikoming ordered his braves to man the rope.

"Brothers, this is to be a day of glory for us and for the Chippewa nation," he cried. "Remember, he can jump neither to the right nor to the left. Keep a stout heart and taut line and the great manitou will give us victory."

Like an arrow the train shot towards them, the pounding of the rails through the frosty air drowning the hum of telegraph wires and dripping of melting snow, as thunder drowns the gentle rattle of the rain. The cold sunshine upon the white landscape dazzled, illumined harshly the bare trees, accented the pleasing greenness of pine and balsam, gleamed from the russia iron boiler and glittered upon the headlight reflector.

"Stretch tight, brothers!" cried Kokikoming.

Frantically the whistle shrieked. This failing to move the Indians, the engineer opened his cylinder cocks, and flooded the track with hissing white steam. But the former, having previously discovered the harmlessness of this bombardment, did not stir. Quickly shutting the cylinders, the engineer gazed anxiously ahead, fearing a blocked track. But the only obstacle in sight was a thick rope, suspended

a yard high across the rails by opposing squads of well-braced Indians. He smiled and wickedly threw his lever ahead three notches. Like a horse beneath the lash the engine sprang forward.

"Hold fast, brothers," called Kokikoming, who, terrified by the towering, snorting monster, himself let go, just as the engine struck the rope. And well he did!

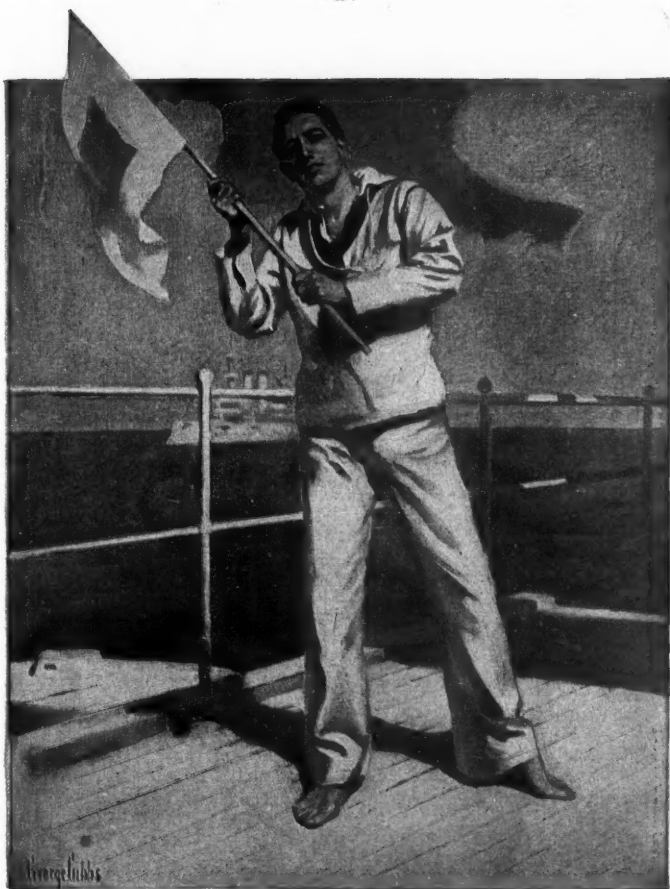
Like sparks from the blow of the blacksmith's hammer, or spray from a stone cast into the water, or rocks hurled from a blast of dynamite, his unlucky companions spurted into the air, whence they rained down upon the deep snow beside the road bed.

With a blurred perception of disaster, came realization of the failure of his scheme. Impelled by instinct to escape the probable vengeance of his discomfited band, he ran along beside the cars, and by a desperate effort, boarded the passenger coach at the end, whence he glanced stolidly back at a disturbed patch of white, wherein warriors staggered, legs kicked, arms, feet and heads wiggled above the snow, while great holes in the crust told eloquently of those who had plunged in the deepest drifts.

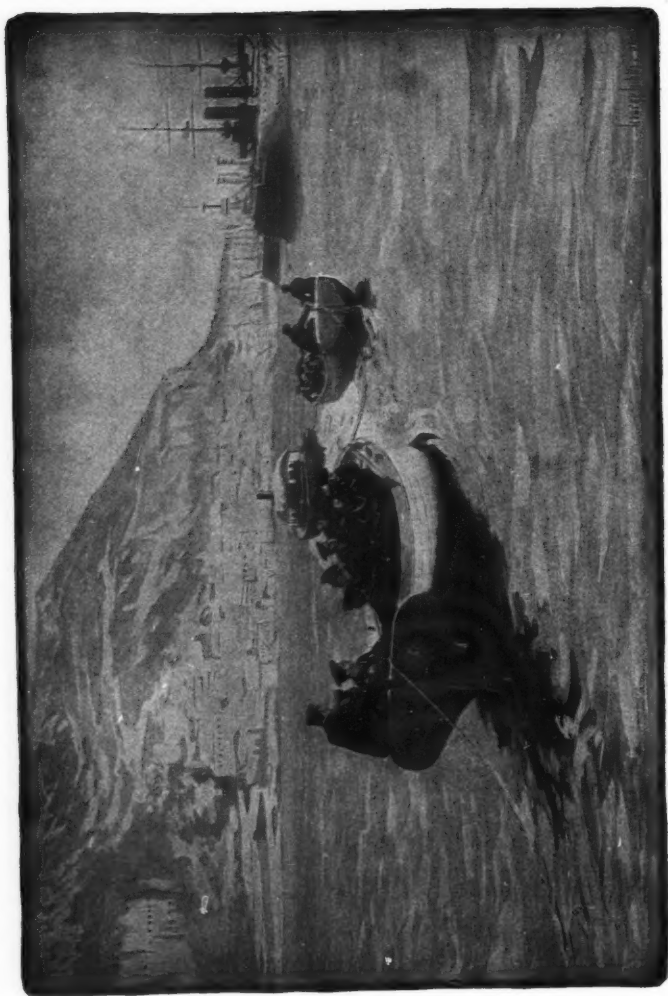
Contemplation of this spectacle was cut short by the appearance of a whiteface in blue uniform, who became so persistent in his demands for money, that Kokikoming turned upon him with a knife. This infuriated the other, who stepped inside for help. Returning with two younger whitefaces in blue, the three grappled Kokikoming and cast him off into a snow bank.

Thus it was, that a mile down the track east of a small area, trampled as by boys playing in the snow, the crust was broken by a single jagged hole, and at the bottom of that hole groaned bruised and terrified Kokikoming.





Signaling.



Launch Pulling Liberty Men Ashore.

WHY THE FLEET WILL 'ROUND THE HORN

By John Callan O'Laughlin

Hitch up your trousers, Jackie,
An' get to work, my man;
The cruise is long, an' at the end
Perhaps we'll fight Japan.

A GUNNER'S mate on the Illinois, the latest winner of the Roosevelt trophy for excellence in target practice, lovingly patted the bronzed muzzle of a 13-inch breech-loading rifle which, in sinister fashion, stuck out of the forward turret of the battleship.

"Yes, sir," he said, at the end of the nautical doggerel he was humming. "John L. here is the real thing. He made one hundred per cent of the hits in the last target practice, and if we go up against the Japs, I'll bet my bank roll every shot he'll make 'll be a bull's-eye. We ain't no Ruskies! Can we shoot? Say, you can gamble on us all right, all right."

"I don't believe you'll have a chance to display your skill," I observed.

"We won't, hey. You just watch our smoke. You don't think them wise geezers in Washington is sendin' all our navy 'round to the Pacific for the sport of the thing! Say! size up the proposition yourself. All the battleships, except the Iowa, Massachusetts an' Indiana, which are has-beens, and the old Texas, which is a dead one—passay is the French of it—is on the cards to go. There are sixteen of them, sixteen fine ships, every one of 'em a cracker-jack. All the armored cruisers, eleven Jim Dandies, are in the Pacific now. Then there are the destroyer flotillas, one of six boats, which is crawlin' down the Brazil coast, and five at Mare Island. Say, when all them ships get together, it 'll be a bunch that 'll beat anything that's called, forty-five ways from Broadway. It'll make the Japs sit up an' take notice, if it don't do anything else."

"You really think there will be trouble?"

"It ain't for us between decks to think. We've got to go. But it's a fair conclusion, as they frame it up in the King's Cabin, that

if there was nothin' doin' we'd be stayin' on this side an' save your Uncle Samuel's coin."

"Do the men want to go?"

"Say, you ain't hitched up wrong, are you? Sure we want to go. There's nothin' to it, goin' to Guantanamo, then out for drills, back to Guantanamo, then to Culebra; more drills, liberty where there's nothin' to do an' less to see. Five solid months, one hundred an' fifty days of bloomin' hard work, an' nary a nibble at the gay life. Now we've got a chance to look over South America, an' it's a toss-up if we don't have to take on with the Japs when we get around. Do we want to go? Sure, Mike."

Probably no man in the Navy could have described better the feeling of the crews of the various ships ordered to the Pacific Coast than this youngster of the Illinois. They are wild to go. Since the announcement was made that the armor-clads were to make the long voyage, the percentage of desertions has dropped from an average of eleven to nine, and the enlistments have almost doubled. Letters are being received by the Navy Department from prisoners, begging for a return to the battleships, and promising good behavior under any and all conditions. Chief Boatswain Hill, the commander of the prison ship Southery, has in charge 250 men who are undergoing punishment. Most of these men were sentenced by courts-martial for desertion or fraudulent enlistment. "Every one of them," said the chief boatswain, "would be delighted if given the opportunity to rejoin their ships."

"It is the desire for adventure, which is inborn in every American breast," said Rear Admiral Brownson, chief of the Bureau of Navigation, "that is responsible for the satisfaction the men feel at the orders to the Pacific." The officers are as wrought up over the fleet's orders as the men are. The long cruise will be a test of efficiency. It will be a demonstration to the world of the

falsity of the charges made in Europe, that the American Navy, while excellent in *material*, is woefully lacking in training and discipline. It gives to every ambitious officer an opportunity to prove his possession of the qualities necessary to enable him to fight any ship he may command or to which he may be attached. It is a point of honor to go. There is a slight chance of war, and these men, whose entire training has had

tenant Commander Long was ordered to the Illinois, as executive officer. He is a young man, and young men are wanted in responsible positions on board the monster fighting craft. Years are excellent as a temper to youthful enthusiasm, but old age is destructive to initiative and instantaneous decision, and this axiom was responsible for the removal of some of the older captains from the command of battleships and armored



Copyright 1907 by Walden Kawcat

REAR ADMIRAL URIEL SEBREE, COMMANDING THE "PATHFINDER SQUADRON" AND PROBABLE SUCCESSOR OF ADMIRAL EVANS AS COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF

that single object in view, cannot afford to disregard it. Therefore, such an application as this:

"The Mayflower has just arrived at the Navy-yard, Admiral," said Lieutenant Commander, Andrew I. Long, commander of the President's yacht, to the Chief of the Bureau of Navigation. "I shall be glad to be assigned to one of the battleships if it can be so arranged."

Such applications were granted. Lieu-

cruisers, and their succession by men who had only recently been promoted to the same rank. Take, for instance, Captain W. W. Kimball, who commanded the New Jersey. He will retire on account of age on January 9, 1910. The experience he would have gained in taking a ship around to the Pacific could not possibly have benefitted the country. By direction of the President, therefore, Captain Kimball was detached from the New Jersey, and Captain W. H. H. Souther-



Copyright 1907 by Waldon Fawcett, Washington, D. C.

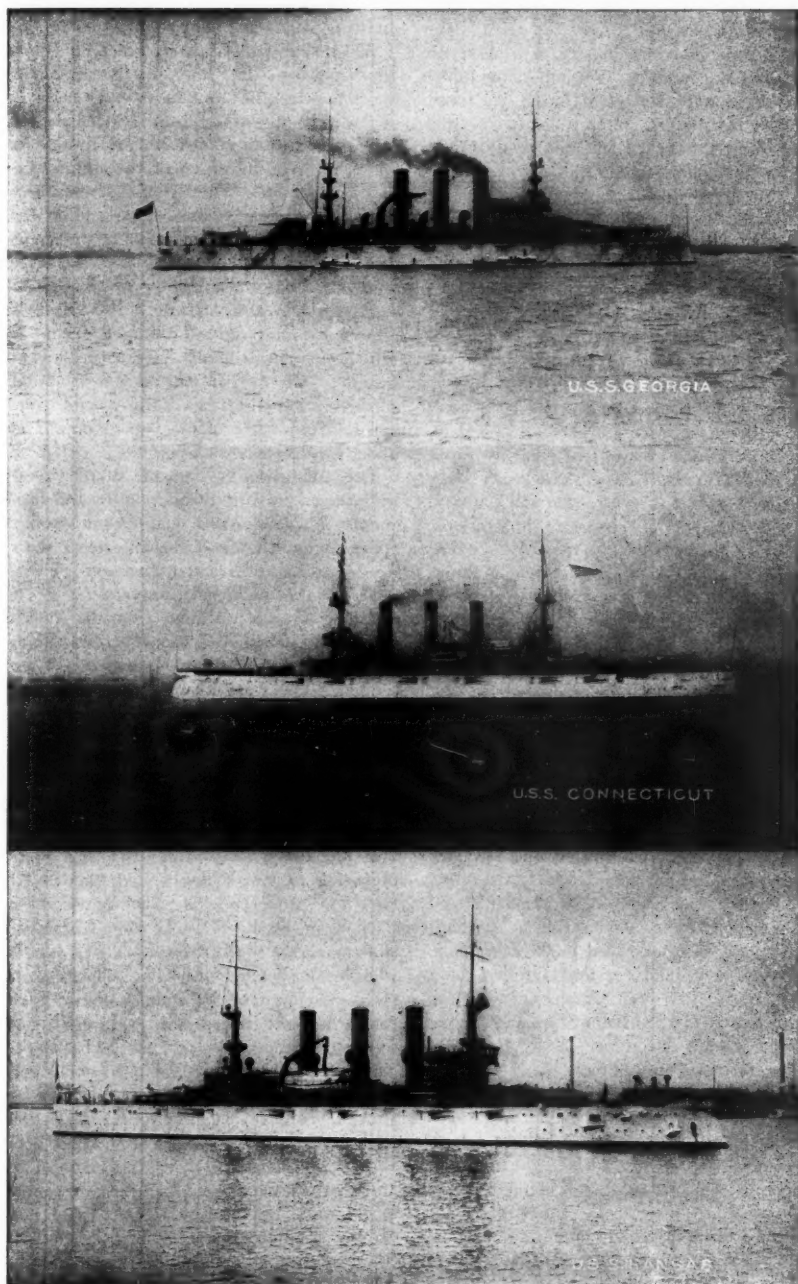
ADMIRAL BOB EVANS ON THE LOUISIANA

land assigned to duty as his successor. Captain Southerland will not retire before 1914, and will have several years to serve as a rear admiral. In other words, the experience he will enjoy, not only as commander of a battleship, but as a unit in a great fleet, will fit him for squadron and later for fleet command as soon as he attains the necessary rank. "No matter how well-equipped in other respects a navy may be," says President Roosevelt, "though its fleet may be composed of powerful high-speed battleships, manoeuvred by complicated tactics based upon the latest development of naval science, yet it is grievously handicapped if directed by admirals and captains who lack experience in their duties, and who are hampered by long deprivation of independent action and responsibility. To oppose such a fleet to one equally good, led by officers more active and more experienced in their duties, is to invite disaster." The youngest captain in command of a battleship is 54 years of age. The oldest is 59. In the British Navy, the youngest captain is 35, and he spends eleven years in that grade. In the Japanese navy, 38 is the minimum age, and eight years is the average time he exercises command of a battleship or armored cruiser.

As the retiring age for officers of the American navy is 62, it is evident that, in spite of the efforts of the administration in Washington to put young men in charge of the armorclads, none of them will have much chance to put his experience to good account. Most of them will be advanced to the grade of rear admiral within a couple of years. The officers of this grade who will be attached to the fleet are on the verge of retirement. Rear Admiral, Robley D. Evans, commander-in-chief, will retire in August of next year, and within a year thereafter will be followed to retirement by all his squadron and division commanders, with one exception, Rear Admiral Uriel Sebree. The latter will remain in active service until February, 1910, two years and two months hence. The American flag officers, therefore, are 60 years of age. British flag officers attain the rank which carries squadron command at 45; Japanese at 44. The average number of years the former have in active service is eight, the latter eleven.

I have dwelt upon this situation because it

is serious, startlingly so. Who is to blame for it? Congress claims the Navy Department has not enforced the laws properly; the navy charges that inadequate legislation is responsible. The question of responsibility is not, however, concerning the authorities at this juncture. They are making the best of the tools they have. The President, Secretary Metcalf, Rear Admiral Brownson, and the General Board, of which Admiral Dewey is president, are working in unison to start the fleet on its long cruise to the Pacific in such shape that it will be able to uphold American honor and dignity whatever the trial it may experience. "It is a thoroughly trained, efficient force," declared Admiral Dewey. "The American people may have every confidence in it, no matter what it may be called upon to do." Captain Pillsbury, who was Rear Admiral Evans' chief of staff for two years, asserts that every ship is well officered, well manned and well trained. The vessels have been taught to co-operate. Tactics are to a fleet what sparring is to a pugilist. Both try at the beginning of a fight to gain the advantage of position. Togo easily destroyed the Russian fleet in the battle of the Tsushima Straits, because he so disposed his ships that they were able to concentrate practically all their fire on one after the other of the enemy's vessels. In the open sea, the commanders of opposing fleets will seek to place their commands in such positions that they will not be bothered either by the wind or sun. Separation of the enemy's craft will be attempted. It will be a duel of wits, and the advantage will lie with that commander and his subordinates who have had the most practice. I saw the Russians steaming through the British Channel on their way to destruction in the far East. They were proceeding in column. Their line was ragged. It was apparent they had had no experience in operating as a fleet. Nor had they the opportunity on that long, dismal voyage to practice other manoeuvres than those of column or double column. Togo's command, on the other hand, not only practiced every conceivable manoeuvre before the war, but had the untold advantage of war experience. "Before the war with Russia," said a high Japanese naval officer, "the instructions of the commander-in-chief required tactical operations to meet any and every possibility. It was this training that



BATTLESHIPS GEORGIA, CONNECTICUT AND KANSAS

gave us victory. Since the war, we have continued the work."

The American Fleet has been in existence less than four months. Prior to its organization there were squadron drills, but until sixteen battleships were collected it was impossible to engage in fleet manœuvres. In brief, the fleet today does not constitute that unit which is essential for victory against an equal force trained, as, say, the Japanese are. The defects of fire control, so important in the handling of the gun-fire of a ship in action, lack of torpedoes, etc., have been partially overcome, and, ship for ship, every one of Rear Admiral Evans' command is the equal of anything afloat. A different proposition exists, however, with respect to the fleet. Some practice has been held, but it is not sufficient. Nor, unfortunately, will it be possible to have that practice during the voyage to the Pacific. No unnecessary time is to be lost in getting the ships around to the theater of possible complications. They are to go direct to the West Indies; thence to Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, Punta Arenas, at the southern extremity of South America; Callao, Peru, and Magdalena Bay, Mexico. It is possible they may stop at other points; but during the entire time, the fleet will keep in communication with Washington. Rear Admiral Evans will be advised as to the international situation. He will hold himself in readiness to return to the Atlantic, to proceed to San Francisco, or to hasten to the far East. He will keep in mind the imperative necessity of delivering his fleet in apple-pie order at the place where American interests require defence.

"There's wise guys on the beach," said the gunner's mate of the Illinois, "who'll tell you we're an undrilled bunch of galoots, an' then they'll fatigue the hind legs of a mule by sayin': 'But Americans can be depended on to keep them Stars and Stripes aloft!' That's fine dope. Now, I've been afloat two years an' six months. I've found out the navy ain't no place to loaf and tell funny stories. There was a time when men got pie-eyed. Now there's nothin' doin' in that line. If you get soused, it's you for the mast, and perhaps the pen. No, it's work with us, all right. We has drills in the mornin', drills in the afternoon, an' drills at night. We're evolutin' when at sea and drillin' in port. Oh, the navy's fine busi-

ness, an' that's no lie, but it ain't no place for hang-arounds."

What situation is there which warrants the dispatch of the fleet to the Pacific Slope, which requires the straining of every nerve to put vessels in war uniform, which justifies the expenditure of almost two million dollars for coal? Ask an official of the administration, either at the White House or the Navy Department, and the answer is: "The Pacific is as much American home waters as the Atlantic. We have the same right to send our fleet to the Pacific as we have to keep ships in the Atlantic. The cruise is needed to train our officers and men. It will be of incalculable advantage, educationally. Moreover, it will be a great moral demonstration which the world cannot overlook." Such is the official explanation. The underlying facts are these:

The administration became alarmed last winter over the attitude adopted by the Japanese. The latter observed a pin-prick policy and manifested a disposition to hasten a quarrel. Questions of no importance were magnified into international complications. At the same time reports came from the American naval attaché in Tokio, describing great activity in preparing the Japanese navy for conflict. The work on all ships under construction was being rushed. Other nations displayed concern over the preparations of the Japanese. Two powers instructed their representatives, diplomatic and military, in Tokio, to report upon the purposes of the Japanese. They coincided in the opinion that the conquerors of the Russians were preparing to attack the United States. At that time the force of the United States in the Pacific consisted of four armored cruisers, two monitors, and some smaller vessels which were in Chinese or Philippine waters, two armored cruisers in commission, and three battleships and two armored cruisers under construction or repair on the Pacific slope. This small and divided command was charged with the protection of the Pacific coast, Alaska, Hawaii, Samoan Islands, Guam and the Philippines; a trade valued at \$125,000,000, and which should be worth \$1,000,000,000; and above all the right of the American people to an equal opportunity in the exploitation of the illimitable resources of the far East. At the outset of the Russo-Japanese War, Admiral Togo enjoyed the great initial ad-

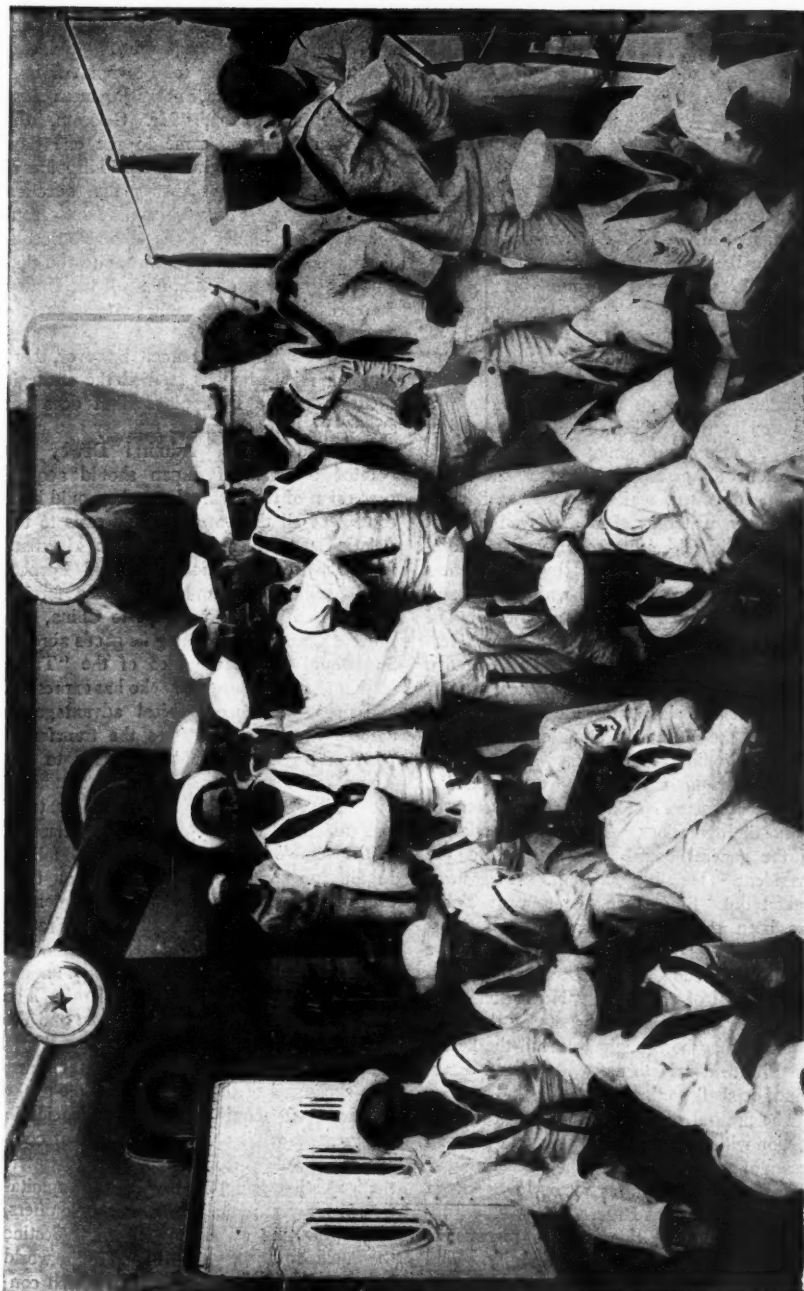


Photo by Waldon Fawcett

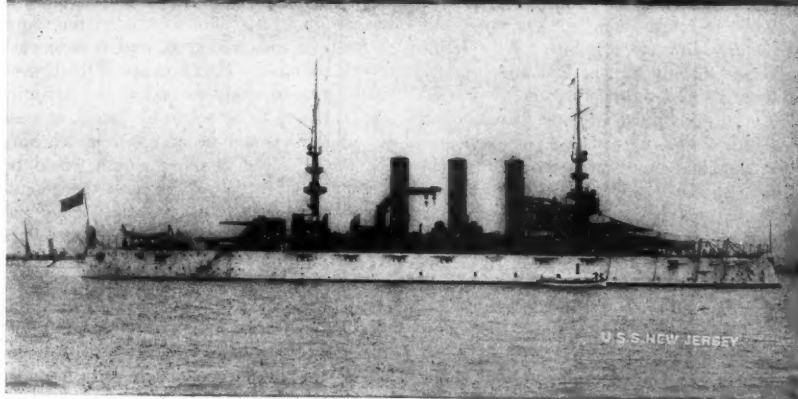
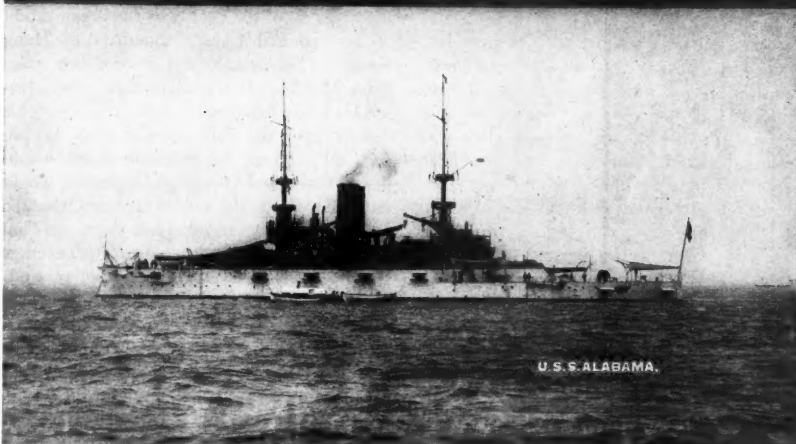
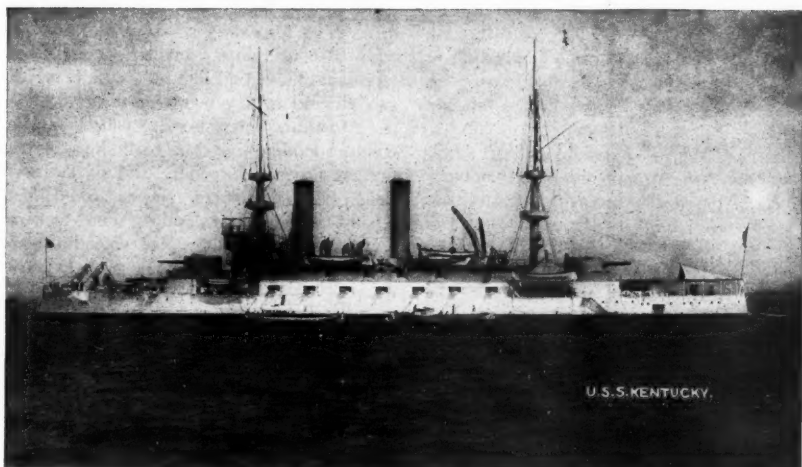
THE 8-INCH GUN CREW ON THE LOUISIANA

vantage of encountering a divided fleet. The Russian Admiral had distributed his vessels between Vladivostock, Chemulpo, Korea and Port Arthur. The general board of the navy in Washington did not propose to permit the United States to be put in such an awkward and dangerous predicament. The armored cruisers were ordered to San Francisco. Orders were given to equip Olongapo, in the Island of Luzon, the naval base in the Philippines, for a long defence. Rear Admiral Joseph N. Hemphill, the commander of the vessels, two monitors, torpedo boat destroyers and small craft, was directed to mobilize his command at Olongapo, in case of danger. Then the recommendation was made that all the battleships proceed to the Pacific. It was pointed out that the European situation permitted the dispatch of the ships. Germany, the single European power, which the war authorities have been watching, has displayed a most friendly disposition for some years. Moreover, she has been isolated by the ententes. Great Britain has arranged with France and Russia. If Great Britain, as the ally of Japan, should attack the United States, Germany, unquestionably, would take advantage of the opportunity to attempt to carry out her long-cherished plan to invade England. In a word, the European situation was nicely balanced so far as this country was concerned. The fleet could be transferred to the Pacific, where its presence would be a strong deterrent to hostile operations. The recommendation of the general board was laid before the President. He approved it. The news leaked out. Since then, the tone of Tokio has been materially different. Not thoroughly understanding the reasons behind the President's action, he has been subjected to a great deal of criticism. "No matter what may be said, no matter how strong the pressure that may be brought to recall the fleet," the President said to a friend, "I am determined it shall go."

The natural question which arises in connection with this move is: "Why does Japan dream of going to war with the United States? Isn't she content with her victory over Russia and the fruits gained therefrom? The Japanese people hold this country responsible for depriving them of an indemnity. Had not President Roosevelt intervened, Russia, they believe, would have paid Japan \$500,-

000,000, perhaps \$1,000,000,000. Japan insists she does not want the Philippines." "When I was minister for Foreign Affairs," said Baron Komura, now Japanese Ambassador in London, "Mr. Griscom, the American Minister, came to me one day. 'What would Japan give for the Philippines?' he asked. 'I cannot answer that question officially,' was my answer, 'until I have consulted the remainder of the Cabinet. Speaking for myself, however, I can say to you that Japan will take the Philippines if the United States will pay her the same sum she gave to Spain—\$20,000,000.'"

In spite of this disclaimer, however, there is not a man who has studied the strategic situation of the Philippines that does not appreciate their enormous military and commercial advantages. Admiral Dewey has pointed out that if Japan should acquire possession of the archipelago, she would have control of all the entrances and exits to the Asiatic coast. Her domination would extend from the frozen Arctic to tropical Borneo. If she willed, she could prevent a foreign nation from sending its ships to China, and prevent China from sending its goods abroad. She would realize the idea of the "Trade Militant" which Baron Kaneko has expressed, and possess the geographical advantage to enforce it. Time witnesses the transfer of power from land to land, from sea to sea. The Mediterranean was the battle ground of the nations of antiquity. Roman greatness was coincident with Roman naval supremacy. With Rome's decline, the rise and fall of Mediterranean powers depended upon their control of the sea. With the development of civilization in barbarian lands, Spain, France, the Netherlands, and what is now modern Germany and England, the struggle for supremacy was transferred to the Atlantic. The discovery and settlement of America, and the traffic between the Old and the New World has made the Atlantic the seat of empire. The expansion of the American people to the Pacific, their acquisition of dependencies in the greatest of all oceans, the fact that 900,000,000 people surround this body of water; the irresistible temptation which the exploitation of the vast majority of this people offers, the awakening of Japan—all these destine the Pacific to be the greatest Empire the world has ever known, and the nation which controls it the most powerful, the most opulent



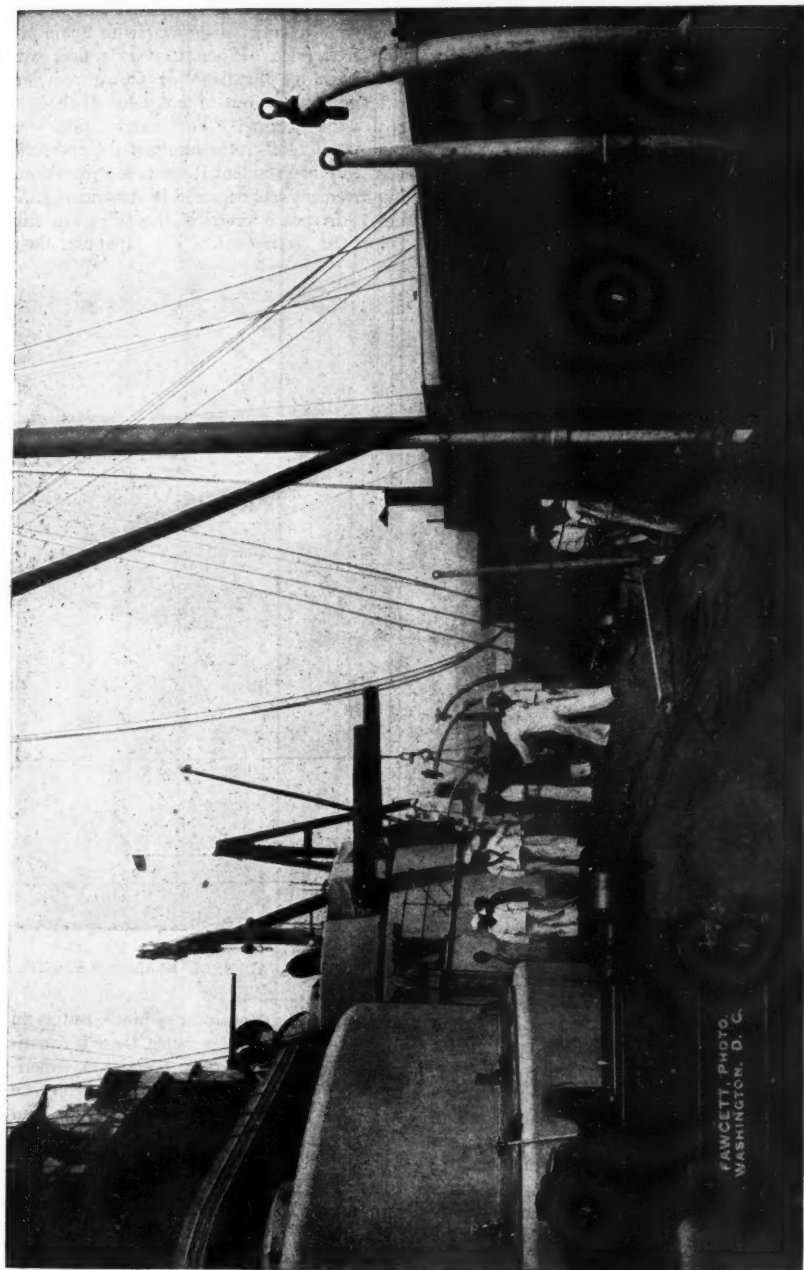
BATTLESHIPS KENTUCKY, ALABAMA AND NEW JERSEY

and the most cultivated. President Roosevelt believes America's geographical situation is such as to insure peaceful domination of its waters in the future, if we only grasp, with sufficient resolution, the advantages of that position. But peaceful domination is impossible with an aggressive Japan, with an awakened China, and with the great military powers of the world entrenched in excellent, strategic positions. Rome gained control of the Mediterranean by fighting for it. England's naval supremacy in the Atlantic was the result of a succession of conflicts. The power that dominates the Pacific will do so by virtue of its might.

"Course," observed the gunner's mate of the Illinois, when I had expounded these views to him, "I ain't no history sharp, but I can tell you, an' it ain't no secret at that, that we ain't goin' to get anything unless we're on hand an' able to blow rings around the other fellows. All the countries are like a bunch of sharks lungin' for a piece of meat. The strongest an' quickest 'll get it. I read all about that there Peace Congress at The Hague. It's a bloomin' farce. They was fightin' between theirselves, an' the little marks had to give under to the big guys. It's the old game, and we knows it. If we've got the ships an' can fight 'em, there ain't goin' to be no trouble, and we gets the goods. That's sense, that is, and you can put it in your pipe and smoke it."

Let us look at the means at the disposal of the United States to gain and maintain Pacific control. The American navy ranks as the third in the world. It is preceded by Great Britain with 1,637,662 tons, and France with 603,995 tons. It has 570,772 tons. Germany is fourth with 468,572 tons and Japan fifth with 360,497 tons. As a result of alliance with Japan, the British Admiralty withdrew all its armor-clads from the Pacific and concentrated them in home waters. This move was necessary to offset a possible European combination. Since the destruction of the Russian navy, Japan is the only power that has maintained a battle fleet in the Pacific. To make a comparison, while it has its entire Navy in the western ocean, the United States has only eleven vessels to rely upon in case of war. When the battleships, armored cruisers and torpedo boat destroyers are assembled at Magdalena Bay, the naval strength of the United States at that single

point in the Pacific will aggregate 300,000 tons. This force does not take into account coast defense ships, auxiliaries, etc., but represents the actual fighting capacity which can proceed to any point for the protection of American interests. It will comprise eighteen modern first-class battleships, eleven first-class armored cruisers, and six fast torpedo boat destroyers. Japan could put against it eleven battleships, some modern and others reconstructed, ten splendid armored cruisers, and fifty-four torpedo boat destroyers. If the American ships should find it necessary to attack the Japanese in their home waters, as would be probable, then the entire navy of the Mikado would be employed against it. The advantage of getting the fleet into the Pacific before the outbreak of war is obvious. For instance, Japan's response to the announcement of the dispatch of the fleet, was the organization of an armored cruiser squadron at Hong Kong. This British port is only 600 miles from Manila. It was here that Dewey assembled his force and made ready for his descent upon the Philippines in 1898. Within forty-eight hours, the Japanese vessels would have Manila and Olongapo blockaded, would have an army on the way to capture Olongapo and destroy the naval base there. "That wouldn't make any difference," the average American would say. "Olongapo is thousands of miles away from home." But it would make a difference, a very important difference. It would mean the destruction of the single dock we have in the far East, and its loss would prevent the repair of any of the battleships crippled during a fight in that part of the world. On the Pacific Slope, there is but one dock capable of accommodating ships of fourteen thousand tons, and it is located at Puget Sound. That is to say, if the United States were to retain its fleet in the Atlantic, and war were to be begun by Japan, at least two months would be occupied in reaching the Pacific Slope, another month would be employed in refitting, and still another month would be necessary to cross the Pacific and come in contact with the enemy's fleet. That is to say, the Japanese would have four months in which to destroy Olongapo and seriously cripple American resources, and also to inflict a sharp blow upon American prestige. They would have all the advantage of first blood, the confidence which service under



FAWCETT PHOTO.
WASHINGTON, D. C.

LOADING AMMUNITION ON BOARD A UNITED STATES BATTLESHIP FOR THE PACIFIC CRUISE

fire begets, and probably would be able to gain financial aid from Europe.

Of course, when the fleet came in contact with the enemy, a change would be wrought in this situation. Not that the defeat of the Japanese would be an easy matter. The Russians made the mistake of despising their enemies. Experience taught them the wisdom of initial respect. Almost every member of the Japanese Navy is a veteran. He has heard shells screeching over his head. He

has been engaged in conflict. Comparatively few veterans of the war with Spain are now in service. When Cervera's fleet was destroyed, off Santiago de Cuba, only an average of three out of every hundred shots struck their target! Fortunately, that was nine years ago. As a result of the energetic insistence of President Roosevelt, a marvelous improvement has occurred in American gunnery. In peace practice, the ships are still below the war record of the Japanese; their

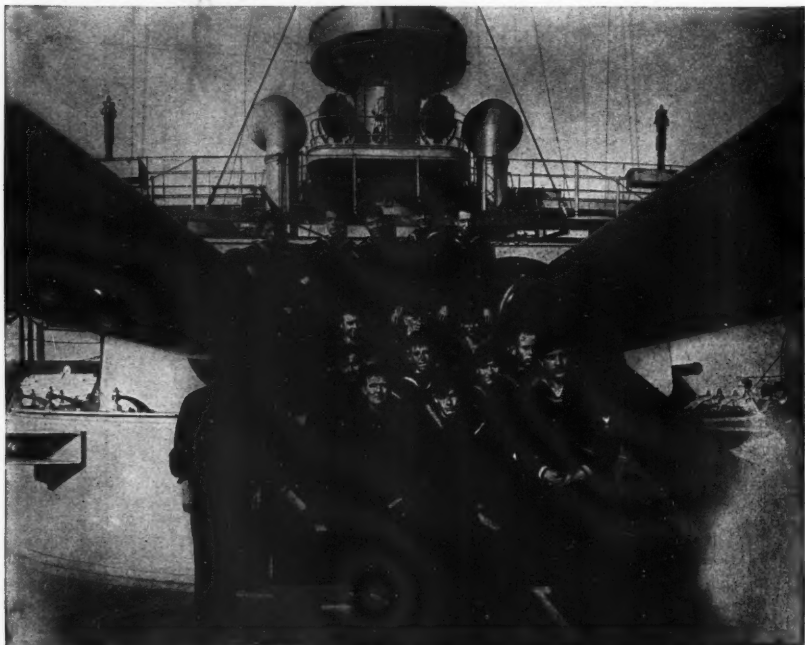


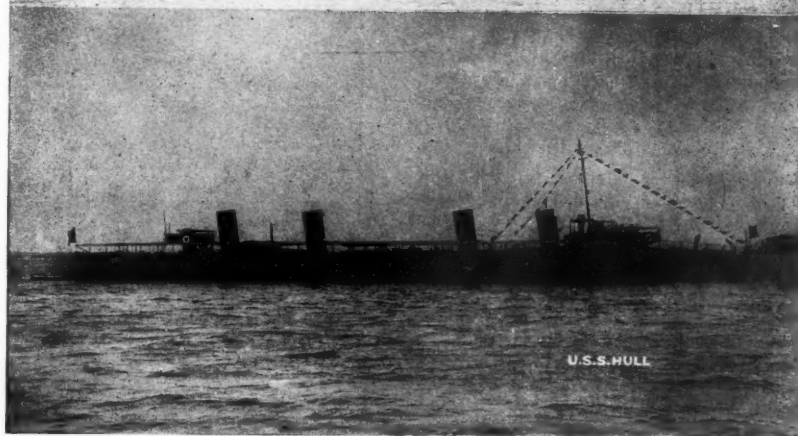
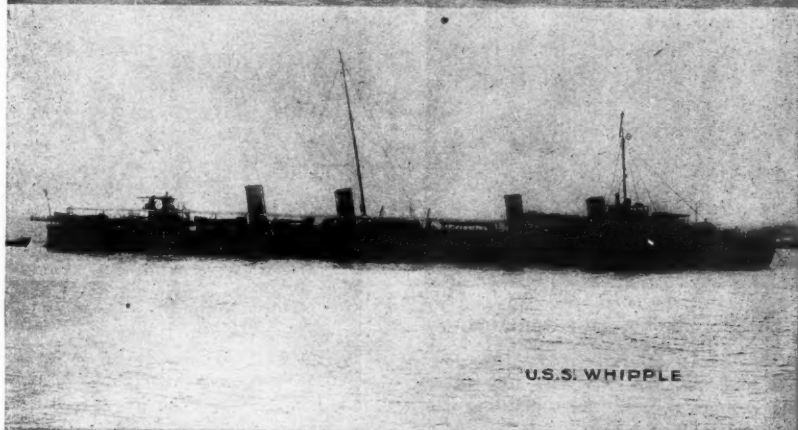
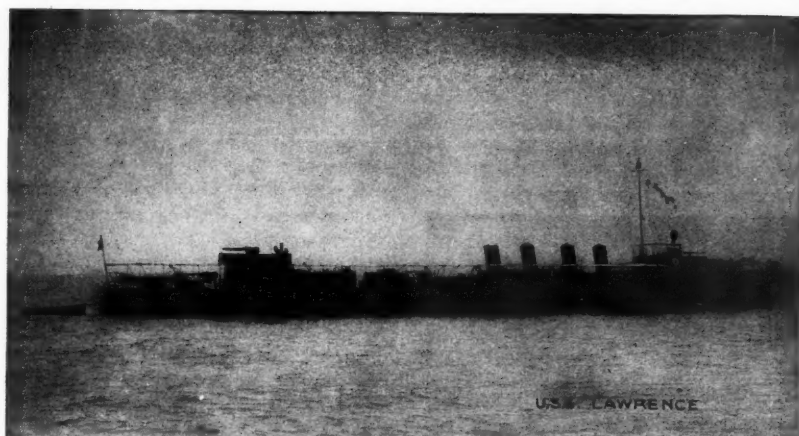
Photo by Waldon Fawcett, Washington, D. C.

GUNS AND GUNNERS OF THE BATTLESHIP CONNECTICUT, ADMIRAL EVANS' FLAGSHIP

has felt his ship quiver when a shot struck home, and has smelt the pungent gases emanating from the explosive. He has passed safely through the stage of gun-shyness under the dangerous conditions of action. In battle with a superior fleet, he has seen his ships make sixty per cent. of hits. He has leaders who have led him to victory.

He has tasted the joy of seeing his enemy destroyed. He has been uplifted by the enthusiasm of his people. Not one of the American battleships or armored cruisers

average is 59.293 per cent of hits. But as an off-set to Japanese experience, there is American coolness; to Japanese fanaticism, American courage; to Japanese intelligence American intelligence. In the days of John Paul Jones, the determining factors in battle were the weather gauge and the weight of battery. Then, ships usually fought yard arm to yard arm, their guns blowing huge holes in each others' sides; each crew seeking to board and overwhelm his enemy. Now, the weather gauge is relatively unimportant.



TORPEDO BOAT DESTROYERS LAWRENCE, WHIPPLE AND HULL

Boarding is unthought of. Opposing fleets have become duelists who fight miles apart. To each other they appear like small pictures in a kinetoscope, and from their sides issue yellow flashes, which resemble heat-lightning on a dark night; and these flashes are followed by horrid noises as the shells strike their tar-



Copyright 1907 by Waldon Fawcett

CAPTAIN T. DEWITT VEEDER OF THE BATTLESHIP
ALABAMA

gets, and rend and twist huge iron girders, and smother men by the suffocating gases arising from thier explosion. It is to fit the men to serve the guns almost perfectly that there is constant practice; and to prevent the expenditure of enormous sums of money, firing with full charges is permitted only occasionally, sub-calibre practice being the method of training adopted. Sub calibre practice means that a small .22 calibre rifle is inserted in a great gun and secured in such manner that the gun-pointer, upon looking through the telescope, can train his weapon on the bulls-eye of a miniature target dangling before the muzzle. Exercise with this device has produced the improvement in American gunnery. It is intended to continue sub-calibre work throughout the forthcoming cruise, and when the fleet arrives at Magdalena Bay, a spacious harbor of the Peninsula of Lower California, practice will

be held with full charges. As every record practice has shown a greater number of hits than the one preceding, confidence is expressed that the percentage at Magdalena Bay will be higher than ever made before.

"After the fleet does get to the Pacific," observed my loquacious gunner's mate, "an' there ain't no war, the knockers 'll roast us for fair, an' say us guys is a bunch of four flushers and didn't do what the Oregon done. The Oregon done the trick in a month, and them pickers took four. But if we do get up against the Japs an' lick 'em, then we'll be the candy kids. Oh, it's me for the American people every time! When it's war, they dope us up with hot air, an' when its peace they hand us a lemon. But I ain't got no



WATCHING THE MEN AT TARGET PRACTICE ON BOARD
A MAN-OF-WAR

fault to find. It's the navy for mine, and you've got to show me you can beat it. So it's good day to you, sir."

With a final pat of the big gun, the sailor lad turned to go below. As he marched away, I heard him humming:

An' when we reach the Western Sea,
An' meet the Japanese,
We'll make them look almighty like
A hunk of Schweizer cheese.



Copyright 1907 by Walden Fawcett

CAPTAIN THOMAS B. HOWARD
OF THE BATTLESHIP TENNESSEE

CAPTAIN W. H. H. SOUTHERLAND
OF THE BATTLESHIP NEW JERSEY

CAPTAIN AUSTIN M. KNIGHT
OF THE BATTLESHIP WASHINGTON

CAPTAIN CHARLES W. BARTLETT
OF THE BATTLESHIP OHIO

The Battle Fleet Ordered to the Pacific

REAR ADMIRAL ROBLEY D. EVANS, Commander-in-Chief

CAPTAIN ROYAL R. INGERSOLL, Chief-of-Staff

FIRST SQUADRON**FIRST DIVISION**

NAME	COMMANDER	DISPLACEMENT	SPEED(knots)	GUNS 4 in. AND OVER
Connecticut.....	Capt. Hugo Osterhaus	16,000	18.	24
Louisiana.....	Capt. Richard Wainwright	16,000	18.8	24
Kansas.....	Capt. C. E. Vreeland	16,000	18.3	24
Vermont.....	Capt. W. P. Potter	16,000	18.1	24

SECOND DIVISION

REAR ADMIRAL WILLIAM H. EMORY, COMMANDER

Georgia.....	Capt. Henry McCrea	15,000	19.2	24
Virginia.....	Capt. Seaton Schroder	15,000	19.	24
New Jersey.....	Capt. W. H. H. Southerland	15,000	19.2	24
Rhode Island.....	Capt. Joseph B. Murdock	15,000	19.	24

SECOND SQUADRON**THIRD DIVISION**

REAR ADMIRAL CHARLES M. THOMAS, COMMANDER

Minnesota.....	Capt. John Hubbard	16,000	18.8	24
Ohio.....	Capt. Charles W. Bartlett	12,500	17.8	20
Maine.....	Capt. Giles B. Harber	12,500	18.	20
Missouri.....	Capt. G. A. Merriam	12,500	18.1	20

FOURTH DIVISION

REAR ADMIRAL CHARLES S. SPERRY, COMMANDER

Alabama.....	Capt. T. E. D. W. Veeder	11,552	17.	18
Illinois.....	Capt. Bradley A. Fiske	11,552	17.4	18
Kearsarge.....	Capt. Hamilton Hutchins	11,520	16.8	22
Kentucky.....	Capt. Walter C. Cowles	11,520	16.9	22

TORPEDO DESTROYER FLOTILLA

LIEUT. H. I. CONE, COMMANDER

NAME	COMMANDER	DISPLACEMENT	SPEED(knots)	TORPEDOES
Hopkins.....	Lieut. A. G. Howe	408	29.	2
Hull.....	Lieut. Edward Woods	408	28.	2
Stewart.....	Lieut. Frederick Hellweg	420	29.7	2
Whipple.....	Lieut. H. I. Cone	433	28.2	2
Lawrence.....	Lieut. John V. Babcock	400	28.4	2
Worden.....	Lieut. V. S. Houston	433	29.8	2

Armored Cruiser Fleet in the Pacific

REAR ADMIRAL JAMES H. DAYTON, Commander

FIRST SQUADRON**FIRST DIVISION**

NAME	COMMANDER	DISPLACEMENT	SPEED(knots)	GUNS 4 in. AND OVER
West Virginia.....	Capt. John B. Milton	13,680	22.15	18
Colorado.....	Capt. S. A. Staunton	13,680	22.24	18
Maryland.....	Capt. Chauncey Thomas	13,680	22.41	18
Pennsylvania.....	Capt. Aaron Ward	13,680	22.44	18

SECOND DIVISION

REAR ADMIRAL WILLIAM T. SWINBURNE, COMMANDER

Washington.....	Capt. A. M. Knight	14,500	22.27	20
Tennessee.....	Capt. T. B. Howard	14,500	22.16	20
California.....	Capt. V. L. Cottman	13,680	22.	18
South Dakota.....	Capt. Charles E. Fox	13,680	22.	18

THIRD DIVISION

REAR ADMIRAL URIEL SEBREE, COMMANDER

Charleston.....	Comdr. Frank E. Beatty	9,700	22.04	14
St. Louis.....	Comdr. N. R. Usher	9,700	22.13	14
Milwaukee.....	Comdr. C. A. Gove	9,700	22.22	14

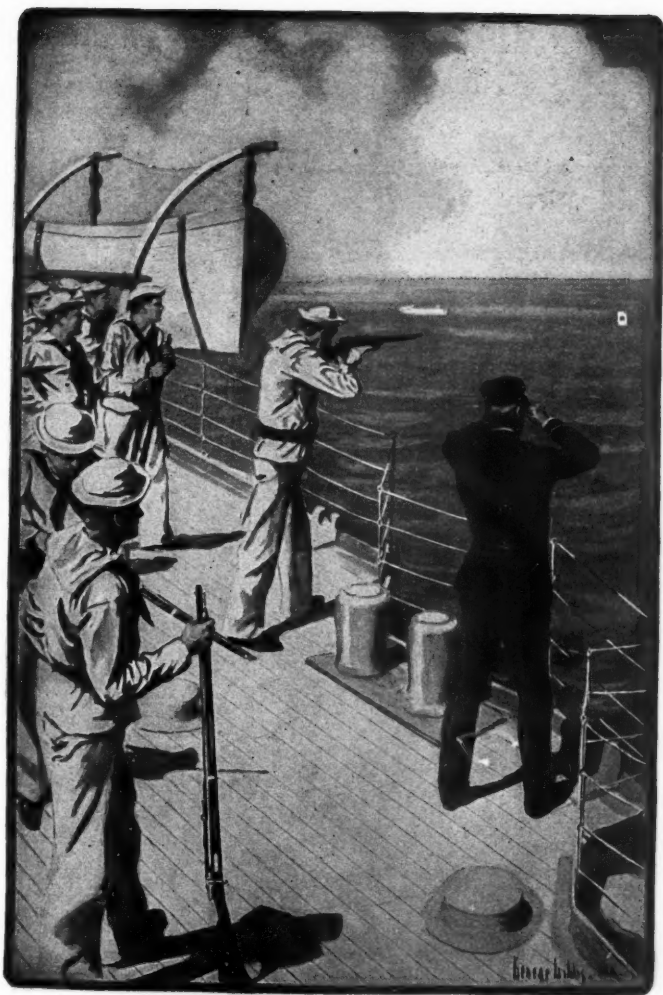
TORPEDO FLOTILLA

LIEUT. EDWARD B. LATIMER, COMMANDER

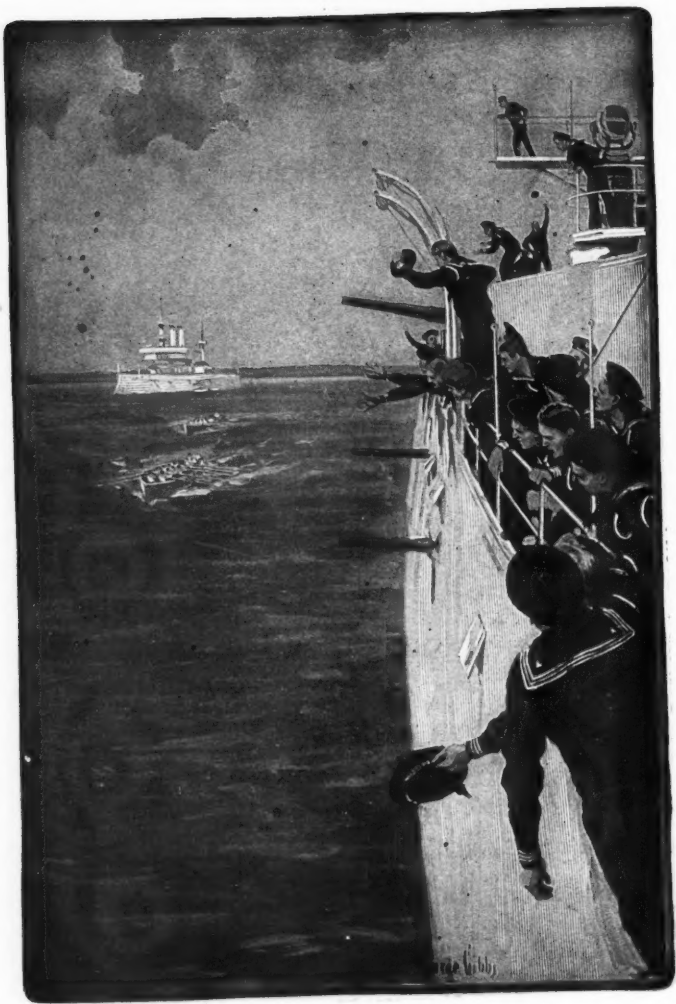
NAME	COMMANDER	DISPLACEMENT	SPEED(knots)	TORPEDOES
Paul Jones.....		420	28.9	2
Preble.....		420	28.03	2

Battleships in the Pacific

NAME	COMMANDER	DISPLACEMENT	SPEED(knots)	GUNS 4 in. AND OVER
Nebraska.....	Capt. Reginald F. Nicholson	15,000	19	24
Wisconsin.....	Not yet selected	11,565	17	18



Small Arms Practice on Board a Man-o'-war.



Cheering Their Boat in a Cutter Race.

IN THE SERVICE *of* UNCLE SAM

By H. C. Gauss

A GOVERNMENT telegram was handed to him in the country lawyer's office, where he was working for ten dollars a week. It offered him a clerkship in a department in Washington at nine hundred dollars a year, seventy-five dollars a month, eighteen dollars and seventy-five cents a week. He figured it down to his accustomed weekly basis rapidly, and called the result munificent.

Months before he had taken a civil service examination. Because the eligibles who were above him on the list had been exhausted, because some other state's quota had been filled, or because of one or several chances which might or might not be expected to develop favorably, his turn had come! and his name was one of three certified to the appointment clerk in the department in which the vacancy existed.

The appointment clerk, with another patient and tired attempt at clairvoyance, had picked his name from the list as being probably that of the least undesirable, and had wired to him to report. They turned him over to a glib-tongued official, who rolled off stereotyped phrases as if they were single words, and the new clerk began to doubt the possibilities of shorthand. He put business forms into official letters and addressed a high and mighty official as "Dear Sir." They corrected him patiently, and other clerks told him things. In a week he found that it was just a new and easily learned language, a sort of official slang, and he began to look about him.

First he found that there was no particular sense in getting up early in the morning. He made his appearance at eight o'clock, and the scrub women stared at him. At half-past eight the messengers came in and asked him if he had been there all night. It was a long hour until nine, and he ascertained definitely that if he were on hand to put his initials on the time slip one minute before or after nine, he would accomplish the ultimate in the way of saving the country or of advancing his own interests.

He found also that there was a space of ten minutes or so after nine o'clock in which the morning paper could be consulted, before the mail was distributed. After that there was a crescendo movement of industry, broken by the half-hour lunch period, until the moment of a ceremony known as "calling the mail." This occurred after the longer lunch period of the superior officers, at between two and three o'clock. Industry then began to flag, so that there was no reason why he should not have his hat and coat on and be off promptly at half-past four o'clock.

His work consisted largely in taking dictation from a clerk who wrote many letters stating definitely, and sometimes curtly, that things could not be done. The things that could be done were treated with slips of paper as long as the width of a sheet of letter paper and as wide as one-third its length. He found that most of these divided into classes, each with a crystalized form of expression, for which he came to have an abbreviated stenographic formula which made dictation and transcribing easy. These slips were called endorsements, and certain derelicts of correspondence came round at intervals encrusted with them, until they looked like ships that had been long at sea. To dictate the various formulæ which belonged to the different classes was called "original work." Occasionally the clerk who did the original work would have an opportunity to "throw himself" by calling the attention of some other division or bureau to an error, misstatement or misconception. This was done with an icy politeness, with many "fail-to-understands" and "beg-to-invite-attentions." The certainty that an endorsement would make the recipient dig around for even more exasperating expression was a matter of openly-expressed glee on the part of the clerk doing original work.

The new clerk found that his monthly salary was paid in two installments. He might draw up to one-half on the fifteenth, and as much more before the thirtieth as he

could cajole the disbursing clerk to let him have. On the last-named date he received the balance. He found that the rock-bottom price for existence was thirty dollars a month for board and room. Less than that was something like slow starvation, and he could pay as much more as he chose without securing startling results. This was for two meals a day. Lunch cost him approximately five

In the interim he had familiarized himself with the clerical organization of the department. Not counting the messengers, who were in a separate class, not in line of promotion except through passing another civil service examination, he was in the lowest strata. With him were others who were undergoing the six months' probation. Immediately above were clerks doing the same



"A government telegram was handed to him in the country lawyer's office."

dollars a month more. Car fare was three dollars a month and laundry, minor repairs to clothes, and lesser expenses he could not keep track of, but he was surprised to find himself looking forward to pay day after the second month with eager anticipation. After six months he congratulated himself if pay day dawned and found him with cash on hand. Under these circumstances it was not hard to convince himself that he was entitled to, and ought to have, a raise.

class of work, but who had been employed longer and received a thousand dollars. Next came the clerks in charge of files, stationery and supplies, and details of the routine at twelve and fourteen hundred dollars. The upper crust consisted of sixteen and eighteen hundred dollar clerks in charge of correspondence, "original work" and so on. These were topped by the chief clerk of division; he by the chief clerk of the bureau, and that distant functionary by a misty and

awful personage, the chief clerk of the department. And these are the generations of the civil service.

At this time the new clerk became interested in his efficiency record. He learned that his daily work was estimated and noted; that these reports would determine whether he should be promoted when a vacancy occurred. He began to compare his work with that of others, and naturally rated his own too high. When the semi-annual report was made he was not the lowest in the room—that place was permanently occupied by a clerk who expected nothing better—but the new clerk was decorously toward the rear, and he was distinctly disappointed. Then he began to work for a record. The clerks under whom he worked complimented him, and he was certain that he was doing better work than anyone else in his grade. But, somehow or other, his efficiency report did not call attention to him as a valuable and painstaking employe whose services should be

you have, and because he is a kicker. I know he skins out of all the work he can, and loaf on the rest of us; but it's pretty hard to mark efficiency on this kind of work, and he kicked hard because he didn't get the last promotion. You'll get yours next time."

And so it happened; but when it became necessary once more that pay days should



"He made his appearance at eight o'clock, and the scrub woman stared at him."

recognized by immediate promotion. Somebody else was in line ahead. The margin was not wide, but it was enough.

The nine hundred dollar clerk foregathered with an older clerk and talked it over.

"X got the promotion," said the older clerk, "because he has been here longer than



"Taking dictation from a clerk who wrote many letters stating . . . that things could not be done."

occur promptly on the fifteenth and thirtieth, the clerk looked round again. It seemed to him, for he was fanciful, that there was something Dantesque in the thousand dollar grade. It was the circle of the gathering of the mass of all sorts. There were those who swam round in their little pool without prospect of getting higher. There were those who had come down from higher grades, and who tried to persuade themselves that they were on bottom. Yet all those who had reasonable expectations, those who had reached their limit and those who had yet a step lower to go; were, each and every one, certain that but for rank injustice, the next promotion should be theirs. Reduced clerks seldom or never lose the hope of getting their old ratings back. Clerks hopelessly in a grade that represents the limits of their possibilities can never understand why younger men are promoted over their heads. It is years since political influence has been able to do anything for clerks in the classified ser-

vice, except perhaps to get them another chance after they run the risk of dismissal; but "pull" is cherished and nursed, hinted at and bragged about to a ridiculous degree.

At intervals there was a stirring of the waters. A vacancy in the upper grades was canvassed, discussed, hoped for until the selection for the position was made and those who could have no possible chance of selection were as disappointed as those who stood next to the door. About fifty per cent. of the left-behinds in a given case will protest that they intend to get a transfer to another department without delay, and the rest will blame the efficiency markings.



"... Thirty dollars a month. Less than that was something like slow starvation."

The clerk under consideration did not linger long in the thousand dollar grade. A twelve hundred dollar clerk under whom he was working resigned, and our clerk got the benefit of the extra application he thought had been wasted in the nine hundred dollar grade. He knew more about the work than any other clerk available, and was given the position.

It was in this grade that he found that efficiency markings are taken in a Pickwickian sense; that efficiency is a subtle something made up of arbitrary markings modified by considerations based on information, so that in the ultimate the cards come to have an esoteric meaning that is wholly understood only by that patient personage, the appointment clerk, who reads them through a pair

of spectacles entirely his own, and who is, in the main, correct in his translation of the symbols. He also learned that chiefs of subdivisions of a department are anxious to secure all the higher ratings allotted to that department, each for his own subdivision, and that, if all the recommendations for promotion were carried out, the clerks would fare very well indeed. He also found that the modest man, the man who hides his light under a bushel, was generally left in undisturbed appreciation of its effulgence, and that, up to a certain point, the protestant, the "kicker," got the thing he was after. But he also found that there was a point where kicking ceased to attract attention, and that thereafter the kicker joined the meek in oblivion.

During his incumbency of the twelve hundred dollar clerkship several instructive matters were presented for his contemplation. The phenomenon that chiefly interested him was that so far as he could see there was no outlet which led upward. He had arrived at the end of a clerical cul-de-sac. All the positions that he could see in advance were filled by men too old to lightly change their employment and too young to think of retirement by many years. It was true that he was living comfortably and found much of interest and enjoyment in Washington. He heard of good positions to be had in other departments; but on inquiry found that there was certainly a time of probation at a lower salary, which was not balanced by a certainty of getting the higher salaried position. He had an uncomfortable feeling that matrimony was assuming a formidable aspect under the circumstances.

Also, he saw a chief clerk reduced to a subordinate clerkship, and that is not a nice thing to have happen in one's intimate official circle. Outside of sympathetic feeling, there is a *memento mori* to it that makes the remembrance stick.

Thirdly, he was surprised and a little shocked to find that he was idle a good deal during the day. It was only by comparing his day's occupations with those of a previous year that he appreciated the difference, but he found that, instead of practicing shorthand and typewriting, reading or writing as formerly in the odd moments of the day, he talked a good deal about nothing, walked about, or simply sat idly waiting for the next installment of work.

It was soon after this realization came to him that he began to take a course in a law school. He was fortunate on graduation in being able to make a connection with the lawyer who had first employed him. The way was made comparatively easy for him to leave the government employment, and the regular salary, and this clerk has entered on the practice of law under auspices that promise at least moderate success. He has made some reflections on the subject of the civil service which are as follows:

"I have been fortunate in my connection with the government service, as it has given me the opportunity of preparing for a profession in a manner superior to what I could otherwise have obtained. At the same time, I remember the hundreds who have studied for a profession, but have been so circumstanced that they were unable to leave government employment and strike out for themselves.

"There are not many good positions in government employment accessible from the classified service.

"There are also many bright young men constantly striving for these places, and the large side of the ratio is on that of the strivers.

"The best positions in life attainable through the classified service are those in outside employment, preparation for which is made possible by the conditions of government work.



"Talked a good deal about nothing."

"Securing employment in the classified service is largely a matter of chance, as between a given number of persons of probably similar qualifications; but the chance offers the opportunity of hitting upon individuals well adapted for the work. Any rigid system would fill the departments with clerks who would conform to the pattern of the system, which in turn would reflect its creator so that the clerks would be very much of one kind.

"Very much of the new material is impressionable, and is quickly modified and molded. In most cases it improves appreciably with even a short residence in Washington.

"In promotion, the personal equation has

its influence. The academic system of marking for efficiency is absurd as a proposition by itself. As modified by those who have to deal with its results, it works with a reasonable amount of justice, though with inevitable cases of individual hardship. Here again rigidity and adherence to any given system would probably give inferior results.

"The pathos of the government service lies in the absence of the expectation of a



"... Foregathered with an older clerk and talked it over."

satisfactory outcome. While there is continuous employment at good pay during the productive years, the intangible surplus of friends and associations does not accumulate as in outside life. The clerk's world is the room of the department; outside of it he becomes almost a stranger. When he feels the competition of younger men, he has to meet it alone.

"The problem of the disposition of the old and disabled clerks in the government service cannot be settled by proclaiming opposition to a civil pension list. It is a fact now. It could be administered at less expense if it were given its proper name.

"Comparative efficiency cannot be ascertained until a standard of efficiency has been established. No one knows whether the government work is being efficiently done. The most one can say is that it is being done."

THE SILENT PARTNER

By Charles T. White

SHE turned the handle of the door noiselessly, glancing behind her with a kind of hasty, shamefaced movement, as though she expected to find a reproving or mocking face at her elbow. Sweeping and dusting upstairs had been a part of Margaret's laborious day ever since she came into service with the Davidson's, four years before, and no room needed these applications of brush and broom and tidying fingers more sorely, for three months in the twelve at least, than the one which Malcolm Davidson occupied while he was home from college. A writing-table strewn with unscholarly-looking newspapers confronted Margaret, as she closed the door behind her with the same regard to caution which she had observed in opening it. Two or three cigar stumps and a sprinkling of tobacco ashes completed the disarray of the table, and extended to the rug underneath. A much smaller table, with wide-spreading legs, was drawn close to the tumbled bed, and the hand-lamp upon it had an unsightly splotch of smoke upon the chimney, as though the lamp might have burned out. A book was lying on the floor underneath, face downward, with several leaves crumpled up. It was a cheap-looking book, with blue paper covers, but Margaret, stopping to look at the page as she picked it up, noticed that the words were unfamiliar. It must be one of the learned books which were a part of Malcom's work in college, Margaret mused, heaving the faintest little sigh, though why a book representing scholarship should be so slimsily bound rather perplexed her simple mind. In the humble Scotch home of her childhood, the family Bible had been dignified with a cover of paneled morocco, and the few volumes of religion and divinity which completed the family library were in dingy brown leather. The title, "*La Comtesse de Charny*," on the brittle blue paper did not enlighten Margaret, but the general appearance of the book, possibly—if she had admitted it—the general Bohemianese disorder of the room,

struck her sober fancy with a chilling sense of inappropriateness. Malcolm was to be a minister, and Margaret had inherited strict, if not very clear, ideas as to the peculiar atmosphere of sanctity which surrounded the holy calling. She would have expected a young man with that goal in view to be rather serious, not given to laughter or gay conversation, much occupied with books of weighty matter, and more likely to be surprised upon his knees than upon the lounging limit of his backbone, with a cigar between his teeth. Not that Margaret ever put these comparisons into words, or even into consecutive thoughts. To her, they were mere fragmentary observations, never critical, convincing her rather that her own notions were too strict than that Malcolm failed to come up to a required standard. That a simple girl like her should appreciate a fine young gentleman like Malcolm never entered her mind. Indeed, the tingling sense of disappointment which she felt at times was always referred to her own failure to appreciate what lay so far beyond her capacity and mental reach.

Margaret put Malcolm's room to rights with more care than she gave to the others. Malcolm was always losing something, dashing down into the living-room at all hours to make inquiries; and it was a matter of conscience with Margaret to restore the most scrupulous order and neatness, without disturbing the general arrangement of details. It was a moment of triumph for her when she could follow him up the long stairs and put her hand on the missing article without effort. At such times Malcolm would laugh in his gay, good-natured fashion and say, as he bustled off, "You're worth all the rest in the house to find things, Margaret." He never looked back to note how the warm color mounted to Margaret's cheeks with the scant praise, and how a pleased light gleamed in her soft brown eyes. Indeed, though servants were as good as sons, socially, in the democratic household of the Davidsons, it

is much to be doubted whether Malcolm had ever observed the delicate rose-pink of Margaret's complexion, or could have told you whether her eyes were melting brown or steely gray.

Malcolm had gone away on a fishing trip that morning, before the house was astir. Margaret had heard the clumping of his heavy boots on the stairs in the gray dawn, and had dressed hastily to give him a cup of coffee and a lunch, but he was off and away, whistling gaily, across the misty meadows, before she reached the kitchen. She was reminded of this now, as she washed her hands and face at the sink in the pantry; for the selfsame merry whistle sounded somewhere at the rear of the house. It surprised her a little, for Malcolm's fishing excursions were generally all-day affairs, but she was gratified, too. Mr. and Mrs. Davidson had gone to Melford with a huge basket of eggs, and plans to buy a new parlor carpet, and Margaret was no lover of solitude. She would have said, if questioned, that the appearance of one of the Barr twins or Lucinda Waters at the front gate would have given her precisely the same pleasurable sensation, but this would have been notoriously untrue.

"Folks gone?" Malcolm strode across the kitchen, and flung himself into a chair wearily. "It's what you might call hot." The question and the observation were addressed to the open door of the pantry and Margaret's back bent over the sink.

"They started just after eight," she replied, not looking up. "Your mother will have one of her headaches, riding in this hot sun. It seems to me warmer than yesterday."

Margaret dried her face on the roller-towel, and came out looking very fresh and sweet after her dip in the cool water. Malcolm's eye followed her deft movements carelessly, as she kindled a fire in the range and put on the kettle of potatoes for dinner. He got up presently, and laid the briar-wood pipe he had been smoking on the mantel, drawing a small box from the pocket of his blouse coat with the other hand.

"Margaret!"

There was some unusual emphasis in the way he pronounced the name, and Margaret turned her eyes full upon him, stopping in her work, and blushing a little in spite of herself.

"I only wanted to show you something," he said, laughing in an uneasy, constrained manner as he undid the wrappings of the package. "Girls have ideas about such things, I suppose, whether—" He broke off abruptly. "You won't mention this to a living soul, will you, Margaret? It's a state secret. I raided the express office at daylight, for fear the governor'd pounce down upon it, thinking it was the spraying machine he sent for. *There!*"

"Oh, isn't it lovely!" Margaret's exclamation met the glitter of the gold bracelet as Malcolm held it up in the sunshine which flooded the south window.

"You think so?" His frank, boyish pleasure overflowed at her appreciation. I didn't know myself. It's solid, and that's a diamond, though it isn't very large. I had to—well—cut it a little to fit my pocket-book, but a sham wouldn't do—not for *this*." He had plainly gone beyond his depth, and began rolling the bracelet up awkwardly in its wrappings of tissue paper. "I just wanted to know how it would look to a *girl's* eyes, don't you know?" he added a little lamely. "I guess you could put this on smoother, Margaret, if you don't mind."

Margaret unfolded the paper, and replaced it carefully, fitting the bracelet into its bed of purple silk, and closing the case with a snap. In some vague way, Malcolm's confidence had oppressed her, but she was not quick at drawing shrewd conjectures from uncertain statements. He put the case in his pocket again, and sat down by the window, his eye roving idly over the stretches of meadow and woodland basking in the sunshine. She went about the preparations for dinner, not seeming to give him any further notice.

"I wish you'd sit down a minute, Margaret," he said after a long silence, speaking hesitantly, as though not quite sure that he should have spoken at all. "I have something to tell you—that is, I've got to tell somebody. You're almost like a sister, living here so long, and you're *young* and— and might understand." He pulled a chair opposite his with a sweeping, awkward swing of his big boot. "Your bobbing around so makes me nervous."

Margaret sat down obediently, wiping her hands on her gingham apron, and pushing back the masses of her brown hair, exactly

as she would have done had a rap at the kitchen door summoned her from her morning work to meet the eyes of a stranger. She was a good deal mystified, but her heart beat a little faster than usual as responsive to Malcolm's unwonted friendliness.

"You see, there's a girl—a young lady—in the city, that I've met a few times." Malcolm plunged into the heart of the disclosure, reddening to the roots of his short-cropped blonde hair. "She isn't the common sort—sings in a theat'r, though she doesn't *have* to—not for the *money*.there is in it. She's an artist, and everybody's wild over her—house packed to the doors, press notices, and all that. It wouldn't be any use trying to tell you about her singing—or *her*. There's a picture, but it doesn't do her justice—by a good deal." He took a frayed photograph out of an inside pocket, and put it into Margaret's unresisting hand. "You wouldn't get much of an idea from *that*." Margaret had an indistinct impression of a pretty, babyish face above bare, white shoulders, with a frilling of filmy lace at the neck. She tried to make some suitable comment, but her dry lips moved without sound. Malcolm only glanced at her, going on eagerly. "I mean to marry that girl the minute she'll say the word. I've hinted as much to her, and she—well—she didn't turn me down. She doesn't lack for admirers—flowers, presents, and that sort of thing. How could she? That bracelet I showed you—it's to be just a little reminder that I'm on the earth. I'm going to follow it down to the seashore next week and have it out. It's a small place, and I fancy I'll have her more to myself. That's why I wanted *somebody* to know beforehand. There'll be a row here at home, of course, and they'd be prejudiced against a girl like—like that, if they had a chance to think she wheedled me into it. She's two or three years older, I guess, but I wanted you—*somebody*—to know that I went into it deliberately—wasn't hoodwinked into throwing away all my brilliant prospects." He laughed mirthlessly. "It's absurd, to be sure, but it would make it easier for her—afterwards."

Margaret sat motionless, her hands clasped in her lap, her eyes hidden under the droop of their dark lashes, and her thin lips colorless. Margaret's nature was deep and earnest rather than emotional and

passionate. A fresh wound at the heart would not gush out a red stream at once, but drip for days and weeks, unobserved, until the last drop left it lifeless.

"And you wouldn't go on studying—for the ministry?" She put the question in low-spoken, even syllables, not trusting herself to look in to his face.

"Minister!" He flung out the word with a spiteful intonation, muttering an imprecation under his breath, which made Margaret start. "I *hate* it—hate the *thought* of it, Margaret. There's *life* in this world, girl, life that I never dreamed of till this year past. It's like wine in a man's veins, when one's tasted it. It's the fire of the gods, burning up old foggy notions like tinder. To think one might live his lifetime in an out-of-the-way place like this, and never know!"

Margaret had risen to her feet with a slow, deliberate movement. The quiet dignity of her manner arrested Malcolm's attention, and he broke off his unfinished sentence, staring at her, with a surprised drooping of the chin, which gave his face a stupid expression. There was a stern light of reproof glowing in her dark eyes as they met his wondering ones.

"You'd throw over the service of God and kirk for a *play-house* dancer?" The inherited instincts of generations of God-fearing, kirk-loving ancestors spoke out in the scathing reproach. If the woman in her struggled through the words in the frantic throes of self-defence, she was not conscious of it. "*Wine!*" She repeated his own figure with a cast of scorn. "That's what it is, sure enough, Malcolm Davidson. You're drunk with it, and have need to come to your sober senses before worse happens. If she was a woman to bless a man's life, think you, you'd be casting God's call 'behind your back, and planning deceit to your own flesh and blood, to follow her to the world's end? No. Good can't come of evil, Malcolm. She'll deceive you just as you're deceiving them—depend on that."

Margaret's voice dropped into tenderer tones at the last, and broke a little, her breast heaving with unuttered speech. Malcolm was still looking at her with surprised attentness, but a glowing red spot on either cheek bespoke his rising anger.

"And you'll split on me to the governor, no doubt, out of your high-and-mighty sense of duty," he retorted, hotly. "Serve me right, too, for being such a fool as to let it out. I thought"—

"Malcolm!"

There was appeal in the word, almost the cry of a hurt creature under cruel blows. Malcolm dropped his eyes, laughing sheepishly.

"By Jove! Margaret, you'd make your fortune on the stage with those airs of yours," he said, his sudden flash of anger vanishing with the tacit assurance that his secret was safe from betrayal. "I'd never realized before that you could be so deucedly pretty. What a color you've got, and how your eyes sparkle. It's worth thinking up mean things to say just to see the fire fly."

Malcolm's tone was half banter, but Margaret's appearance really provoked his admiration for the first time. He came up to her, and put a hand upon her shoulder familiarly, but she turned quickly to lift a sizzling kettle, and left him standing alone. What he had said passed his lips lightly. He offered it as an easy atonement for his rude outburst, speaking out frankly what he felt at the moment, but more concerned to play upon a woman's instinctive love of flattery. Masie St. John would have simpered with a pretty, coquettish drop of her bewitching eyes, or tapped him with her fan, begging him not to say such foolish things. Margaret had heard his compliments without thanks or protest, if, indeed, she heard them at all. Malcolm's first feeling was a mortifying sense of awkwardness in not making himself understood. From this he sought relief in the conclusion that Margaret was unlike other girls, and that the result was what might have been expected. It was desirable, however, to keep on terms of good fellowship with Margaret, first, because she was the sharer of his secret: not less, because the conviction was growing upon him that she would be a dependable person in an emergency. For these reasons Malcolm kept up a running fire of comment on indifferent topics during the dinner hour, to which Margaret replied mostly in monosyllables. From this Malcolm inferred, naturally enough, that she was deeply offended, either at his anger or his flattery, and apologized for both

so humbly, that Margaret fell to laughing in her usual blithe, light-hearted fashion, and the former friendly relations seemed to be fully restored. As a matter of fact, Margaret's aloofness grew out of a self-consciousness, which Malcolm's bold expressions of admiration had awakened. She had never analyzed her feelings toward Malcolm, nor, beyond the fact that they were agreeable to herself, had she ever attached to them the slightest importance. Her humble estimate of herself had served to set Malcolm—the grave scholar, the to-be preacher and head of a kirk—in a world apart, with which she could have no possible concern. The confidential episode of the morning had been an illuminating revelation. Her heart had been forced to declare itself to itself, and the combative in her woman's nature had risen up in its defense. Malcolm had spoken as a passionate man might speak of a woman—a woman unworthy of him, by Margaret's strict rules of propriety. She had seized upon this as an excuse to speak out boldly. Who might not do as much with right and duty on her side? It was Malcolm's words to her—simple and careless as they were—something in the glint of his eyes resting on her flushed face, the manner of his approach, the mere touch of his hand upon her shoulder, which dragged the personal equation into the controversy, and set a seal of silence upon her lips. For himself and his prospects, for the claims of God and kirk and disappointed parents, Margaret might have wearied Malcolm's ears for days with pleadings and protests against this reckless plunge into outer darkness; but every instinct of her sensitive womanhood shrank from urging a plea, which could be counted by any construction a personal one.

Four days after this, Malcolm flashed a delicately tinted envelope past Margaret's eyes, as he rushed into his room in high spirits, slamming the door behind him. The note left a trailing scent of violets behind it, and Margaret shrewdly conjectured that the "play-house dancer" had received Malcolm's gift, and acknowledged it gratefully. She had a certain vague satisfaction in being a partner to Malcolm's secret, even though she counted it a guilty one, but there was a dull pain at her heart, which kept her awake that night, though she was

generally a sound sleeper. She attributed it to the heat, and sat a long time by the open window, fanning herself, and looking out dreamily upon the moon-lighted fields. There was a slight stir somewhere in the house, presently. It was not the sound, itself, which attracted Margaret's attention, but its continuance. It went on intermittently, never loud above the noise of one moving about stealthily. Malcolm's room was at the opposite end of the hall. Margaret peeped through the keyhole. A dim light showed underneath his door, and she stole back with a shy sense of espionage. She dressed hastily, without having any particular comprehension of the situation, or giving herself any reason beyond a resolution which she had made an hour before, to get up, if she did not soon fall asleep. In a general way, she associated Malcolm's stealthy movements with the affair of the "play-house dancer," and, more directly, with the scented note, but beyond this she did not go in her conjectures. She drew off her shoes, which emitted a tell-tale squeak when she attempted to cross the room, and lighted a bit of candle on a baize-covered stand, which stood in an alcove.

Malcolm's door opened and shut. Margaret heard it distinctly, and listened for the muffled footfalls upon the stairs. A board creaked somewhere outside, then a slip of white paper crackled softly as it was thrust into the bar of white moonlight that lay against her door. She waited to hear the feet stealing away before she snatched it up eagerly, and ran to the flickering candle. Two or three lines were scrawled across the sheet in lead pencil.

"It's now instead of next week—that's all. I can't invent excuses to get off, and the crash might as well come one time as well as another.

For one uncertain moment, Margaret's heart throbbed with the tumult of a great joy. The note in her fingers stood for a secret, which shattered all her hopes, but she forced herself to ignore it in the glad consciousness, tingling to her finger tips, that Malcolm had trusted her, that his best and only word was for her, that her fluttering, palpitating bosom held his secret, unknown to all the world outside. No. She had carried the boast too far, and the bitter truth came up to stab her unreason-

ing happiness. Malcolm had gone—fled in the dead hours of the night, under the lure of another woman's open arms. For an instant, the naked fact was like the snap of a brittle artery in Margaret's brain, whelming all her senses in hopeless bewilderment. A mist swam before her eyes, and she seemed breathing in a closed vault, shut in from air and light. Then, the mist cleared as suddenly as it came, and her eyes glowed in the half-darkness like stars.

She opened the door of her room, and crept along the hallway, then sped down the back stairs, her stockinged feet moving swiftly without sound. The horror of this thing which threatened Malcolm grew upon her, as she stepped into the cool, shade-checkered garden. It was fast shaping itself into an abstract problem of right and wrong, with which she had no selfish concern. A breath of new-mown hay from the lowland meadows drifted up on the breeze, which stirred Margaret's brown hair. It reminded her of the perfumed note, and she seemed to see again the sense of mastery showing in the buoyant poise of Malcolm's lithe limbs. An owl hooted from some faraway leafy covert, the single harsh note mellowed by distance under the silent stars. What a small thing she had been in her simple, unpretending girlhood, as he brushed past her that afternoon with the tinted envelope in his hand. But he had trusted her. He had left his last word for her—his *only* word.

Her eye swept the long stretch of gray road, coming back to nearer objects reluctantly. She remembered that moment of utter bewilderment in the room up stairs. It might have been an hour for aught she knew. She pictured Malcolm far on his journey already, and a torrent of protesting speech rushed up to her lips, offering itself for a bootless service. Then she gave a little stifled cry, as something moved in the shadow of the grape arbor, and Malcolm was beside her, looking down into her white, startled face.

"I thought"—she began in a hoarse, choking whisper, but the words dropped into a murmur of inarticulate sounds. All the strength of her resolve went out of her, as the frank, boyish eyes seemed to read her woman's love as upon an open scroll. She yielded limply, when he drew her close

to him. A partner she was with Malcolm, but a silent partner she must be to the last.

"It's all over, Margaret—that other," he said, softly, and he kissed her lips, which looked like the sealed lips of the dead in the pallid moonbeams. "I've kept it up till this minute, driving myself on with whip and spur, but it's no use. Your words that

day—your face—*something!*" He gulped in an awkward fashion for a hero of romance. "I've been a fool. It's—it's *you* I want, Margaret, not Maz—not the other."

One slender arm crept timidly around his broad shoulders, and she drew his head down to whisper, "We'll be *partners*, Malcolm."

CORM BRADLY'S AWAKENING

By Vingie E. Roe

SHO, now, Rose-Emmy, ye don't mean hit; do ye?" teased the man, lounging his lank length of brown jeans against the mellow timbers of the slanting, half-fallen rail fence that in its youth had enclosed the cabin of Jake Lukes. The girl tossed her pretty head and picked at the gray splinters.

"I shore do hate a man what hain't got no sperit," she said plaintively; "jest looks like he don' keer rightly 'bout hisself or anyone else,—lessen he's a born fool an' cayn't help it," she added hastily, a faint blush stealing up to her soft brown hair.

Corm Bradley looked at her lazily, with slow admiration in his brown eyes. His easy smile of habitual good-nature wrinkled the corners of his wide-lipped mouth. He slid his big hand along the rail and patted her round wrist. "Ye air shore purty, Rose-Emmy," he said irrelevantly.

Rose-Emmy pulled her arm away with more abruptness than was natural to her gentle ways. His easy-going acceptance of every day, with no thought of aught beyond, was the cloud on the girl's horizon. Her heart sank dismally and for a moment fierce resentment against the man flared up; but one look into his face melted her into her overpowering worship of him. Just then another girl, a little older edition of Rose-Emmy, fresh-cheeked, brown-haired, with the straight young form of the mountain-bred girl, appeared in the wide opening between the two rooms of the cabin.

"Rose-Emmy, honey," she called.

The girl turned.

"Comin', Sis Sue," she answered, and then to Corm, "Ye'd best stay an' eat." There was a wistfulness in her voice which reached the young woman on the stoop, but missed the man.

Cormoran Bradley was too well satisfied with life to catch the undertone of longing in that of another. He settled his old hat over his smiling eyes, called a good-bye to the two girls, and sauntered down the mountain-path.

Sue Lukes looked after him and there was a flash of something in her clear gray eyes which turned to softness as Rose-Emmy came under the great gourd vine that covered the whole front of the cabin. "Hongry, chile?" she asked, but Rose-Emmy shook her head. Sue laid her hand caressingly on the girl's shoulder. Rose-Emmy had been the pride of the Lukes household all the years of her short life, ever since the mother died and left the "baby-chile" to the care of the older sister, Jake and the boys. She was gentle and retiring, and the comparison of the country was "purty as Rose-Emmy Lukes."

Ever since she had put on her first long dress, which was early as with all mountain maids, she had belonged as by unquestioned right to Corm Bradley,—Corm Bradley, easy, gentle as herself, procrastinating, a dreamer; content with the joy of every day; putting off from year to year the spoken word which would take her to live in the tiny cabin farther down the mountain. And the heart of

Rose-Emmy was sick with the shame of waiting. Already she was twenty-one, and three or four years past the time when most hill girls were married. And that which made it all the more bitter was the fact that Sue, older than Rose-Emmy by two whole years; sweet, capable Sue who had waited for a different man than what the mountains afforded, was to be married in the fall to George Dennin, storekeeper down at Powell's Corners.

"Ye're pinin', honey-chile," said Sis Sue tenderly, yet with a shade of bitterness in her voice, as they went in together.

"Ef he jest had sperit," wailed the girl, for the first time giving voice to her hurt; "ef Corm jest had sperit!"

Late that night the voice of the older woman carried up to Rose-Emmy tossing restlessly in the "loft," as she sat with her lover beneath the gourd-vine on the rough stoop. And George Dennin, with his arm around her was full of content, for he knew that he had found a splendid helpmate there among the mountains; a woman at once tender and wise and full of resources. And in the cabin down among the pines Corm Bradly, whistling softly, whittled at the fourth leg of the table he had been a year of odd intervals in fashioning by hand, against the time when "Rose-Emmy'll stan' thar beside hit a-mixin' hoe-cakes, an' I'll come in a-bringin' her a squrr'l."

The light from the wide fireplace shone on a dozen things the man had fashioned with loving care—the man who dreamed and pottered, "a-fixin' things for Rose-Emmy"—on a range of shelves which had taken him months to smooth from adzed-out plank, a little stool with rough-carved seat, a great bed and a wonderful settee. These things had filled the last two winters when Corm had worked with his shining knife, sitting back on his heels time after time to note the beauty of his work, lost in his visions of the future that was "a-comin' some time," the fire-light glinting on his hark dair and the forgotten knife in his hand. Then he would fall to again, with slow, careful smoothing of the virgin wood. "She air shore purty, Rose-Emmy air," he would murmur dreamily, comparing whimsically the relative beauties of the picture of the girl standing by the shining table with its ring-carved legs, or bending above the hearth, the light reddening the

edges of her brown hair, or curled softly in the dusk in the corner of the straight settee. But always she was beautiful; so beautiful that Corm was obliged to stop his work and go up the trail to see her and listen to her soft voice. And so the seasons dragged past, and the time "that was a-comin'" had not arrived.

It was warm summer among the hills. A thousand birds called from the heavy-leaved trees and the scent of flowers drifted across every breath of air. The Sunday following Corm's talk with Rose-Emmy across the fence came golden, roseate across the lowlands and up the shelving side of old Bald Knob. Bradly, who loved the dim ways of the woods, called his hounds to heel and struck down the mountain. "Hit air sure fine," he said more than once, worshipping unconsciously the beauty around. For two happy hours he trailed aimlessly, sighting a squirrel in a pine, a chipmunk in a hollow log, laying up for further use the knowledge of a young persimmon tree that would bear first in the coming fall. Then he came out upon the beaten path that led down to the winding road.

As he swung along, the sound of hoofs came beating down to him, and presently, around a sudden turn, he came face to face with Rose-Emmy—his girl—seated upon a black mule, and riding its mate a length behind was George Dennin. Rose-Emmy was clad in all her best,—a little dress of cheap, flowered lawn, a straw hat with a ribbon, and over the dress, to protect it from the man's saddle, was an old brown skirt lying unfastened about the waist, as was the fashion of the mountain women when riding. Clear as day was the fact that the two were bound for "meetin'" down at Powell's Corners. For a moment Corm stood squarely in the path, a vast amazement written upon his features. Then, as Dennin gave him a "Howdy," he stepped aside in silence and they went by. Rose-Emmy had not raised her eyes after the first startled glance, and her face was as white as her dress.

For a long half-hour Bradly stood where he was, trying to arrange his thoughts. Then he struck up to the Lukes cabin. Behind the gourd vine on the stoop sat Sue. Every line of her body drooped against a post. A strange thrill of terror shot through the man. Her attitude seemed to clinch his own vague

fear. When he thrust his face around the leaves it was tense with a pregnant question.

"Sue," he said sharply, "whut do ye hyar with yer feller off—off with—with—Rose-Emmy?" The words cost him an effort.

Sue lifted her eyes. "Whut fer air you a-standin' thar?" she demanded, "Same reason, I reckon."

Silently Corm Bradley turned away and went down among the pines. The world was a changed place; chaos reigned, and he was lost in a whirl of vague anguish that dazed him. Rose-Emmy—Rose-Emmy had gone to meeting with George Dennin, and on the mountain that was the beginning of "keeping company." His slow mind refused to adjust itself at once. It needed time and slow, laborious thought.

He sat in the door of his cabin when he reached it and stared out across the dropping landscape. The sun circled round to the west before he remembered himself. The hounds slept and roused and slept again, and still he was groping helplessly for denial of the thing he saw looming dimly in the future. At last when the splendid day had burned itself low in the glowing sky, the man rose with a long sigh and entered the cabin. The soft cool of late afternoon shadowed it. The owner stood, tall and lank and aimless, in the center of the room.

"Steady thar, steady, Corm, old feller," he said at length. "Hit's all right; hit's boun' ter be—Rose-Emmy—she—" but the words trailed off.

From that day at the meeting the news traveled fast around the mountain that George Dennin had jilted, "cast-off," Sue Lukes for the younger beauty of Rose-Emmy. At the church at the Corners they two sat together each Sabbath, the girl pale and silent, Dennin non-committal, and it was the subject of all comment. Sue never came out, and the pity of the women went to her. As for Corm Bradley, he kept, like a wounded beast, to the mountain ways.

The weeks went slowly by, and the warm summer days began to give place to the haze of autumn, and it was nearing the time when Sue and Dennin were to have been married. Comment and conjecture were rife. Neighbors dropped in to the Lukes cabin and talked weather and religion, but no one was the wiser. Rose-Emmy was drooping like a wilting flower, and they said with dark fore-

boding that it was "a punishment fer a-robin' her own blood an' kin." Sue went about her work, quiet, contained, strong. A woman hinted one day at the state of things, and Rose-Emmy's looks. Instantly Sue whirled on her with fire in her gray eyes. "Don't ye speak ill of our baby-chile, Corilly Marks," she warned, and thereafter no one spoke of the affair to her.

Corm Bradley came no more to the Lukes home. Sue hoped in her heart for what was going forward in his soul, and talked anxiously with George Dennin beneath the gourd vine at night. And then Rose-Emmy, alone upon the hill, met Corm with dogs and gun. It was a glorious day of early fall, and the soft blue haze added its touch of sadness to everything. The man stopped dead still, with no word upon his lips, but the girl, after one look into his worn face where all these days and nights of silent giving up, of acceptance of his anguish, had left their traces, gave one gasp and her blue eyes filled with tears.

"Corm," she said desperately, "Oh, Corm!" and held out her hands. Slowly he took a step toward her, for he was not quick of grasping, but in that moment she turned and fled. And after that day the tangled threads of his trouble were more bewildering than ever.

The first Sunday in October one of the Lukes boys rode over the mountain, bidding the neighbors to a wedding. The whole countryside was tense with excitement. And in the early morning Sue herself appeared at Bradley's door. "Corm," she said, quietly, "ye're bidden." That was all, but her voice, leaden and dull as with pain, shot through the man like a bolt from the sky. He straightened to his full height and threw back his head like a stag struck to the heart.

When Sue had gone, he strode across the tiny room and laid his hand on the shining table. The feel of it cut him like a knife.

"Lord o' heaven!" he groaned, "hit's hard!"

He sank down on the stool, carved with its elaborate design for the pleasure of Rose-Emmy, and buried his face in his arms. All around, on every side, were evidences of his slow toil for her. All his life he had been getting ready for her; for the time that "was a-comin'," and while he waited and dreamed another had stolen his treasure.

The day went its round of golden hours, how he did not know. At times he paced the narrow space, but everywhere the "fix-in's fer Rose-Emmy" smote him. As dusk began to creep upon the mountain the agony in his heart swelled until his hands trembled. Within an hour the wedding would take place. Rose-Emmy was before him,—now her face smiling, again with the tears and outstretched hands, and suddenly he heard her soft drawl across the fence: "I shore do hate a man what hain't got no sperit!" Corm Bradley stopped in the dusk of the room. His great hands shut with a jerk. Spirit! What had he ever had of spirit? He who had idled and dreamed? Without one further thought, he stepped out, bareheaded, into the early dark.

At the Lukes cabin the lights already glowed brightly. At the fence sorry mules stood, and from the house came the hum of many voices. Then a silence fell. The ceremony was early, that the dance might follow. The preacher from the Corners had stepped to place; a circle of wondering faces lined the wall as bride and groom came in from the dark entry, and hushed comments of surprise ebbed back and forth. The minister had just opened his book when there was a stir at the entrance, a voice, strident and stern, cried "Stop!" and Corm Bradley, bare of head, clad for no festive time, strode in among the crowd. His face was set and hard, a light of battle, of resolve, of resistless force, shone in his eyes. His right hand was uplifted as if to strike. For a moment he towered like some menacing power, terrible,

calm, determined. Then as he swept the scene his rigid jaw dropped, his arm came slowly down, the terrible light in his eyes changed to blank wonder. Sue Lukes in bridal array stood beside Dennin on the floor. Then did Corm Bradley heave with a great breath.

"Rose-Emmy!" he called, without volition. "Rose-Emmy!" The bidden guests parted before him as he strode blindly to where she stood, trembling, with her hand against the log wall for support. Corm gathered her into his arms, before them all.

"Come," he said, suddenly masterful, and led her close to Sue and Dennin. "Parson," he said quietly, still white of face, "we'll make hit double!"

It was late in the night when Bradley led his bride across the threshold of the cabin among the pines. He was still in his common clothes, had danced in them for hours. He lighted the lamp on the shelves. Eagerly, lovingly, proudly the girl surveyed the things he had made for her; in his care for her pleasure. Then she turned her face, hard-held against his shoulder. "Corm," she whispered, "hit were fine in ye ter make all these here, these perties; but, oh, Corm, ye was never so fine in all yer life as when ye thought hit were me a-gittin' spliced! I shore do love a man with sperit!" And she sighed happily.

Sue Dennin, on her way to the Corners, smiled in the dark. "Hit worked," she said, and added softly, "an' our baby-chile is happy!"



WHAT HAPPENED IN THE FOREST CHAPEL

By Stanislaus Bruhs

I AM the sacristan of the parish church of Drobycze, in Galicia, and there, last year, I had an adventure I am never likely to forget. A couple of miles from the village there is a small chapel in the woods, erected in the seventeenth century by a Polish Countess. "The Forest Chapel," as it is called, is in the midst of a very dense growth of trees on the summit of a low mound. Local tradition has it that when the Countess was a young girl she was attacked by robbers in the wood, and despaired of her life. In her mortal fear she vowed that if she escaped she would build a little votive chapel in honor of the Virgin, and this resolution was all the more fervent after her rescue by a couple of stalwart peasants.

On July 17, which is the supposed anniversary of this romantic episode, as well on the birth and death day of the foundress of the chapel, it is the duty of our parish priest at Drobycze to say mass in the chapel for the repose of the lady's soul. Thus, in summer the pretty little chapel is much visited, and is greatly venerated by the peasantry.

But in winter, when all the roads and paths in the forest are deep in snow, the door is always kept locked, save only at Christmas. The woods are given over to a solitude broken only by the howl of wolves which come across the Russian border. Their numbers do not seem to decrease in spite of traps, pits and poison. In Galicia the dense forests of the Carpathians are very dangerous by reason of the packs of wolves that roam the country for miles, especially by night. In spring and summer they go hunting in pairs, but the late autumn and winter sees them banded together into formidable packs.

In thickly-settled spots the brutes seldom show themselves before dark, but where the forests are dense and impenetrable cover is at once available, these blood-thirsty beasts quit their haunts in open daylight, boldly approach villages, and even enter small

towns, attacking cattle in the open, and killing school children on their way to school.

Thus it is no wonder that the dense forest around the little chapel should be deserted by all human beings in the depth of winter. But at midnight on Christmas eve, our parish priest sings the first Christmas mass, and then, indeed, the little building is not large enough to hold the devout peasantry who, in spite of deep snow drifts, come from far and near to perform their devotions as did their forefathers for generations back.

Immediately after dinner last Christmas eve, I started for the Forest Chapel to put it in order for the midnight mass. It had been snowing for nearly a week, so I took with me a shovel besides what I needed in the chapel in the way of oil, candles, and utensils. It was arranged that my brother Karl should come with me, but he caught cold, and so my retriever was my only companion.

The weather was really bad. It was not only intensely cold—we in the Carpathians do not mind that, for our December and January temperatures will remain for a week at a time thirty-five degrees below zero—but there was a high and piercing wind which almost took one's breath away, and whirled the snow in stinging, blinding clouds. Even my dog objected to this, and fond as she was of going out with me at other times, I plainly saw she was regretting her favorite corner near the warm stove at home. I leaned against the wind, and waded through the deep snow.

Both Diana and I were glad to reach the cover of the forest, which in some degree protected us from the storm's fury. My dog cheered up perceptibly, and when a hare sprang up before us she could not resist the impulse to chase. I thought she would soon return, but she did not. Five or ten minutes later I called and whistled but there was no sign of Diana, so I went on alone. Finding herself alone she thought it a good oppor-

tunity to run back home to the stove instead of following me.

My first task on reaching the little chapel, was to clear away the snow which had half-buried the door, and the little space in front. Presently I entered and decided to leave the door ajar, feeling sure that Diana would return to me. I then began my work, of which there was a good deal, and it was my intention to get home again before dark. Within a couple of hours I had swept the floor, dusted the interior, and prepared the altar. There now remained nothing save the filling of the chandeliers with candles and the lamps with oil.

I put the lamps on the stone-pavement, between the altar steps and the first pew, trimmed the wicks, and poured out the oil from the big bottle I had taken with me. To do this more conveniently I knelt down on the floor, and was just filling the last lamp, holding it in my left hand, and the oil bottle in my right, when I suddenly felt something pulling and scratching at my right foot and heard the panting of an animal behind me.

"And so," thought I, "the chase is over, and Diana wants to coax me into forgiving her."

"Ah, you rascal," I said aloud, without looking round, "you follow your master again, just when it suits you." To my amazement I had no sooner finished the sentence than I felt two powerful jaws bite me clean through my high boot. With a cry of pain I leaped up and turned, thinking my dog had gone mad. Judge of my feelings when I beheld not my faithful retriever, but a monstrous shaggy wolf standing before me with burning, hungry eyes and bared fangs ready to spring at my throat.

For a moment I was fairly paralyzed. Then stepping back, I hurled the bottle of oil at the horrid looking brute. It broke, but, of course, had no effect. With one spring I leaped upon the altar, and almost simultaneously the furious creature leaped after me. I struck out with a violent kick, which took effect on the wolf's muzzle, and howling with pain the creature retired a few paces towards the door, just outside of which, to my terror, I saw two more large and powerful wolves just about to enter. The one inside, however, seemed the most hungry of the three; certainly it was the boldest and most blood-thirsty, for in a few moments it again ad-

vanced to the attack, while the other two were for the moment, merely passive onlookers.

Meanwhile, I had drawn and opened my pocketknife—the only weapon I possessed, and as the brute, not to be denied, sprang at me again I slashed at its head. Its determination was terrifying, for although cut and bleeding, it had its forepaws on the altar cloth a second later and was biting savagely at my legs, which were fortunately protected by my stout Wellington boots.

This time I stooped from the altar and thrust my knife into the beast with all my force. Instantly it withdrew, its howls of pain echoing strangely through the lonely chapel. I have often wondered whether any sacred edifice in the world ever witnessed so weird a scene. As it retired from me, howling, the big wolf shook itself like a dog coming from the water and joined its companions. I began to hope the horrible creatures would now leave the chapel, but these hopes were destined to disappointment. After a short pause all three came slowly up the aisle, and as they advanced I changed my position on the altar by putting one foot on the tabernacle and the other on the large candelabrum, hoping that this higher position would protect me still better from the new attack, which I felt would be more savage than ever.

Unfortunately, the frame of the altar piece was so narrow as to leave me very little space on which to stand, and I was in no small danger of tumbling down among the savage beasts that were literally thirsting for my blood.

It is of little use to ask what thoughts occupy a man in such a desperate plight. There is but one idea uppermost, and that is the saving of one's life. Suddenly, all three wolves turned and rushed out at the door—why, I do not know. Most eagerly did I listen for the result or cause of this unlooked-for flight. The moments passed and I thought I might venture to leave my exceedingly uncomfortable position on the tabernacle. Could I, I wondered, get down from the altar altogether? My one desire was to get to the door and close it, for I knew that if I could contrive this I might wait without fear in the chapel until the crowds of peasants came to midnight mass.

But no sooner had I taken half a dozen paces from the altar steps, than the biggest

and most savage of the brutes reappeared in the doorway, his hideous, red-gleaming eyes fastened upon me. Instinctively I leaped back onto the altar, and had barely reached my former position, when all three wolves were again at my feet panting and biting, and clawing at the altar cloth. I racked my brain to find some means of evading these devilish things, and wondered whether I could make my way to the vestry door, which was only a few paces to the left. If I could get in there safely, I knew the door was strong enough to resist the monsters.

There was no time to be lost; the upward spring of the wolves was growing more and more furious. Slowly and carefully I moved from the middle to the end of the altar, keeping my eyes ever fixed upon those of the wolves. Soon the moment came when, with one leap for life, I must spring from the altar, and next instant be inside the vestry with the door closed, or else feel the fangs of the wolves at my throat.

The success of my plan depended on taking my enemies by surprise. Just then, one of them had ventured daringly near, and I kicked him so violently on the head that he rolled down the altar steps. The other two hesitated, cowed. The moment seemed favorable. "Now or never," I murmured, leaping for the vestry door, seizing the handle with headlong energy, and picturing myself in safety."

The door was locked!

True, the key was in my jacket pocket, but what time was there to take out, insert in the lock and turn it. A fearful glance behind showed me the cowardly but determined brutes at my heels. I rushed back to the altar, but in my headlong flight for comparative safety, I slipped on a spot where I had spilt some oil, and fell at full length on the stone pavement. I thought my last moment had come. I even fancied I could feel the hot breath of the horrible brutes on my cheek, and the thought made the cold sweat run down my face.

A curious accident saved me from being torn to pieces then and there. In falling, I had knocked down the bell which the altar boys sound at the most sacred parts of the service, and this, striking on the stone floor, gave forth a series of ringing sounds, which which for a moment or two, startled the

cowardly wolves, and barely gave me time to get on my legs and leap for the altar once more.

Again the beasts were upon me, recovered from their fright, with open jaws, hair bristling, and eyes full of fire. For the first time they made a united and determined attack, and strove to pull me down. I kicked out in all directions, but to my dismay, found I had dropped my knife in my fall. I now began to ask myself how much longer I should be able to defend myself against attacks, which were every moment becoming more determined and daring, especially as I no longer had even a small weapon of defence. One's mind works quickly in such an emergency, and as my eye fell upon the heavy candlesticks on the altar, I clutched one instinctively, and with almost automatic movement, whirled it round and dealt the nearest wolf such a smashing blow on the head that it resounded through the chapel.

With this excellent weapon I resolved that, if I could not save my life, I would, at least, put up a good fight. One of my enemies left the combat with a bleeding head, and hope revived in me once more. With still greater energy I struck out at the two remaining wolves. One might have thought that a blow from one of these weighty candlesticks, dealt by a man fighting for his life, would have been enough to mash the skull of any animal, yet every time the wolves came on again to the attack after the shortest of pauses, and with, it seemed to me, more savage energy than ever.

I felt my arms growing feebler, and during the various struggles I had been bitten several times. On one occasion I had great difficulty to drag my leg from the jaws of one of the wolves, and when I was free, gathering all my strength together, I swung the heavy candlestick high above my head and brought it down with terrific force upon the nearest wolf, which dropped instantly, either dead or stunned.

The other two at once drew back from the fight, and sniffed at their fallen companion from every side, pausing now and then to glance upwards at me. I should explain that the fallen brute lay upon the top step of the altar, and its prowling comrades were quite close to me, but kept carefully out of my reach. I thought once or twice, with horror, that they were about to

tear to pieces the prostrate body, and could not help thinking to myself, that in a short while the horrible creatures would be doing the same to me.

A little later one of them did venture closer, and I was able to strike him a heavy blow on the head, staggering him. He ran out of the chapel howling and growling, followed by the second wolf, who evidently did not care to be left alone with the enemy. Once again I hoped I was already the victor in this strange struggle. Unfortunately, the two wolves came creeping back between the pews, evidently bent upon some stratagem, or perhaps eager to satisfy their hunger on their fallen companion.

Meanwhile, to add to the terror of the situation, it was growing dark in the chapel, so that I could no longer see the two wolves in the nave. Their glistening eyes, however, were fixed upon me and shone through the dimness, luminous as coals of fire. In half an hour more, I thought to myself, it will be quite dark, and then?

Minute after minute passed; the darkness increased, and my heart beat so loudly as to be perfectly audible. I was asking myself feebly, was there really no escape, and could I not, somehow, get into the vestry. Of one thing I felt sure—I could not endure the suspense much longer. The fiery eyes in the dusk seemed to fascinate me; the uncertainty, the unrelenting tension was terrible. I thought of swinging down from the altar and fighting the wolves hand to hand, when, like a flash, it occurred to me that wild beasts are terrified by fire. Could I not make at least some sort of a torch? And why had I not thought of this before? With some kind of a flame in my hand I might succeed in getting to the door or frightening the wolves out of the chapel.

I began preparations with all the energy left me. In my coat pocket I had the rag with which I cleaned the lamps; it was saturated with oil and would burn splendidly. But, I argued, it will burn only a moment or two; I must have something more. Cautiously I took off my coat and wound it round and round one of the big altar candlesticks, making it fast with my cravat. Next, I took off the lace-trimmed altar cloth and twisted it over the coat, and lastly tied on the lamp rag.

With great care I held the huge torch be-

hind my back and set fire to it with a match. As long as the flame was small I tried to hide it from these horrible persistent creatures below me, but as soon as the flames began to leap upward, smoking, I suddenly swung round, and with a scream leaped from the altar, brandishing my blazing torch before the eyes of the startled wolves, and shouting and yelling with might and main.

In my right hand I held a second massive candlestick, seized at the moment I leaped down. For a moment or two the wolves stood at bay as if dazed, but next instant turned and fled from the chapel as fast as their legs could carry them, so that when I reached the door nothing was to be seen or heard of my enemies.

Trembling with excitement and in a pitiful condition of weakness, I closed, locked and bolted the front door, and then hurried back to the altar where the third wolf still lay motionless. There could be no doubt that he was dead; yet I did not dare to touch him preferring to beat in his skull at long range. When I was satisfied I had nothing more to fear from the beast, I threw myself before the altar and with ineffable fervency thanked God for giving me strength to overcome the wolves in my terrible fight.

Next, I looked to my wounds, and found the bites in my legs had been very severe and now that the excitement had passed away they gave me great pain. Moreover, I had cut my hand badly when I fell with the open knife in it. However, I bound up my wounds as best I could and prepared for a long wait until the worshippers should come to midnight service. Clearly I could not go out alone into the forest at night, where I might well have encountered more wolves with even less chance of escape than I had in the chapel.

My solitude ended sooner than I expected. About an hour after the end of the fight I heard voices outside the chapel, and the barking of my dog Diana. It seems that when she got home alone my brother-in-law grew anxious and when hour after hour passed without my returning he and a couple of friends set out to find me, supposing that some accident had happened, but of course, entirely ignorant of my terrible fight with wolves on the very altar of the church—an episode which will be a kind of nightmare to me for all time.

A LOST IDENTITY

By George Warburton Lewis

Author of "The Great Intangible," "The Whip Hand," etc.

IT was late in the morning when an insistent hammering on my bed-room door apprised me of one of two things—either breakfast was ready or the house was on fire; but my man Simmons was always demonstrative, so I yawned, emitted a feeble "y-e-s," turned over and snuggled down into a supplemental nap. I had only begun to enjoy this when an insinuating voice from the keyhole further disturbed me.

"Mr. 'Olland, sir, cawn't I fetch hup a pot of coffee and a bit of taecost, sir?"

I almost wished that I had left Simmons to smother his solicitude along with his accent in London fogs. On the other hand, the coffee might do me no harm just now.

"Bring the coffee," I compromised, and thereupon I might have dozed off again had I not seen something which suddenly fixed my gaze in wonder. Paradoxical as the fact may seem, a hand, my own yet not my own, rested upon the bed-covers. The fact was unmistakable. I accepted it calmly, remembering that I might last night have been the victim of my own hospitality. In this admmissive state of mind I made a close inspection of my other hand. It was a perfect mate to the first, and both were indubitably those of a woman! Suppressing a cry of alarm, I sprang out of bed. The elasticity of youth, it seemed, had returned to my limbs, and a strange exhilaration was rioting in my erstwhile sluggish blood. In a trice, I was before a full-length mirror, which revealed to me a truth incontrovertible and yet more amazing, more petrifying than the most fantastic vision of the impossible. Every trace of my former self was gone! My identity was as completely lost as though it had never existed. *From head to heel I saw myself, Doctor Clement Holland, a woman!* My first impulse was to alarm the household. I rushed to the door in the hall beyond which I heard even now the soft footfalls of the returning Simmons. Irresolute, in the grip of a sudden new terror, I paused with my

hand upon the knob. Would the stoical, hard-headed English servant give the slightest credence to my preposterous story? I knew ere I asked myself the question that he would not. At the sight of a woman in his master's bed-room, he would retreat as if pursued by a phantom army of Napoleon, and summon the police. My response to his apologetic knock must have shocked Simmons as much as my changed voice mystified him.

"Take the coffee away, Simmons, and don't come back till I ring for you."

"N-no coffee, sir, did you say?"

"No coffee—and keep away from here; do you hear?"

"Pardon, sir—do Hi 'ear?—Ho, yes sir, perfectly."

A murmur of incredulity softened the sound of receding footsteps without. Had my voice trembled? Could a voice tremble whose every note was a tone of enchantment? So, in the twentieth century had recurred the day of miracles! And I, prosaic Doctor Clement Holland, was to all appearances an early "subject." For once the compliment of priority held a grave significance. In letters grimly plain this metamorphosis for me spelled ruin. I should be dispossessed by law of my every worldly belonging, and ejected from my own house as an impostor, if not indicted for the abduction or murder of the real Clement Holland. I, whose fame as a wizard of chemistry and medicine had been heralded over one-half a continent; I, Clement Holland, in the very bloom of life, had been mysteriously swallowed up in oblivion. Yet my reasoning power was still that of my same old self. It was as if my brain had been transferred to the head of this strange new woman whom I felt myself to be in every particular save mentality. And what a marvelous combination was the result! I wasted no time. Again I was before the long mirror, where I at once stood dumbfounded with a new discovery. I was beautiful—nay, the most surpassing creature that

Clement Holland had ever beheld. There was a feminine grace and imperiousness in my every motion that was truly fascinating, and the more so seen, as it were, from my masculine point of view. Besides, the face reflected in the mirror was that of the One Woman whom I now knew I had lived only to find and win! And this mockery, this cruel mockery of my love-dreams, was maddening. However, I realized that as I had once ruled by power, I must now rule by art. I smiled tentatively. Ye gods! My influence among men was not yet at an end. In that smile I recognized a power more subtle than the most potent decoction Clement Holland had ever invented. I knew that, transformed as I was, I could hope to save myself by no other means than strategy. I began pacing up and down—my favorite way of inducing thought in a dilemma. For some days past I had been carrying on an important experiment in the more secure privacy of this bed-room, and it was in connection with this experiment that I now made a most horrifying discovery. If I may use the expression as my discovery first suggested it, somebody had drunk my experiment! By means of very small doses of this marvelous medicine I had already produced in several animals a remarkable form of hallucination of "mental perversion." For example, a dog on which I had experimented gave every outward sign that he believed himself to be a cat. When startled he would arch his back in an unmistakably feline way, and I had twice seen him make a ludicrous failure of climbing a tree. The decoction had caused a loquacious parrot in the house to divulge the most shocking things relative to the household, and as if conclusively to prove its power-action, the wonderful mixture had caused a dignified cock to relinquish all claims on the strut and clamor of his proud sex and to squat for days, hen-fashion, over a hatching of eggs. These amazing results had been brought about by minute doses; and now some person, obviously, had drunk the entire stock on hand! And could I ever produce that magic compound again—ingredients in the correct proportion, details of mixing and all? Why had I not written out the formula as I went? I cursed myself for a blank fool, and then suddenly catching a glimpse of my new self in the mirror, a thought superinduced by the reflection therein, struck me with much

the force of a solid shot. Champagne had flown too freely last night. The fact was evidenced by two glasses and as many bottles on my compounding table. The glasses were precisely alike and one of them had contained the "experiment." The truth came upon me like a flash. I had taken a dose of my own medicine, and a mighty potent one at that! Strangely enough my composure returned with this revelation, and I forthwith busied my dainty, tapering fingers with mixing a reactionary dose with which I had long experimented, but which had only recently given desired results. Heretofore I had produced it only in small quantities, as the need demanded, not dreaming of the crisis in its manufacture with which the near future would confront me. After two hours of precise measuring and mixing, I suddenly paused with a ladleful of ingredients held bubbling over an oil flame. In the consecutive and proper order of quantities for the admixture, as they passed through my brain, a sun-spot had all at once clouded the crystal of my hitherto faultless memory. One of the ingredients for the compound which promised me restoration had, at the eleventh hour, escaped me. Palsied with vague misgiving, I stood staring at the rows of labeled jars and bottles, but nothing I saw there suggested to me the pinch of powder or globule of liquid that held my fate in the balance. I was doomed. And to augment my terror, the voice of Bertha, the old chamber-maid, suddenly came from the door, accompanied by a knock so emphatic that I rightly guessed it to be a third or fourth attempt to bring me out of my state of coma. Strong emotion often terminates in a sort of doggedness. It accorded with this natural law that I should lay down my work with a sigh, survey once more in the mirror my fascinating person, glide unhesitatingly to the door and admit old Bertha, the maid.

"Good morning, sir," she said in her infallibly good-humored way, glancing at me and, to my utter astonishment, evincing no slightest sign of surprise at my changed appearance. After all, was I still drunk, or, worse yet, had I become a raving maniac from the effect of the sex-changing drug in an over-dose? It even occurred to me that Bertha might be hoodwinking me with affected calmness until she could bring the police without arousing my suspicions. The thought

of such treachery on the part of an old and trusted servant exasperated and determined me. I would come to the point.

"Bertha," I caroled sweetly, "how do you like my make-up—my disguise?"

A puzzled look came over her face as she paused at her work to inspect me.

"I don't quite understand," she said slowly, and waited for me to explain.

"Don't you observe anything unusual in my appearance, Bertha?"

"Nothing, sir, except that your eyes have a peculiar expression; or, upon closer examination, I might venture to say, sir, that your face seems to be a trifle swollen."

"I thought so," said I, convinced now that I was a female only in the way that the dog had been a cat—mentally.

I now went about with more freedom. I donned my male attire—a sober black suit—and in every way *felt* myself to be Doctor Clement Holland, the man; but the mirror again wrought havoc with my every hope—it showed me the One Woman, the fairest creature among all the daughters of Eve. And here was I, standing, as it were, aloof, a witness to the torture of the mental man by the physical woman.

* * *

At a grand ball, a week after the accident which had deprived me of my identity, I was fortunate enough to meet the woman of my heart, Laura Ladd. A year before she had rejected my love and gone to Europe to forget the somewhat dramatic result of her discrimination. She had returned from her long sojourn just in time to be present on the *fete* night when my identity so mysteriously disappeared.

Tonight she was as bright and vivacious as ever, though I suspected that her cheery good-humor was superficial; and I was aware somehow, that my presence actually depressed her. We sat long in an alcove, where I openly charged her with low spirits. She was ingenious enough to admit the truth, after which we both lapsed into an awkward silence. When volatile Laura was morose, you knew that something of a serious nature was the cause. I half divined the character of her thoughts, yet guessed nothing of the alarming truth. I finally succeeded in drawing from her that which caused me to recoil in consternation, dismayed as I might have

been at the revelation of some weazened witch. Laura knew! The terrible secret of my metamorphosis was no longer my own. At first I laughed, thinking surely that her direct allusion must be a bare coincidence. How could I think of one so young and fair in the same breath with diabolical insight and occultism? But the nerve-racking fact remained, and how strange that Laura, my rose unattainable, should share with me a secret so bizarre and yet so vital! I was glad to listen to her review of an incident by me long forgotten.

"Go back to an evening in summer—the summer we spent so pleasurably with the Galloways at that quaint little resort in Ontario," Laura was saying reminiscently. "You will recall a fallen tree which lay half-buried on the cliff at Sackett's. On that tree-trunk you enthroned yourself after the manner of some barbarian king and uttered a prophecy. I laughed at the seeming absurdity of your words then, yet I somehow remembered them, and in the light of recent events I have come to know that you were aught but a false prophet; and since—"

"But the prophesy; I have forgotten what it was."

"Well, your words were downright mysterious. You said in connection with chemical research that genius was no inheritance, but a child of concentrated thought fostered by insistent mental power and made into a marvelous machine of the mind; that you were not the genius that popular opinion declared you, but that your professional achievements were only the rewards of logical research and unflagging persistency. You claimed no credit for the marvels you had wrought in the world of science, but you asseverated that you would shake the earth within a year if the effort cost your own soul. And as a result of the recent successful tests of your experiment I knew what its effect on a person must be. When I came to a knowledge that you had unknowingly taken the magic potion yourself, my misgivings were many. I perceived the skeleton of a ghastly truth in what you had half-smilingly foretold. I feared to call on you in person, but I managed to learn through my maid's intercourse with your *fille de chambre* that you were unwell, and that your manner had lately undergone an unaccountable and mysterious change. The news I thus secretly ob-

tained tallied precisely with what I had expected to hear, knowing as I did of your having inadvertently drunk—"

"But—but no living soul knew of my accident with the experiment! And unless you are reading my thoughts, your statement, if yet kindly solicitous, must be based upon the barest theories."

Laura gave a little impatient gesture, and tilted her pretty head sidewise.

"Verily, my dizzy dreamer," she purred, "'there are more things in heaven and earth than we wot of;—however, I can offer you but melancholy congratulations on the proven success of your experiment.'"

"You understand, then, that I have attained success through myself falling a victim?"

Laura nodded affirmatively.

"And the only foundation for your belief is something in my appearance, is it not?"

"It is not, though I should have guessed by the unnatural lustre and stare of your eyes and by the waxy pallor of your face that you were in the clutches of some powerful opiate. Your conversation, too, is noticeably unlike that of Clement Holland, and your manner, to a student of observation, is positively effeminate."

At this disclosure by one so highly intellectual, well-meaning and dear to me, my heart sank in despair at my obvious inability to keep the secret of my disgrace. I found myself trembling as one set upon by a mild form of ague.

"You fear then?"

I could not deny the charge, no more could I look my fair accuser in the eye.

"You whom the world credits with kingly power in medicine, and who know the secret of assembling the drugs necessary to produce a counter effect—with this soul-saving knowledge you are yet a vacillant coward!"

I was sensible that my most salient quality, one, and I fear the only one, which Laura had actually admired, was fast forsaking me. It was courage; and I knew that the lack of it was equivalent to being despised by one of the noblest girls under heaven. I screwed up my nerve and made an heroic stand by my last gun.

"If I fear, I do so not without reason. I am no longer master of the formula which alone can restore my faculties to their normal state. I trusted my memory; it tricked

me, and as a consequence I am doomed to the tortures of a mental monstrosity."

At this juncture two men, evidently in great haste, appeared in front of the alcove. They were old friends of mine, Williston and Cheever of the army.

"Ah! here's anarchy!" exclaimed Williston, "a plot against the janitor, I take it, inasmuch as everyone else has gone home."

Laura gave a start of surprise, and I sprang up to verify the truth of what I heard. The ball-room was as bare of occupants as the plain of Sahara.

Months wore away.

In the wildest flights of my fancy I had never imagined that any element of the unchosen personality which I still possessed might become an agent of propitiation with the woman whom I had so long loved. Yet it did. Like all women since Eve, and not unlike many subsequent Adams, Laura, paragon though I esteemed her, was not incapable of jealousy.

The love awakened in me by my mirror-woman still endured. At every appearance she delighted me with added charms, fascinated me with a strange, compelling interest. Her beauty lured me in a way impossible to even Laura during my earlier infatuation. To Laura I confessed my deep admiration for the picture-woman, almost estranging from me the former by a full and glowing description of the latter. But my burst of confidence marked the turning of a mighty tide, decidedly favorable to a vagrant ship which I had long had at sea; and thenceforward I noticed that Laura's attitude toward me was somehow different. She was a trifle more tolerant of my not infrequent blunders, and appreciably more generous in giving credit for an iota of tact, a jot of discretion, or a chance act of wisdom. Yet my obtuse brain was long in deciphering the handwriting on the wall; nor did I once suspect the medium through which I had gotten back into a semblance of favor with Laura.

Meantime a new phase of phenomena presented itself, arousing in me much speculation as to its manner of termination. My mirror-idol was undergoing a gradual change. Again I rubbed my eyes and again they told me the same incredible story. With every return of the woman in the glass I saw the presence of the One Woman fading as inevitably as the hues of the rainbow. By

this I do not mean that the apparition was losing aught of its marvelous beauty, or that it was less clear of outline, but that the *presence* was merely changing its form. The process was slow and admitted of so much time in which to ponder the outcome that the whole thing finally got on my nerves and threatened me with a physical breakdown.

One thing impressed me above all others. Day by day, as the mirror-woman slowly changed form, I was conscious that my affection accordingly was being transferred to the resulting new woman. The very thought outraged my every principle of constancy and exasperated me beyond endurance. It argued fatuity and fickleness of character and hinted at powerlessness to govern my own choice.

I now spent nearly one-half my time before the mirror in the hope of thus hastening the end. After a long time I was rewarded by discerning in the New Woman something familiar, a faint resemblance, seemingly to someone I had known. Surely there was no mistaking the similarity of features and contour. As time went on I became more staunch in the belief that the woman gradually growing into my life was no stranger to me; and through it all I was ever in the throes of a vague uneasiness, an indefinable dread.

One day while intently studying the mirror-woman, I suddenly leaped back from the image, quivering from head to foot. A hundred volts of electricity could have given me no greater shock than did my amazing discovery. No wonder the New Woman had seemed familiar to me; no wonder that her beauty had cast a spell over me. I understood now how it had been possible of the New Woman to supplant her bewitching predecessor in my love. In the New Woman, as heaven is my witness, I recognized—Laura! The likeness was so perfect that I found myself wondering at not having remarked it before. With this discovery the long-smoldering fire of my devotion for Laura flared up once more in my callous heart. Laura, my lone spirit-flower of inspiration in life, my will-o'-the-wisp treasure that led me in dream and fancy always to a cruel awakening. Laura, present in my own mirrored person!—mocking my entreaties no more in the old way, yet haunting my vision with forebodings whose portent I dared not even ponder

Salvation came to me in a dream. And when I rose in the morning and found myself in possession of that which meant life and restoration to me, you may be sure that there was in my heart such a carnival of exultation and rejoicing as very few mortals here below have ever experienced.

There was not a single hitch. Every ingredient for the reactionary decoction had come back to me causelessly, and quite as mysteriously as some of them had previously escaped me. So I took the dose and waited, almost jubilant, for the result. For some time there was no perceptible change in the New Woman, and incipient alarm began once more to throb in my bosom. My fears, as I soon came to know, however, were without foundation, for the New Woman was at last beginning to fade; and although I had conceived an almost overmastering love for the apparition, no regret came to me with the knowledge of its going. I felt that my love was too strong to perish through the medium of an influence wielded by anything in the abstract. Moreover, I was in some way conscious that my affection was only leaving the intangible for the real, flesh-and-blood original of the fading picture—Laura!

I was never happier in my life. The mischievous little god that presides over the destinies of starving lovers seemed to be particularly favorable to me. He kindly saw to it that I was an element in Laura's company every time he could invent a reasonable excuse for it, and (confidentially) I suspect that he even went so far as to whisper in her ear flattering things about the doctor, for she now accepted the unpalatable medicine of his uninteresting presence with appreciably more grace than of yore.

And now that the future held something of promise, I lost some of my respect for economy and gave a grand reception in commemoration of an event which only two people knew anything about—the Restoration of Clement Holland; and all of this prematurely and in spite of the fact that the New Woman had by no means disappeared from the mirror.

On the evening of the reception, long after dinner, I sat with Williston and Cheever in the library, whither we had retreated from the throng to await the coming of Laura, who had promised to humiliate us all at chess.

The better to protect myself, the host,

against the conventional intrusion of divers froms of flattery, I had gotten between me and the door a very large mirror which promised to screen me from molestation. Sitting directly before this mirror, I was, of course, in the presence of the New Woman reflected therein. The strange companionship perturbed me not a little tonight. The apparition was not dimming so fast as I had hoped it would, and inasmuch as my own identity was returning no faster than that of the New Woman's faded, I was intensely anxious.

As we three sat waiting around the table, we exhausted our stock of anything to say, and, perhaps without any of us noticing it, a deep silence fell in the room, broken only at intervals by an echoing billow of merriment from some distant part of the house. In this calm atmosphere, engrossed in a study of Laura's wonderful likeness in the looking-glass, my mind became so absorbed with the strangeness and unreality of the picture that I must have either fallen under its hypnotic spell or dropped off to sleep from weariness.

Presently a peculiar, phonographic voice somewhere was trilling: "If I don't tell you, dear old stupid, you will always link me with occultism and witchcraft. It was so simple, had you only thought. Mr. Cheever and I

were exploring for you, and I glanced into your bed-room laboratory from the hall and was horrified to see you drinking from a champagne glass some of that horrid greenish stuff with which you had so long experimented!"

The queer voice was still. I seemed suddenly to drop from the clouds to a realization of my surroundings. How strange! But for the woman in the mirror, I was alone, and—Great Scott!—*the reflection was smiling!* I started back nonplussed, as though confronted by a ghost. The reflection only smiled the more, as though amused at my dumbfoundment.

"Who in heaven's name are you?" I gasped, trepidation chilling my heart.

"I am one whom it seems you have again pledged in poison mistaken for champagne."

The familiar sound of Laura's voice brought me relief. It was indeed she who had come into the room and sat down between me and the mirror. But what had become of the New Woman? My gaze traveled swiftly beyond Laura to the glass, my pulse galloping wildly. In the perfect reflex of the heavy plate I saw only Laura and *my former self*, Clement Holland! The mirror-woman had vanished forever.

THE OLD, OLD WORLD

THIS old, old world is a dreary place
For the man whose pass is a frowning face:
Who looks for the shadows instead of the light;
For the sordid and dull instead of the bright;
Who sees but the worry and labor and strife
Instead of the glory and sunshine of life.

This old, old world is a sad abode
For the man who travels along life's road
With never a laugh and never a song
To lighten the toil as he goes along;
With never a smile or a word of cheer
To shorten the way for his fellows here.

But for him who possesses the saving grace
Of a laughing heart and a smiling face,
Who sings at his work and laughs at defeat,
And looks for the good and the bright and the sweet;
Who cheers on his fellows by word and by deed,
This world is a pleasant place indeed.

Emil Carl Aurin.



A SEARCH FOR GOLD

Harriet Sinclair Kerr

THE little mother loved her children as much as any mother could, but when the twins came through the house like small whirlwinds, for the third time, carrying upon their feet astonishing quantities of mud, which they distributed with great impartiality, she felt that patience had ceased to be a virtue, and that door-mats must be regarded with more attention. Hence the culprits were duly reprimanded and tied to the sewing-machine in her room, to meditate for a half-hour upon the error of their combined ways.

That is, the clock registered but half an hour, but it was an eternity to the little prisoners whose waists were encircled by the rope which allowed them to go only part way across the room.

There were full five minutes during which Jack and Jill wept copiously. (To be sure their real names were Theodore and Marietta, but no one ever seemed to think of that.) Then, they counseled together, and decided that their cruel mother did not love them, or why this wholly undeserved and bitter punishment? Once more the tears flowed freely, but finally were dried as a great plan evolved. They would run away from their unloving mother that very day! They would follow

the creek that led to the big cemetery, and would seek for gold as they went. Had they not heard grandmother tell how gold had been found in the creeks of California, and could not rich people do many things impossible otherwise? To have gold meant to be rich—already they knew that.

"Then," remarked Jill, "when we have heaps and heaps of gold we will come back, and our mother will be sorry she punished us so we had to run away."

"We won't come though, for years and years, maybe," supplemented Jack; "but when we do we will give her and father lots of nice things, if they'll just behave themselves."

A minute was spent in deep reflection, and then Jack spoke again.

"We must take some knives," he said, "for the gold is underneath the dirt, and we will have to dig it out. I'll get some old garden knives in the cellar, and you get into the pantry when Mary isn't around, and put a lot of cookies into a bag. We might starve before we found the gold, you know. Then we'll steal out through the back yard, and follow the creek to the cemetery, where nobody will think of looking for us. You see, we won't want to come home for a long time after we find the gold, and we musn't let anyone know where we are."

Very shortly their mother entered, and the

culprits were released with the charge to go and sin no more. By five o'clock their respective raids upon cellar and pantry were completed, and they had started upon their perilous journey. So small were they, that the tall grass through which they hurried, often hid them from view, but they had much trouble in suppressing Trix, the dog, who insisted upon barking delightedly at their heels.

When they reached the big creek, Jill was anxious to begin the search at once, but Jack wisely counseled getting a greater distance from home, first. They would eat a cookie apiece now, however, he conceded, that they might feel better able to work when they *did* reach a more convenient spot.

When they had gone nearly a mile from home, the distance to their young eyes seemed very great.

"Well, little folks, where are you going?" called the village doctor, as he drove leisurely past.

"We're taking a walk," declared Jack, brazenly, while Jill blushed, guiltily.

"Oh, Jack!" she whispered, when the doctor had passed, "how could you tell such a lie?"

"It wasn't a lie," maintained Jack, stoutly. "I guess we *are* taking a walk, and it's none of Dr. Spencer's business, either." Then he added, in a bitter tone, "Girls are so silly always, anyhow. I wish I'd come alone."

"Don't say that, Jack," begged Jill, the tears filling her eyes. "It hurts me inside when you talk like that."

"Well, don't you call me a liar, then," he commanded, sternly. "I guess I ought to know better than you when I lie."

Not far from the old cemetery the stream made a little turn, and here it was decided to begin the search for gold. The cookies were safely wrapped in Jack's coat and placed where Trix could not confiscate them, while armed with their knives, the twins began their attacks upon Mother Earth, but she stubbornly refused to yield them gold, as she has refused many another seeker before and since. They worked on perseveringly, however, despite the fact that Jack once slipped, and was thoroughly drenched in the creek, while Jill got wet and muddy in helping him out. The August air soon dried both tears and wet clothing, though, and there was a breathless moment when Jill thought she had found

a diamond like the one which sparkled in her mother's ring. But it proved to be only a bit of glass, which cut her finger so cruelly that her lamentations were very audible.

Finally, very tired and discouraged, the gold seekers decided to give up the search for that day, and, followed by the hungry and ever-faithful Trix, they made their way into the cemetery. They had never learned to fear death, and entered without a tremor.

"Let's go and sit by our baby brother's grave," said Jill. "There's lots of pansies there."

They established themselves comfortably, and with Trix's assistance, soon made way with the rest of the provisions. They sighed a little, however, when the limited meal was was over, and a vision of the bountiful table at home, rose before them.

"They were going to have custard pie tonight," said Jill, gently,

"Let's not talk about it," answered Jack, blinking back the tears. He felt the need of changing the tone of the conversation. They were both very tired, and the recollection of two empty white beds gave them a feeling of homesickness.

"Isn't it funny," asked Jack, with assumed cheerfulness, "that we can't see the souls inside of us? But they're there just the same," he added, piously.

"Yes," replied Jill. "And mother says that sometimes God comes along and calls to the soul part, and it slips out and flies to heaven with Him. Only of course it can't go or fly, or anything, till He comes for it," she explained further.

"It would be fine to fly everywhere we wanted to go," said Jack, with some show of enthusiasm. "We could go back and see whether father and mother felt bad because they were so mean to us; and they couldn't see us at all."

"What fun!" cried Jill. "And Mary says the streets in heaven are made of gold, so we might bring 'em back a big lot to make up for not finding any today." Her voice broke at this point in spite of her first joy at the thought.

"I can see heaven now," cried Jack, looking toward the west where the sun had just set. "Where that line is, 'way 'way off there is the end of the world, and just above it, where the gold shows, is heaven, but nobody knows how to get across untill God tells 'em."

There was a little pause before Jill said: "I wonder if God don't come long here every night. Maybe if we went to sleep here, He would see us and know we want to be called. We can't go home," she added, brokenly, "because our mother doesn't love us, and our father always feels just like mother about us. We haven't got anything more to eat, and we didn't find a spec of gold to sell and get rich; but if God took us over to the gold country it would fix everything all right, and maybe He'd let us come back real often to see 'em."

"Let's go to sleep, then," acquiesced Jack. "I'm awfully tired working so hard. First, look down my throat, though, and see if you can see my soul. I've been shutting one eye and trying to see in my mouth, but it's no good."

He opened his mouth and threw back his head. The little maid peered carefully into the aperture.

"I can't see anything but your tongue wabbling around, Jack!" she said at length.

He sighed resignedly.

"Well, let me look for yours, then," he said, as he tipped back her head.

"I see it!" he cried, excitedly, after a moment's inspection. Jill closed her mouth suddenly, and jumped up in a fright. "It was just peeping up, but when it saw me it ducked down again."

"Let's not talk about it," pleaded Jill, with a shudder.

"Why, you goose," commented her brother, "you carry your soul around with you all the time; so why are you scared of it now?"

Jill could find no argument which would seem to justify her sudden feeling of responsibility in regard to her soul, so proposed that because of their weariness they at once go to sleep. They pillowed their heads on the little grave, and with Trix at their feet, soon slumbered peacefully.

The twilight deepened over the garden of sleep, and then the stars came out, but the tired little fugitives did not know it. At last, however, they were aroused by the frantic barking of Trix, as he bounded over them and went flying down the road. With great fear and trembling they sat up and looked about them. Gradually they recalled what had happened, and drew closer to each other.

"That must be God coming along the road with a lantern," whispered Jill. "Trix will give us away, anyhow, so we might as well show Him where we are."

"Children! Children!" came a deep voice.

"Here we are, God!" they cried, trembling with excitement, as they scrambled to their feet and started in the direction of the light. A second lantern came flying down the road now, and Trix bounded to meet it also, barking excitedly, his delight.

"My children, where have you been?"

The words came more in sorrow than in anger, as both little forms were caught up in a pair of strong arms.

"Why, it's father!" cried two surprised little voices.

"We thought you were God," Jack added, by way of explanation.

"And here's mother, too!" cried Jill, as the second light came nearer.

"Oh, Jack! Oh, Jill!" The mother's tones were reproachfully and tearfully tender.

"Why did you run off in this way?"

"Because you tied us up, mother, and didn't love us any more, we thought," said Jack, bravely. "We've been looking for gold, and we were going to bring you some—only—we haven't found it yet," he added, apologetically.

"And I cut my finger—and oh, mother, did you really love us all the time?" cried Jill, bursting into tears.

"All the time," replied the little mother, as she drew both children to her and kissed them. And somehow, in that moment, the little seekers unconsciously realized that the object of their search had been attained.

LITTLE HELPS FOR HOME-MAKERS

FOR THE LITTLE HELPS FOUND SUITED FOR USE IN THIS DEPARTMENT, WE AWARD ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE. IF YOU ARE ALREADY A SUBSCRIBER, YOUR SUBSCRIPTION MUST BE PAID IN FULL TO DATE IN ORDER TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS OFFER. YOU CAN THEN EITHER EXTEND YOUR OWN TERM OR SEND THE NATIONAL TO A FRIEND. IF YOUR LITTLE HELP DOES NOT APPEAR, IT IS PROBABLY BECAUSE THE SAME IDEA HAS BEEN OFFERED BY SOMEONE ELSE BEFORE YOU. TRY AGAIN. WE DO NOT WANT COOKING RECIPES, UNLESS YOU HAVE ONE FOR A NEW OR UNCOMMON DISH. ENCLOSE A STAMPED AND ADDRESSED ENVELOPE IF YOU WISH US TO RETURN OR ACKNOWLEDGE UNAVAILABLE OFFERINGS.

STUFFED PRUNES

Mrs. Stephen T. Sackett, Tarrytown, N. Y.

Cook prunes until soft, take out stones and stuff with chopped walnuts. Serve with whipped cream.

A NEW TOASTER

By Mrs. J. M. Dobson, Washington, D. C.

This may not be original or new, but it is so useful that I give it.

No one likes burnt toast, yet those who use gas, gasoline or blue-flame oil ranges know that it is very difficult to toast bread over the flame of either without scorching the slices to a coal. I took wire mosquito netting, a piece 10 inches wide and 30 inches long, and doubled both ends under, so as to have three thicknesses 10 inches square, pounding down the edges to make the folds lie close. I then put it over the gas stove burner, burned all the paint off, and had a perfect toaster.

To use it, light the gas and lay the toaster on the flame. The flame does not come through, but spreads out and makes the toaster red-hot, like glowing coals. It will last a long time.

Bread is best toasted if dried a little on each side before holding it over the hot wire.

BUG PROOF HEN'S NESTS

By Geo. S. Rowley, West Palm Beach, Fla.

Make hens' nests out of pine needles or, in fact, the foliage of pine, spruce, hemlock, cedar or any coniferous tree, picked fresh and green, and no lice, fleas, gnats or bugs of any kind will trouble the hens. If fresh foliage cannot be had, dried foliage will do, but is not so good. If neither is procurable, then use more or less pine, spruce, hemlock, or cedar sawdust, which is nearly as good.

PILLOW-CASE PROTECTION

By Mrs. A. F. Cox, Ogden, Illinois

To wash sheer white waists, infants' dresses, Battenburg centerpieces, etc., place in a pillow-case (one piece in each case) and tie a cord around the mouth of the case; wash in the washing machine with the weekly washing. It need not be removed until the article is ready to be rinsed and bleached. Articles washed in this manner last much longer, and one need have no fear of their being torn in the process.

FOR A DRAWER THAT STICKS

By E. B. Dodge, Springfield, Mass.

Use spermacetti or any hand soap which will never become rancid or foul-smelling; for a tight-fitting drawer, sliding screens in windows or for lubricating wood-runs nothing equals this method. Have proven this.

AN EGG TEST

By Mrs. Charles M. Morion, Lansing, Mich.

To test the freshness of eggs, put them in a bowl of water. New-laid eggs will remain at the bottom; less fresh eggs will float a little way from it, and bad eggs will lie on top of the water. The higher the water the staler the egg is the rule in this test.

SOAPY FINGER-TIPS

If you are about to engage in dirty work, say gardening, rub the finger-tips along a cake of soap, getting it well under each nail. This will prevent unpleasant material from lodging there.

FROSTY WINDOWS

By Mrs. Caroline Evans, Ottumwa, Iowa

To keep windows free from frost, rub the glass with a sponge dipped in alcohol.

MENDING KNIT GOODS

By Mrs. W. O. Merrill, Sergeantville, N. J.

When repairing knit goods or darning stockings, do the work on the bias on the wrong side—a weaver's advice—it gives with the strain and will not break around the darn as quickly as if done on the straight of the goods. Thin places can be darned one way or "run" with rather a long stitch on the wrong side, as old-fashioned people used to run the heels of home-knit stockings. When it breaks between the stitches it can be crossed, taking up the threads, making a neat darn much easier than if left until it becomes a large hole. Frequently a great hole if examined closely will prove a straight tear, and if queen stitched together and darned across the join it will be quickly done and look neat. To queen stitch, take up first one edge and then the other from the under side; if properly done, the edges will come together perfectly.

HOME-MADE LINOLEUM

By Molly Brown, Brooklyn, N. Y.

To make a good home-made substitute for linoleum for the kitchen floor, take any old carpet that is whole but too shabby to use, clean it thoroughly and tack it down smoothly on the floor. Then make a good thick boiled starch of flour and water. Rub a coat of this starch into the carpet with a whitewash brush, and in about twenty-four hours or when the starch is thoroughly dry, give it a coat of paint—any color desired. When the paint is dry give a second coat, and you will have a cheap and durable floor-covering equal to linoleum at about one-fourth the cost. By giving it a coat of paint once a year it will last for years.

CANNED CORN

By Ella Tutthill, Flushing, Mich.

Cut and scrape from cob fourteen cups of nice sweet corn. Add one cup of salt and two cups of boiling water; cook well three-fourths of an hour, stirring often to prevent burning. Put up in glass jars, just as you would fruit, and store in cool, dark place.

When needed for use, turn the can into an earthen dish and cover well with boiling water, let stand one hour; then turn off the salt water and cover again. Turn off again and season with milk and butter; add one tablespoonful of sugar, let come to a boil and serve.

FOR WASHING HEAVY OVERALLS

By Mrs. E. D. Stoner, La Land, N. M.

For the benefit of women who have men's heavy overalls and shirts to wash:—Instead of rubbing on the washboard, the usual way, spread them on the board and brush with a scrub-brush and plenty of soap. It will save the wear of both hands and garment.

SNOW-BLIND EYES

By H. H. Hawkins, Cimarron, N. M.

Bind on scraped potato and renew often until relieved.

FROZEN HANDS AND FEET

Hold in kerosene (coal oil) until blood circulates.

FOR TIRED EYES

By Clair M. Wightman, Farmington, N. M.

Bathe your tired eyes in salt water and you will be astonished at the strength it gives them.

BREAD-MAKING

By Mrs. C. A. Duncan, Wellston, Okla.

Make yeast as follows:—One teacupful of flour wet with water, and whipped well to a foam; set aside for two hours, then add two tablespoonfuls of white sugar, two tablespoonfuls cornstarch, one-half teacupful good yeast of any kind well dissolved. Stir well and set aside until next night, and it is ready for use.

For baking and adding yeast, take three pints luke-warm water and stir into it enough flour to make a stiff sponge; then add the above yeast. Let this raise real light, and when light put one teacupful in glass jar and cover with sugar for next baking. Salt and mix the rest into stiff bread, the same as for any other light bread. Use yeast in glass jar for next baking, and save out each time for the next baking, but do not add any other yeast. More water may be added to sponge if a longer baking is desired. This can be used for years and never fails to make nice bread.

SALT—THE "OLD RELIABLE"

By Mrs. E. Cora Reed, Moorheadville, Penn.

Before closing my house for the summer season I sprinkle table salt over my rugs and carpets, carefully and lightly sweeping over them with a broom. I am never troubled by the moths having eaten them during my absence, and the salt brightens the colors besides. When in the woods we all use salt water for our toilets and find we are never bitten by the mosquitoes after having done so. Insects hate the taste of salt, and it is a simple and harmless remedy which I would like all to try.

CREAMING BUTTER AND SUGAR

By Samuel L. Williams, Lead, So. Da.

When creaming butter and sugar for a cake, use a common wire potato masher; it saves time and is better than the old way.

SUGARING DOUGHNUTS

When sugaring doughnuts, instead of rolling each one in sugar try putting the sugar in a sifter and shaking it over them. It saves quite a little time.

WHILE WAITING FOR THE DOCTOR.

By R. E. Tilden, Tonapah, Nev.

Pneumonia often comes with a cold and the patient has violent pains. When pains first commence get a box of mustard and mix a poultice of it with milk and white of an egg. Make on cheese cloth and apply direct to parts that have the pains; renew poultices till pains disappear, and use other medicines as customary to help persons having severe colds. If taken in time, pneumonia can generally be checked by the mustard plaster.

CURE FOR CHILBLAINS

By Hattie E. Flopper, Pierport, Mich.

Wash enough turnips to fill a kettle, boil an hour or more, pour off the water and use as foot-bath as hot as can be borne; in two or three days repeat if necessary.

TO SEPARATE CAKE FROM BAKING-TIN

By Miss E. Bowen, East Aurora, N. Y.

If a dampened cloth is put under a cake-tin as soon as the cake is removed from oven, the steam will loosen cake from tin.

MOVABLE SHELVES

By A. L. Ensworth, Wellsboro, Penn.

For walls—back of kitchen stove, say, or anywhere in any room—screw into wall at such place as one may choose, two screw hooks, at proper distance apart. Take shelf of desired width and length, with brackets attached, and into the edge drive two small staples so spaced as to match the hooks—and hook on.

As extension to window-sill, to accommodate flower-pots, etc., take a shelf, as before, and into edge screw two small square screw-hooks; into edge of sill drive two small staples, and attach shelf.

The shelf can be put in place or removed as readily as one would take up or lay down a book. Have used the devices for years, and find them a great convenience.

CLEANING WHITE CANVAS SHOES

By Maude Mair, Waukesha, Wis.

With a clean cloth dipped in alcohol, remove the grass stains. Then, after the shoes are dry, rub magnesia thoroughly into the muddy spots and soiled places, leaving it on for an hour or so; then brush it all out and all of the dirt will come with it. Magnesia can also be used very effectively to clean the hem of white skirts that do not show any signs of dirt except soiled bottom.

A BRILLIANT POLISH

A brilliant polish and one which lasts well for constant use on a cook-stove or range, is made by mixing the black-lead with coffee or ammonia, to form a liquid. Either is excellent; whichever is nearest at hand may be used.

BIRCH BARK SOLES

By Harriet E. Brackett, Limington, Me.

People who are troubled with cold feet or chilblains should try birch bark innersoles. This advice came from an old hunter and trapper.

CLEANING BEANPOTS

If a beanpot is hard to clean, put a little ashes in the bottom, fill with water, set in the oven, and in a few hours the pot will wash easily.

A NEW USE FOR RAW POTATO

Raw potatoes put through the meat grinder and sprinkled over the floor before sweeping will prevent the dust from rising and will not injure either hard wood floor or carpet.

MATCH-SCRATCHER

By Freda Agatz, Helena, Mont.

Fasten a bristol board nail-file to the wall where matches are apt to be scratched, and you will have no further trouble with marred walls.

FOR DAINTY FINGERS

By Edwin H. Trautman, Columbus, O.

To remove ink stains from the fingers, rub the brimstone of a match over the soiled parts.

NEW USE FOR CAYENNE PEPPER

By E. F. McBride, Salesville, Ohio

To drive flies from a room, try the following: Close the room tightly, smolder some cayenne pepper on a hot coal, open door quickly and the flies may be driven out easily.

THE HAPPY HABIT



LET me tell you a secret. I choose the gloomiest day that comes along—and it is usually a Monday morning—to write to Happy Habitors. I have been down to the office and taken a look at the “trouble corner,” and have come back ready to dash to the desk and grab my notes and write. Horrors! the notes are gone. The room has been “swept and garnished.” Then, suddenly I remember that, in order to have those papers handy—I left them on the floor,—under the desk on Saturday night. “They have been swept out and burned,” I bewail.

Lo! Now the gracious lady of the household comes to the rescue and bravely pulls the notes from the furnace—autumn fires burn slowly—and I proceed joyfully with the charred remains to my study. ’Twas only a phantom trouble after all.

Without is autumn gloom but as I sit down—all the beautiful memories of the recent reunion of National readers come thronging back. Those rows and rows of bright faces that I saw at the Jamestown Exposition that day are recalled; can you imagine that for one minute I could be aught else than serene?

* * * * *

On this gloomy day, beginning with a troublous morning, a spirit of content grows upon me. Perhaps it is because I rescued those half burned notes, but somehow it comes to me with renewed force that two of the great things in life are real work—that is worth the doing—and love. To this add optimism, a reasonable and eager hope, and you have certainly the ingredients for happiness. There is a spirit of worship in work, recognized by the monks long ago in their proverb “Work is prayer.” The same spirit exists in true love, that impels us to high ideals, and calls out the best, the truest, the noblest sentiments we possess,

“We needs must love the highest when we see it.”

Real joy and happiness often exist in the weariness of toil, and in striving to live up to an ideal and be worthy of love. There is no great mystery in this, for real troubles have their part to play in life, after all, a great many of them are mere phantoms, that vanish as the sunlight dispels the gloom.

* * * * *

HAVE you ever let memory play on the scenes of long ago—that picture gallery that needs no massive gilt frames or castle hall to show it to advantage—a quiet hour of reverie reveals many a lovely picture.

Now I am reminded of a Christmas years ago when the cool, crisp December air had hardened the snowy roads into miniature ravines, over which the sleigh runners bumped, now up, now down. There had been a keen frost, and in the air was the odor of garnered hay, oats and corn and withered vines. The horses could be heard champing in the stable at early morning, as though glad that the fall work was completed. The “surviving” turkeys came from roost in triumph, as though proud to have escaped the “feast.”

Father always started early in the morning to get the plum pudding ready. The huge boiler was the only one in the house considered large enough for his purpose, and after it had been duly scoured he proceeded to fill with water and set it on the fire ready to boil the plum pudding, in remembrance of the old days in Walton, on the banks of the Thames, in England.

Once inside the kitchen—oh, those aromas, the turkey—the pickles, the cranberry, the mince pie, and a dozen other dainties! it makes me hungry to “think o’ it.”

Slices of father's pudding were sent to the four quarters of the globe, in order to carry out the tradition that for each plum pudding tasted, a happy month in the year is insured. In those days our arithmetic was a little weak and we youngsters used to gorge ourselves in order to have fourteen happy months instead of twelve. Talk about mince pies as dream producers—a piece of that cold pudding just before retiring—how good it tasted—would make the wild imagination of Edgar A. Poe "A Midsummer Night's Dream" in comparison.

There were always plenty of raisins and we all played little Jack Horner, and—instead of eating in the correct manner "pulled out a plum," when mother was not looking. We wondered then, and to this day the mystery has never been solved, why raisins are called "plums" in a pudding.

That day we went to church, but mother remained at home to see that everything was ready, because the minister was coming. We heard the old hymns, "Come, let us adore Him." "Hark, the herald angels sing!" and the reading and the prayers. A terrible gnawing in youthful stomachs, an unappeasable longing to get home for dinner, mingled with the sermon and in the background were the thoughts that later there might be skating on the pond, and there was "no school". We liked Christmas better than Thanksgiving because it sometimes came on a Friday, so that we had three whole days without lessons.

How the blessing of the good old elder on the Christmas feast stands out in memory. It was the longest blessing ever heard, but finally the turkey was brought in state. How brown and crisp it was! How its legs and arms were raised to heaven, defiant even in death. Then there was that dressing—the odor of that thyme and sage! a flavor that might have inspired even an anchorite. The small boys must await their "turn" until the very last. It seemed an age before the great plates of the best dinner set came our way—and then—and then. Great sighs of regret were heaved, as we realized that we had completed our storage before the mince pie was handed around.

There never was such a short afternoon as the one that followed that Christmas dinner. Even when we went down to "T. A. Kellett's & Wife's" to have our pictures taken, right after dinner, it seemed as though the sunlight had passed away with the eating of the turkey and the pudding. While the photograph was being taken we had another sermon from the good, little man with the long whiskers, who in addition to being the village photographer had the distinction of being a "local preacher," and, incidentally, the inventor of an oil stove which could be utilized on any ordinary kerosene lamp and bring "millions"—

* * * *

There was that party in the evening—one of those real, old-fashioned "surprise" parties. The old wagon box was fixed with seats along the sides, plenty of blankets were put in and over the rough roads we joggled—a sovereign cure for indigestion—if we had known of such a thing in those days. We were to give a "real s'prise" to the popular young girl, but we found the to-be-surprised one attired in her best, with "bangs" correctly laid upon her forehead, and "not a hair astray" either in her raiment or the house. Everything was suspiciously right. Of course we did not whisper that she knew anything about it, but it did look as though she *might* have had an inkling—but she acted well the part as we entered and "laid off our things." A few of us awkward fellows backed off along the wall, looking for a quiet corner wherein to decide "where to put our hands," while we keenly envied "Chevalier George," the only boy in the village possessed of a real gold ring, and who had an unfailing supply of jokes at command. He was at every gathering,—and we sighed to be just like him. Guy was with us, too. He suffered from a chronic sore throat and always wore a red flannel around his throat, a cravat of distinction betokening that his health had to be considered and his feet kept dry.

It did not take long for the first strange shyness to wear off, and in a little while we were making candy in the kitchen and popping corn with a steady fire, like small artillery. After that of course we had games. Those rare old games! I laugh now when I think of them. There was "post office." Better not tell anything about that. There was "Spat 'em out," when I came in with knees all a-tremble, and stood looking about the room to catch, perchance, some tell-tale gleam in the eye of those whom I thought might choose me. The faces were like masks and I wandered around the circle amazedly. Finally, methought I saw a gleam of intelligence

in the eye of a little miss with floating curls, who sat demurely in one corner. I advanced; she did not frown but shyly looked at me; I shyly looked at her, sidewise. She did not seem unkind. She even smiled. I sat me down upon the extreme edge of the chair, but—how changed one moment later. No actor on the boards, facing a great audience, could be more appalled than I at the sibilant hiss that arose, as my friends and companions "spat me out." What aggravated me most was the smirking complacency of the three or four who had been better guessers than myself, and who were serenely enthroned beside the chosen ladies, while Miss Curls giggled.

Then there were the fines to pay. No twenty million dollars Standard Oil for us—"fine" and "superfine" were good enough, and in our opinion a "double shovel plough" was a mighty good thing. If Rockefeller felt as we did about fines, he would have had them come along as often as possible. We liked to have our fines furious and speedy.

The delight of going back to those old days, and then to consider the things that we call "pleasure" now—the things that money and ease can offer. These are what are supposed to make happiness for us today, but true joy was in that farm house that night, with its mottoes, "God Bless our Home," "What is Home without a Mother?" and other wise and simple sayings sewn laboriously with wool on canvas, and then framed, mementoes of the leisure hours of the women of the house when they were school girls. The old chromos on the walls, the rough rag carpet, with its streaks of color; the whatnot and the sea shells, the hair cloth furniture of the type that impressed Charles Dickens so unfavorably—and no wonder—the marble top table, the brilliant flowers of surprising colors that adorned the wall paper; the pungent smell of the crackling wood in the stove.

How we looked at the old clock on the shelf, and were exasperated at the way the hands kept pushing their way toward midnight.

"It can't be so late as that," was the chorus of remonstrance.

Strictly at twelve we knew that Papa Hatch's rule would be enforced, but when the room was darkened for a charade, "Wildy" bore down on the clock and shoved the hands back. How funny it was to see Papa Hatch come in and look over his spectacles with an air of surprise to see how slowly time went that night, and how far off was the holy midnight hour. At last the boys went after the lanterns to "hitch up," and don, out in the entry, the knitted mufflers that, given as Christmas presents, were treasured from one year to another, proud mementoes of someone's loving care. There was no lull in the cherry laughter on the homeward way when jokes, and stories and moments of quietude—told of happy mortals.

We sang all our old songs, from "Bonny lies over the Ocean" to "Good bye, my lover Good-bye," and the impromptu verses of our village poet were a little halting in meter but strong on the rhyme.

The village watchman blinked at us as we passed the corner by the drug store. He flashed his dark lantern as a signal to be more quiet because the folks were trying to sleep.

We distributed passengers one by one at their homes. A happy Christmas day had passed.

* * * *

It is so gratifying to find, in many of the letters that come to my desk, some allusion to old days. Sometimes it is a friend from whom I have not heard for years; or it may be a new friend who tells me of *his* old times. Every reader discovers romance and beauty in his or her own life history. There is nothing in the world so interesting as personality, and no mortal but has a treasure trove of pleasant memories, those simple happenings that come thronging to the mind as we look back and feel the glow of content that comes from happiness safely garnered and work well done, making us strong today to toil and love. Happiness is not an accident of birth or environment—it lies within the human being. A hundred simple pleasures are ready that may be enjoyed at will when we cease to waste time nursing wrongs, slights and grievances in general.

We make up our minds to be Happy Habitors, recognizing the obligation to make happiness for ourselves and others—on Christmas and every other day.

Ar Mitchell Chapple

THE RAILWAYS AND THE PEOPLE

ABSOLUTISM BEING REPLACED BY CO-OPERATION

By W. B. Barr

HARKING back to the days when E. P. Vining ruled the traffic movement of the Union Pacific Railway under the skilled tutelage of Jay Gould, and remembering the absolutism that was then a railway policy, it seems impossible to imagine the sentiments expressed by progressive thinkers today. When F. A. Delano, president of the Wabash Road under a younger Gould, can conscientiously say what he does, it is a change as modern and as radical as any upheaval we have known. To the representative of a railway magazine favoring the greatest publicity, he recently stated his position in this forcible language:

"I agree entirely with your attitude in this matter, and I think that there is only one certain and sure way of overcoming the feeling of distrust against corporations: namely, by what (to quote scripture) is called, 'patient continuance in well doing.' For people who have been in the attitude of 'free-booters' all their lives to turn around and say, 'now, we intend to be good,' may be a nice indication of reform, but it does not carry conviction with it. Towards those interests the only way to change public sentiment is by 'actions, which speak louder than words.' It is a lot easier to talk than to perform, but the public is finally going to be convinced by performance rather than by talk."

In referring to scriptural precepts as pointing the way for correcting evils that have existed, there is a recognition that must appeal to the most sinister reasoner, of unwarrantable impositions upon the rights of the public in the past and intent to remove them. The whole tenor of his position is that of frankness, a clear understanding of what is necessary in future, and entire absence of excuse by justification of what has gone by.

Another evidence of favorable conditions, when compared to those that are disappearing, and worthy the attention of the most radically disposed, whoever they may be,

are the sentiments voiced by W. B. Biddle, vice president of the Rock Island-Frisco System, whose advanced opinions are presented in these clear terms:

"Referring to the agitation of railway affairs, which has occupied so much of the public's attention during the last two years, would say that I believe, so far as national legislation is concerned, that it is the natural result of the feeling on the part of the public at large, that the railroads were pursuing, and had always pursued, as a matter of principle, the policy that was credited with having been advocated a good many years ago, by an unfortunate exponent of independence.

"I believe the railroads themselves are largely responsible for this feeling, because, either through indifference or press of business, they have never made any attempt to take the public into their confidence, or to reply to attacks made upon them through the press or other sources, and have never attempted to explain their conditions and difficulties so that the people generally might know their side of the case.

"So far as any national legislation that has been enacted up to this time is concerned, I believe that, strictly adhered to, it will be of equal advantage to the shipping-public and the carriers. I believe it affords a protection to the carriers to which they are entitled, and which they have never heretofore had.

"I also believe that it is a protection to the business man who wants to pursue honorable methods in the handling of his business, and also affords adequate means for redress in case he feels that he is not receiving fair consideration.

"The legislation that has been enacted in the various states is of an entirely different character, and aside from the effect on the revenue of the carriers, which no one is able to measure at this time, but which every one admits to be serious, I fail to see how the

THE RAILWAYS AND THE PEOPLE

railroads are going to be able to handle their traffic affairs satisfactorily and intelligently under the varying conditions that have been established in the different states. I believe that the adoption of the principles of the Interstate Commerce Act, as amended by the various states, would be far better for all concerned than the conditions under which we are now obliged to operate."



F. A. DELANO, PRESIDENT WABASH RAILWAY

Coming from a man who directs the traffic interests of an enormous mileage, under the most varying conditions, proof seems to be cumulative that a new school of thinkers is analyzing the situation to its real improvement. There is, in this second instance, an entire absence of effort to disguise causes of complaint or to obstruct reform. No attempt to justify the past is apparent.

One of the most important reasons given

for the underlying antagonism to railways is "the public be damned" policy, which Mr. Biddle tells me is still quoted in the West, as an excuse for their hatred, by those who felt themselves most grievously insulted by the author of this expression.

The foregoing illustrations are sufficient to establish the intent of the more modern thinkers, although I might give others of equal importance who are of the same faith. Having faith, however, must be followed by works to make belief a utility. Can the people hope for this? In my opinion they can accept the promises of such men, as they read. So long as railways were regarded as private concerns, just so long was the monopolistic element paramount. The monopolistic power was not national, but it was strong enough to invade large regions, to give life to its favorites, and invite, and perhaps effect, the ultimate disaster of those who were not in the "charmed circle." The public, as a common interest, was not the recipient of the best and most reasonable service of the carriers, but individuals in constantly increasing power, when compared to general growth, were made millionaires and autocrats.

It matters not that railway men were first induced to follow this policy by the insidious appeals of shippers. The results which followed brought strong influences to their support, and these soon developed in many men in authority pride of office of a personal nature, and dictatorial methods, which utterly ignored the rights of the masses. With no control over rate conditions by any authority of known power, the monopolistic and exclusive character of transportation was shown by its restriction of favors to a few.

It must not be inferred that this meant great net returns to the railways, but it certainly meant no fair distribution of privileges, and possibly a large loss to the carriers. When the situation grew to the limits of forbearance, thoughtful men of influence in legislative matters, realizing that the rail-

THE RAILWAYS AND THE PEOPLE

ways were public servants created by the laws of all the people, began to agitate efforts to control these highways, to whom they had given much in the way of right of eminent domain, land grants, cash bonuses, terminal facilities, and the necessary authority to conduct business. In the consequent efforts to improve conditions, the private and exclusive character of such enterprises was given a body blow, and their public responsibility was most thoroughly explained. In the first instance, the railways regarded as insolent any suggestion that they ought to be or could be controlled. The ablest men they could summon were called to show why they should be let alone, and every conceivable financial disaster was predicted from federal interference.

These views were less impressive because they were not presented by conservative exponents, of breadth of thought, not to mention impartiality, and the contest between the interests involved became that of "log rolling" or political manipulation.

Intelligent opinion, however, prevailed, and has given to the public protection from oppression, and has protected the railway from demoralizing commercial influences, that railway officers had become subservient to through fear of losing their business. This was easily accomplished by making the shipper responsible with the carrier for violating the interstate law.

The present conditions are a great improvement over the past ones, and while yet in a state of incomplete development, are shaping themselves into a practical and effective working policy. They have abrogated special privileges, and have brought about equality in a more general way than ever before. The railroads are getting better returns, and if a greater amount of earnings goes to operating expenses, the cause is business expansion and high prices of all materials entering into operation and construction, and not federal supervision. It may be, perhaps, a better distribution

of money in so far as the number of people who are beneficiaries is concerned, than were it to go to those who now have millions they in no way require. If the railways were on the old basis of secret rates, producing little if any net returns, there would be few, if any, dividend increases. For the present then, the conditions are satisfactory so far as evolved.

Basing future prophecy upon results that are apparent, the outlook is hopeful and optimistic. The Federal Commission has



W. B. BIDDLE, THIRD VICE PRESIDENT OF THE ROCK ISLAND-FRISCO SYSTEMS

shown no tendency to recklessly reduce rates, and the shipper is beginning to accept tariff rates as a normal condition. The Commission has power to decide when inequality exists, and can protect both shipper and carrier by the necessary legal steps after a careful investigation of complaints. Unless consumption of material of all sorts is interfered with, rates are presumably not unfair, and complaints will be few.

The shipper now knows that the lowest cost of production controls his market, subject, when costs of producing competitive

THE RAILWAYS AND THE PEOPLE

articles are the same, to geographical limits as to rates. This stable condition invites industrial development rather than restricts it, because manufacturers believe that uncertain and also unknown conditions are not likely to prove obstructive.

Passing from the business phase of transportation, so far as it affects the shipper, it is of interest to consider the speculative character as it affects the investor.

So eminent and usually so conservative an authority as E. P. Ripley, president of the Santa Fe, opposes regulation of securities as a species of paternalism, and believes that the government ought not to meddle with this branch of railway affairs. Mr. Ripley is evasive of the moral consideration, undoubtedly by oversight. In the regulation of quasi-public interests the government is warranted, without deserving the charge of paternalistic supervision, in restraining their operations within the limits of the greatest public good. Through a proper commission paying due attention to fair compensation for the hazard of an enterprise, the federal government can justly prevent the over-issue of securities in the interest of the investor, who has no knowledge of their value and no way to secure proper information. Such regulation may not be brought about by legal enactment apportioning a certain amount of money to be applied per mile of railway built, for it may result through publicity and uniformity in accounts having the same effect, but the right to prevent evasion, deception and fraud is as inherent as is the right to regulate banks, and to give the protection thrown about the issuance of a government bond. If an issue of railway securities is reasonable and can, without detriment to its normal valuation stand investigation, what is the objection to some regulation? If its values are subject to manipulation, without any regulation to business conditions, it can scarcely be contended that to leave the situation without any control is in any other than class interest.

Investment in railway securities as now provided for in Wall Street, it is stated, is optional with the man who buys or sells, so

that the responsibility is a purely personal one with the individual so disposing of his money. This is true, and yet public interest may, and I believe does require, that the risk the individual takes must follow the fullest knowledge of values that the government can guarantee to him. The main contention of those who oppose any curtailment of stock or bond issues, is that it is an invasion of private rights. This seems, in the light of grants of land, bonuses in cash from individuals, townships and counties, as ignoring the real issue, and oratory of the most glowing character is frequently called upon to arouse the public to generous subscriptions when new lines are being projected. At such times they are called "public interests," but subsequently, when liberality has gone to its utmost limits, and the property passes into the hands of those who made the appeals, the private character of the enterprise is apparent, and the public interest in it disappears.

The future can easily be one of harmony, if those in control of railways are willing to build at an honest estimate, and accept as compensation a liberal salvage. Such burdens the public will cheerfully carry in the interest of general growth. Publicity in the financing and admission of a common interest in railway development, as between the railroads and the people, are the plain path to a policy fair to both interests and along the lines of true co-operation. There is no reason for so much contention between two interests necessary to each other, and when mystery no longer envelops the dealings of large corporations, there will be none of the present hurtful agitation. The provincialism that can only consider what affects a small speculative population, must not be thought the consensus of opinion of the intelligent people of this country.

A president whose personal ambitions might induce the endeavor to adapt the Constitution of the United States to his own construction of what is best, could be a misfortune of the greatest sort; but a president who will see that the Constitution is applied to all classes alike, for the greatest good of all, is following the path of its heroic builders.

THE GOLD MEDAL HARVEST

By a Staff Contributor

THERE is always something exhilarating in visiting an exposition toward its close; in the harvest-time, so to speak, when the gold medals are held up before the eager contestants and the exhibitors feel that their outlay of money and effort is to be rewarded. The exhibits dwell in the minds of thousands of people who have passed that way. Who can tell what good will develop from these reminiscences? For it is at these expositions, meeting strangers face to face, that the strongest features of the exhibition are limned on the memory; and it is thus that the most enduring ties are knit between customer and consumer.

For myself, there is no period of an exposition that has the charm of these closing days, when I take my last ramble among the buildings and recall the happy days of summer-time, taking a final glance at all the beauty that will soon live only in the pages of history. Here on the parade grounds many notable speeches were delivered by President Roosevelt and other public men; and these grounds have witnessed splendid martial arrays of the standing army and the militia of the republic. On the historic waters adjacent have gathered the chosen squadron of the navies of all nations, a scene that will probably never be duplicated, and the vivid remembrance of which must ever possess a peculiar fascination.

As the exhibit of the National Magazine was located in the Liberal Arts Building, it was natural that it should be the starting point for my tour on that beautiful autumn day late in November, when I set forth to give a parting look at all the exhibits.

I made no notes during my trip, but am merely setting down what caught my attention as I passed—those things which left an impression on my memory. If every visitor at the exposition would sit down and make a list of everything which specially impressed his or her mind, it would be highly interesting reading for the various exhibitors, and

would give them an opportunity to know how their work and effort and the expense incurred are likely to bear results.

* * *

A crowd gathered in front of the exhibit of the Brown Shoe Company of St. Louis, Missouri, to listen to the lecture of Master Buster Brown, with his dog Tige looking on and blinking so earnestly that it almost seemed that he also was telling the story of the Brown shoe. This demonstration outdid even the eloquence of an expert salesman.

The six famous plants of the Brown Shoe Company, manufacturing over \$12,000,000 worth of shoes per annum, were shown, and notable among them was the White House Shoe Plant in St. Louis. This exhibit has done much to attract attention to St. Louis as the great central shoe market of the country, and recalls Parton's well-known prophecy, "Fair St. Louis, city of opportunity, the future capital of the United States, the center of civilization of the Western Continent."

The Brown Shoe Company have issued a handsome booklet on the history of the White House in Washington, which is of unique interest and contains much valuable information.

* * *

After taking in all this whirr and bustle of machinery, I was tempted to sit down in the booth of G. & C. Merriam and admire the handsome assortment of Webster's Dictionaries. I saw several visitors looking them over, evidently intending to make some very useful Christmas presents. Webster's Dictionary is the Alpha and Omega of information, and at this booth thousands of school teachers and others interested in the dissemination of knowledge registered their names, feeling that they had a closer acquaintance with the standard work of the English language.

* * *

One of the first exhibits to be installed in

THE GOLD MEDAL HARVEST

the Liberal Arts Building was that of the American Woolen Company. In their handsome display were revealed the triumphs of a great and rapidly growing industry. Perhaps there is no other one product that has so appealed to men of all ranks, and has thereby changed the strong preference that once prevailed for "imported" to domestic products, as the textiles made by the American Woolen Company.

Their interesting lines of worsteds and woolens are designed for almost every condition of men's wear, and they are also supplying some popular fabrics for women.

White House entirely of goods prepared by his firm. Many and many a passer-by will recall the cups of perfect coffee served in this booth, which demonstrated the superlative quality of the products of Dwinell-Wright Company, Boston.

* * *

Across from this exhibit the Paul Manufacturing Company demonstrated the merits of the Egyptian Deodorizer as a destroyer of fever-breeding mosquitoes and a means of perfecting sanitation in city and country homes; the Southern people were introduced to this product, as well as the old reliable, Cando Silver Polish, which has no peer.

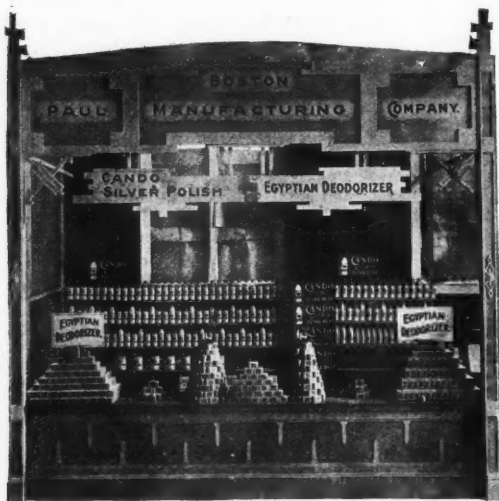
* * *

In a handsome booth in the center of the building I at once recognized a familiar face, Mr. Engelhardt of Roth & Engelhardt, makers of piano players, St. Louis. At almost any hour of the day in this exhibit a piano player might be heard pouring forth melody. This firm has the reputation of making the finest piano actions in the country, which feature of the instruments was illustrated in open-work pianos wherein every motion of the mechanism that produces such remarkable results was revealed.

Many prospective customers came, heard and carried off as souvenirs not only sheets of music but the firm determination that if ever they bought a piano it would be a Roth & Engelhardt. This exhibit made many friends for that instrument, for the demonstration there certainly fixed the special merits of these pianos indelibly on the mind.

* * *

The pavilion of the Underwood Typewriter exhibit, raised on a dais, was conspicuous in the glow of many electric lights, and it was curious to note how many persons paused there simply to watch the typewriters at work. Thousands of visitors were attracted by this demonstration and by the work of the Revolving Underwood Duplicator, for the reproduction of letters. Hun-



THE PAUL MANUFACTURING COMPANY'S EXHIBIT
AT JAMESTOWN

No merchant or consumer could look at that exhibit and not be convinced that the time has come when American woolen goods should entirely supplant the foreign on American soil.

The highest gold medal award was voted the American Woolen Company for the finest exhibits of worsteds and woolens at Jamestown, as had been the case previously—at Buffalo, St. Louis and Portland Expositions.

* * *

Every time I wanted a cup of delicious coffee I went over to the White House Coffee exhibit, where the representative of the company, Mr. Greeley, had built a replica of the

THE GOLD MEDAL HARVEST

dreds of the stenographers who visited this exhibit will return to work with the determination to secure an Underwood as the real armament for successful business operations.

* * *

There is something in the process of watch-making that compels the attention of everyone. Prospective buyers who saw the Waltham Watch exhibit at the Jamestown Exposition will not easily forget that demonstration of the sterling qualities of these watches, which suggested Emerson's description of a model man, "He is put together like a Waltham watch."

The American Waltham Watch Company was the first institution to supply high-grade movements, and they sell more watches to railroad men than all the other watch-makers combined. In all, eight and one-third million watches are yearly produced, which means three per minute for ten hours, or 10,000 watches per day; and all the year the record goes right on.

At the Jamestown Exposition the working exhibit indicated the perfected system of that great factory at Waltham which has become world-famous. Many owners of Walthams met at this booth to pass the time o' day and look at the collection of watches that had come through the earthquake in San Francisco.

* * *

Majestic stoves and ranges have long established themselves as popular favorites in the homes of the people, and this has been especially the case since the "Majestic Boat" attracted the notice of exposition goers at the St. Louis World's Fair. This remarkable exhibit was ably supplemented by that at the Jamestown Exposition, and the various home-makers and brides who passed that way could not fail to be impressed with the fact that no dwelling could be completely furnished unless it possessed a Majestic Range in the kitchen.

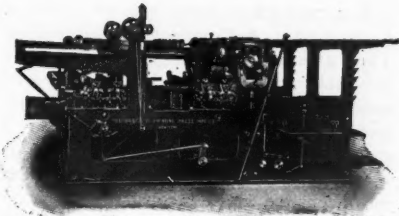
* * *

The Stieff Piano is the official piano of the exposition, and has handsome quarters in the Liberal Arts Building, where it is demonstrating the superlative qualities of its tone and manufacture by discoursing harmony at all times of day. There are always listeners inside, charmed by the pianoforte productions played by different artists whom the com-

pany has engaged especially for concert work at the exposition, and to demonstrate the wonderful quality and tone of these instruments.

* * *

The Exposition literature at the various booths submits the case of each exhibit as completely and exhaustively as any lawyer's brief—in fact, I can think of nothing else so peculiarly appropriate for comparison with legal exactitude as the manner in which the modern business firm places its case before the people, with all the arguments pro and con. This view of Twentieth Century advertising was deeply impressed upon me as I went from exhibit to exhibit at the Jamestown Exposition.



THE BABCOCK PRINTING PRESS COMPANY'S EXHIBIT AT JAMESTOWN

The famous Optimus Press, made by the Babcock Printing Press Company, which delights the eye of the printers the country over, was seen in active operation, demonstrating the superb qualities of good press work.

* * *

The busy click of the Monotype Machines attracted many visitors. As I stood one day and looked upon a group of young men examining a machine, I thought of another young man who had inspected a similar machine at the Chicago Exposition years ago, and then and there decided that he must some day have a Monotype. Wherefore today the National is the proud possessor of a triple equipment, put into the office within the past year—that tells its story more strongly than any words. The Monotype is the machine that appeals to printers every time, because it handles real type.

* * *

The prosperity of the times was clearly evidenced in the many business men who visited

THE GOLD MEDAL HARVEST

the exhibit of the York Safe Company of York, Pennsylvania, where was displayed an array of safes to delight the eye of any cautious owner of valuables, and the visitors looked upon them with almost the same admiration as the housekeeper regards furnishings which she desires to have for her home.

There were safes of all sizes and dimensions, including a veteran which had gone through earthquake and fire in San Francisco without giving up one of its secrets. The York Safe Company certainly won the honors which they received in their exhibit at the Jamestown Exposition. One's earthly possessions seemed more secure after these safes had been examined.

* * *

In a conspicuous corner was the exhibit of C. R. Carver & Company of Philadelphia. The handsome machines in operation gave the public an idea of how the fine embossed stationery, for which there is such a tremendous demand, is produced. When it comes to embossing, there is only one Carver machine and one Mr. Hewston to exhibit the machines, which in operation attracted the attention of many purchasers and left the fixed impression in the mind of many visitors that if ever such a machine should be needed by them, nothing better than the product of the Carver Company could be obtained.

* * *

An artistic corner was reserved for the exhibit of Albert L. Calder Company, of Providence, Rhode Island. The superlative qualities of their elegant dentifrice were advertised in a quaint and unique way.

Calder's Saponaceous Dentine, prepared by Albert L. Calder, was the first tooth powder made in this country, and the first to attain a national and foreign sale; it was, therefore, peculiarly appropriate that it should be exhibited at the Jamestown Exposition. Dentine has always been manufactured with the same care used in putting up prescriptions, and it has justly enjoyed such a reputation—since first manufactured in 1850—that many tooth powders since placed on the market have aimed at equalling its purity and quality, but none have succeeded thus far.

It is a noteworthy fact that it was owing to Mr. Calder's business integrity and ab-

horence of adulteration that a law was passed through the Rhode Island and Massachusetts legislatures, making it compulsory for all druggists to be examined before becoming registered pharmacists, thus safeguarding the public.

* * *

One of the most *restful* exhibits in the Liberal Arts Building is that of the Jamestown Lounge Company, where there is a display of the renowned "Simplicity Davenport Sofa Bed" in which appearance adds to the charm of usefulness. This convertible sofa is one of the growing necessities of the present day, when flats and apartments are becoming more and more popular and necessary. There is something homelike and hospitable in its proportions, and it is as serviceable at night as by day, when transformed into a commodious and comfortable bed.

The Davenport is handled by almost all reliable dealers throughout the country, and the factory is located in Jamestown, New York, that charming little city which is named after the original island settlement of Captain John Smith. It was peculiarly appropriate that at least one Jamestown, N. Y., enterprise should exhibit at the Jamestown Exposition. The exhibit has been visited by many home-furnishers, and has attracted much favorable comment. The exhibit also includes the conventional Davenport Adjustable Sofas, and Box Couches, all with mahogany framework, colonial in design and upholstered in genuine leather.

* * *

The Hoe Stop Cylinder Press was turning out lithographs by the thousand, giving a complete map of the grounds. Everybody carried off one of these maps as a souvenir.

* * *

A good stenographer can write 150 words a minute with a sharp-pointed pencil, and 125 per minute with a good steel pen; but the same hand can "take" 175 words per minute with a Waterman pen, owing to the fact that it has a spoon feed that flows just as freely with the last drop of ink as with the first.

The above bit of information was obtained at the handsome exhibit of the Waterman Pen, occupying a central position in the Liberal Arts Building. Here thousands of

THE GOLD MEDAL HARVEST

stenographers paused during the exposition, to tell of the triumphs achieved with their "Waterman." A skilled reporter, accustomed to write shorthand for many hours in a day, assured me that he had never been threatened with that common affliction of his craft, writer's cramp, since he had used a Waterman pen instead of a pencil. He insisted that the really good fountain pen requires absolutely no effort to produce legible characters on paper.

* * *

In a certain conspicuous exhibit in the Liberal Arts Building I believe more people were entertained for a larger number of hours than in any other one part of the exposition. There was always "something doing" in the Columbia Phonograph Company's exhibit. If a musical phonograph was not giving forth a melodious selection of grand opera or rag-time, a business graphophone would be busy showing the great commercial advantage of these machines.

Here might also be seen the first talking machine made by Alexander Graham Bell and his partner. The educative work of creating demand for the graphophones is being steadily continued, despite the fact that the phonograph for home entertainment is almost a household necessity, and the commercial graphophone is rapidly claiming the same attention in the business offices of the country.

* * *

The prominence of West Virginia as a coal-producing state was further emphasized by the exhibit of the Davis Colliery, Number Two, located at Elkins, West Virginia, the home of Senator Stephen B. Elkins.

The quality and magnitude of the coal beds of West Virginia have been immense factors in our industrial development, and the Davis Colliery exhibit gives a comprehensive demonstration of the superlative excellence and the fuel strength of the coal from these fields.

* * *

Not far from this exhibit was that of the Pullman Steel Car. From its very inception the Pullman Company may well claim credit as life-savers on the railroad trains, for even their massive wooden cars have, as a rule, withstood the effects of many serious wrecks, but, not content with this, the Pullman Com-

pany has gone farther in here exhibiting their steel car, which suggests such an evolution as marked that from the wooden frigate to the armored battle-ship of today.

There was George, the porter, just as trim and neat as ever, and it was felt by persons who spend a great deal of time in the Pullman cars that here they were viewing their new moving apartments, for no one factor has been more predominant in promoting travel in this country than the acknowledged superiority of American railroad equipment especially exemplified in the Pullman car.

* * *

In the Mining Building were abundant evidences of the rapid development of the nation year by year. Very appropriate was an exhibit of the famous C. C. B. Pocahontas Smokeless Coal—named in honor of the warm-hearted Indian maiden—which the United States geological survey has made the standard for grading all steam fuel. The reputation of this coal as being the best obtainable has secured a contract from the German government for all coal required by its vessels while at Hampton Roads. The exhibit of this symbol of quality and standard of excellence in the Mining Building attracted the comment of all those who passed through the building.

* * *

The fulcrum of all development in the past century is transportation. I think, from the time of the exposition in Chicago to the date of the Jamestown Exposition, there has been no one subject that has attracted so much attention.

The progress in methods of transportation is aptly demonstrated by the working exhibit of the Studebaker Company, on the Lee Parade Ground, where street sprinklers, trucks, dump, garbage and contractors' wagons, road wagons and Master William Ball, Jr., with his goats, Buster and Jim, hitched to the "Studebaker Jr.," all tell their own tale of advancement.

At the Studebaker exhibit thousands of people paused to look at the old coach in which Lincoln rode, or at the coach used by Lafayette, both owned by the Studebakers and loaned by them to the Jamestown Exposition Company. When not on exhibition at some exposition, these famous carriages may be seen in the display rooms

THE GOLD MEDAL HARVEST

of the world's largest vehicle and harness factory, covering more than a hundred acres at South Bend, Indiana.

Across the way were automobiles, made by this firm, including the large touring cars, sight-seeing automobiles and trucks. In fact, there seems to be nothing left in the vehicle line which they have not made at some time—whether it be the sturdy old prairie schooner that played its part in the early drama of the development of the West, or the modern automobile. Studebaker is a name always associated with perfection in mechanical production. More of their wagons are sold than of any other make, for the democratic voice of the majority has pronounced in their favor, settling once for all the vexed question as to which is the best vehicle to purchase.

* * *

Visions of the days when I cut bands before a threshing machine floated before my mind's eye as I watched the straw flow down from the tail of the machine in the exhibit of the "Peerless" at the Geiser Manufacturing Company. The story of this company, with its fifty years of tireless energy and honest effort, perfect faith and dauntless courage, which developed an eight by ten wagon shop into one of the largest and best equipped manufacturing plants in the country, is indeed a tale of thrilling interest.

The great problem that now confronts this old firm in their factory in Waynesboro, Pennsylvania, is to keep up with the demand for the new "Peerless Engines," which have found their way everywhere over the great stubble fields of the great Northwest. In fact every particle of this equipment seemed to explain the triumph of American farmers in commanding the markets of the world for their product; for it is with such labor-saving machinery as that supplied by this firm that the cultivator is able to produce mechanically crops in larger volume and at less expense than can be done by the older methods but cheaper labor wages of other countries. Other lands are finding this out, and the heavy export trade of the past decade in these manufactures is indeed significant.

The "Peerless" threshing machine is the triumph of the season's harvest time, and suggests the mighty leap of advancement that lies between it and the ancient flail worked by a single pair of weary human arms. In

fact this machine, as every bit of machinery manufactured by the Geiser Company, sounds the trump of progress.

* * *

One of the marked distinctions of metropolitan life today is the sight-seeing automobile, first introduced in Washington, New York, Boston and Chicago; but where today is there a progressive city that does not aspire to possess its sight-seeing automobile? The natural inference is that if a city boasts a sight-seeing auto there are sights to be seen in that place.

The Rapid Automobile Company of Pontiac, Michigan, has an exhibit in the Transportation Building that has assuredly inspired among a great many progressive citizens throughout the United States an earnest desire to have one of the sight-seeing automobiles "for our own city."

This company has made a remarkable success in their work with automobiles, and the time is coming when they will probably supplant the good old-fashioned Niagara hack, especially if the report is true that horses are becoming so costly that soon none but the rich can own them. This rise in price is said to be caused by the rapidly increasing demand rather than by any unusual scarcity of horses. The automobile has in part met the new desire for locomotion, not supplanting the horse, but relegating him to a different sphere of activity.

* * *

Another exhibit that attracts the boys and young men is the Baldwin Locomotive works, and when conditions of past years were contrasted with the present development of this institution, this wonderful story of progress, written in solid metal, was indelibly printed on the memory. Where is there an American boy who does not love a locomotive and even baby's eyes will always brighten when he hears a "choo choo."

Here were electric locomotives similar to those built by this firm for the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railway; there were giant engines, to pull miles of loaded trains across the wide continent, and it is an astonishing fact that there seems to be no limit to the capacity of a locomotive in this respect. No sooner do railroads think a standard is attained, than the Baldwin proves it can again

THE GOLD MEDAL HARVEST

be surpassed. Locomotives are shipped by this company day by day to all parts of the world, girdling the globe with the belt of progress.

* * *

Very few home-makers visited Jamestown Exposition grounds who did not call at the Larkin House. There was something homey and restful in that little cottage. Both young and old ladies went through the building with attentive eyes, pausing now and then as their fancy fixed upon this chair or that bedstead or other desirable article "for my room at home." The "Larkin idea" is one of the most distinctive phases of modern business life, and there are millions of "Larkin homes" throughout the country, in which the products of this firm are regarded as household necessities, and where the "idea" meets with a hearty welcome, encouraging thrift and industry, creating the co-operative spirit and furnishing very interesting facts for the close student of sociology. Anyone who saw the throng of visitors at the Larkin House, and heard them talk of Larkin products, readily understands the close and enduring relations between the firm and its clients.

* * *

A walk through the Pure Food Building was like a succession of joyous breakfasts, with the sun shining on white table-cloths and radiant silver and the scent of flowers floating in through the open window.

The delusion was complete when I encountered our old friend, Quaker Oats, that familiar slogan that is well-known to every household, and still carries its message of the strengthening properties of the diet that has supplied bone and sinew to the brawny Scot for generations past. I heard one sturdy old gentleman remark, in an unmistakable accent, "There's naething sae good as a bowl o' parritch in the morning."

* * *

Toasted Corn Flakes and its triumphs were being demonstrated by young ladies whose beauty and grace added to the charm of this favorite breakfast food. The Battle Creek health idea was pre-eminent.

* * *

Coca Cola and the machinery with which it is made were shown, and it required no further advertisement to impress upon the peo-

ple the fact that it is a wholesome and refreshing beverage. Everybody was interested in seeing how it is bottled and prepared for the general market, and when they go to the soda fountains exposition memories will suggest a glass of Coca Cola, America's most wholesome and popular beverage.

* * *

It was the cumulative effect of seeing repeatedly the metallic parts of various exhibits being brightened up with something the caretakers held in little red enamelled boxes, that finally impelled me to investigate. "Flash" was the name it bore, with a streak of chain lightning running across the letters, and I learned from the caretaker that it was far above everything else he had used for cleaning his soiled and greasy hands, as well as for keeping all the machinery bright and shining. My interest in the Flash Chemical Company of Boston was intensified, and later, I visited Mr. Cleveland at his Boston office, and learned that the public has greatly increased its demand for this new household and factory dirt hustler. While "Flash" was not represented by any official headquarters at Jamestown, it was nevertheless well demonstrated at many and various places.



* * *

Here, too, was Egg-O-See with its suggestion of the rosy boy getting busy with his spoon, and beaming with content and delighted anticipation, and emphasizing the call "Back to Nature."

* * *

Following close upon the federal laws enacted in reference to pure foods, it is significant that one of the buildings of the exposition should be devoted to food products, and no one building of the exposition was more popular. There the machinery was in operation, showing just how Shredded Wheat is made from the clean, polished kernel of the wheat, coming out in Biscuit or Triscuit.

Near-by was an audience room, where, several times a day, moving pictures showed

THE GOLD MEDAL HARVEST

the wonderful factory of the Shredded Wheat Company at Niagara Falls. The lectures and illustrations were very entertaining, and attracted thousands of interested auditors to see Niagara Falls in all its glory and majesty, in winter and summer, and mingled with the beauty and grandeur of the falling water is the impression of the cleanliness and wholesomeness of the product—Shredded Wheat—manufactured on the shores of the wonderful falls. None who saw the exhibit will ever forget it.

* * *

There, too, was the Jell-O exhibit, where many dainty desserts were prepared. There were throngs of people, anxious to learn from actually seeing it done just how to make these exquisite and toothsome confections. Every housekeeper wanted a dessert which could be kept "right in the house" for an indefinite time, and prepared when unexpected company arrived.

The keen interest indicated by the thrifty American housekeepers in the exhibits in this building showed that the home-loving spirit in America is by no means lessening, but is rather on the increase.

* * *

The wholesome fruit of the vine, as demonstrated in the exhibit of Welch's Grape Juice, brought visions of the rich vineyards of New York, Ohio and California; it was interesting to know that this delicious drink is manufactured in the famous vineyards of Chautauqua.

* * *

Around that pagoda on which flashed the message of the "Fifty-Seven Varieties," were gathered many enthusiastic admirers of the H. J. Heinz Company's products. Here were pickles, preserves, sauces and many other dainties that stimulate even the most jaded appetite. There were those famous baked beans—that have supplanted home baking even in Boston—adding their quota to the general enticing atmosphere which made one want to eat the moment he looked upon the towering sign of Heinz.

* * *

While I was at the Jamestown Exposition, more than a hundred people asked me the way to the "Snowdrift Hogless Lard" booth. I began by giving specific directions,—by drawing a sort of mental map.

Soon I found a better and easier method, and said, "follow the crowd."

The "Snowdrift Hogless Lard" booth, in which were exhibited the many products of the Southern Cotton Oil Company, was without question one of the three or four most popular exhibits in the entire exposition. There was never a dull moment at the booth. Never less than a dozen people stood in front of it, and sometimes the crowd was ten to fifteen rows deep. All day long, expert culinary artists cooked doughnuts, croquettes, oysters, and everything else requiring cooking fat, in plain view of the audience, and the good things cooked were passed around. Really, it was the household economy center of the Exposition,—not a mere commercial affair, but a genuine object lesson, illustrating the healthfulness and economy of a vegetable cooking fat as compared with hog and animal products.

"Snowdrift Hogless Lard" does not contain even a trace of hog matter. It is a genuine product of the fertile fields of the Sunny South, made by Nature and uncontaminated by man. Wesson Oil, another product, is purely vegetable, refined by the secret and famous Wesson process, making the oil absolutely odorless and tasteless.

Opposite the booth was located the much appreciated "Snowdrift Rest-Room," with desks, letter-paper, postage stamps, easy chairs, and other things contributing to the comfort of the tired sightseer. The "Snowdrift" booth and its rest-room did credit to the enterprise of the South, and presented a vivid and tangible exhibit of what the South has done, and is doing for the protection of the modern American stomach.

* * *

About half-past four I was charmed to arrive at Lipton's Tea exhibit, where I dropped in for a cup of tea and some of those thin slices of bread and butter that recall the tale of hungry Nicholas Nickleby when he went "to tea" with two young ladies and made away with the thin bread and butter at a rate that left them dumb with astonishment and aroused the mirth of the jolly man from Yorkshire. After partaking of two cups of this tea one feels at peace with the whole world.

Here was the smiling picture of Sir Thomas, that genial sportsman and all-round gentle

THE GOLD MEDAL HARVEST

man so much admired in America, who has certainly won himself a great name in connection with the superlative tea of the twentieth century.

* * *

It may be safely said that there is no better-advertised piece of present-day household furniture than the Singer Sewing Machine—the very name sings itself in symphony with cheery, home duties. If the genius of the age is business, and the genius of business is advertising, the Singer Sewing Machine Company has a right to celebrate its great achievement in that mammoth forty-story building in New York, with its towering dome which has added another to the gilded hemispheres which heretofore have been regarded as the landmarks of New York.

With tremendous momentum, and prestige gained by international advertising, there seems to be no bounds to the rising tide of enthusiasm with which, in confident strength, the Singer people are pushing forward and planning still greater expansion for the future. At the Jamestown Exposition the Singer pavilion told its message of restfulness. No buzzing machinery to distract the visitor, but a peaceful rendezvous for the ladies, where they might rest from the fatigues of sightseeing. This exhibit is likely to be more gratefully remembered than many apparently much more impressive scenes of the exposition.

While the Singer pavilion breathed the home spirit, the printed matter of the company contained pertinent and timely information. A little book called "Flag Talk," was issued, and in this small volume was compressed much information concerning the use of flags in the navy. These flags, as well as the Kentucky jean trousers of the farmer boys, are the product of the sewing machine which is associated indelibly with the universally-known trade-mark, the great letter S, which may be found the civilized world over. The pathetic flight of time has been less lamented by the housewife since she has had labor-saving appliances. The toil saved by the sewing machine, if it could be reckoned by the accomplishment of every individual who has economized precious moments, would reach far into the centuries, and form a bridge of hours, weeks and years that would connect the present day with the prehistoric ages when man drew the skin of some wild beast about him and considered himself amply clad.

It was in the California Building, whither I had gone to lunch with friends from the Sunset State, that another of the most delicious pure food products was discussed. The first (and principal) course that we all feasted on was "Deviled Ham" sandwiches, made of the daintiest home-made bread and "Underwood's Original Deviled Ham." And as the occasion was fitting, I could not but remind mine hosts of that former feast, when I was entertained by them in their own home, and we picnicked among the foot-hills of the Rockies. Then, as now, we regaled ourselves with Underwood's "Little Red Devil" ham sandwiches, and the bread was also creamy sweet, a "sampler" of milady's own inimitable cookery.

Of course I could not refrain from a bit of repartee, and reminded my good friends, who, like most Westerners, are "boosters"



for their own state, that Underwood's Original and inimitable Deviled Ham, like many other good things, is made in Boston.

* * *

Possessing more than fifty highest awards to their credit, Walter Baker & Co., of Dorchester, Massachusetts, enjoy the distinction of being the pioneer exhibitors of international as well as national expositions. It is safe to say that not a single visitor passed the turnstile of the Jamestown Exposition who was not attracted by their charming cottage. It was one of the most distinctive exhibits at the exposition, and numerous visitors have pleasant memories of the hospitable exposition home of Walter Baker & Co., where so many delightful, restful hours were enjoyed.

The Walter Baker & Co.'s cottage was a perfect reproduction of a comfortable cottage of 150 years ago. The exterior was stained to imitate the weather-beaten boards, common at a time when paint was too costly

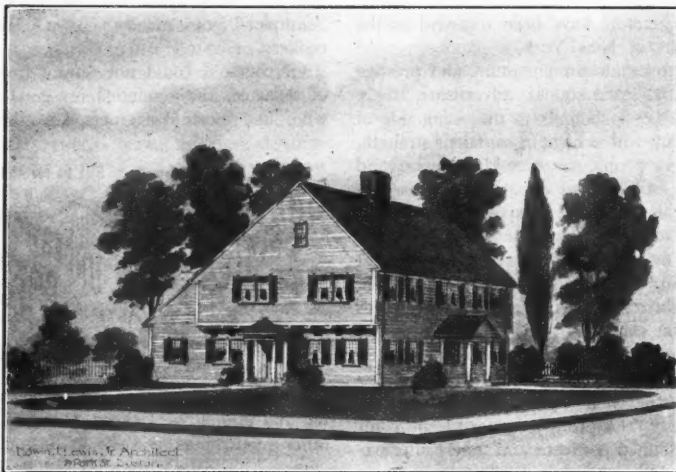
THE GOLD MEDAL HARVEST

for mere outside use. There was the typical big, old-fashioned chimney, the long, slanting roof and small windows, glazed with that peculiar "bull's eye" glass, secured for this especial purpose. In olden days such glass was the refuse of the factory, used to emit light because it was cheap and easy to get as compared with the finer product; it is a singular commentary on the change in manufacture that this imperfect glass was very hard to find when Walter Baker & Co. needed it for their quaint windows at the exhibit.

On the front and sides of the house were

covered with characteristic, antique paper and were hung with fine, old engravings of Martha and George Washington, the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown, the march of Miles Standish, led by the Indians, and other pictures suggestive of the history of New England and the Southern states.

Leading from this hall, on either side, were rooms with antique panelling, paper and fireplaces. The furniture was genuine, old mahogany, and included a tall "grandfather's clock." The room dedicated to Virginia was hung with portraits of Robert E. and Fitzhugh Lee, the last birthday of



THE OLD COLONIAL HOUSE BUILT BY WALTER BAKER & CO., AT THE JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION

cool, commodious porches, screened from the heat by clinging vines, and furnished with old, colonial settles, very inviting to the tired sight-seer. On the chimney the figures, "1780," designated the year when Walter Baker & Co. began business on the banks of the Neponset River, in Dorchester, Massachusetts. In the rear of the building was a delightful garden, filled with the old-fashioned flowers dear to the hearts of our grandmothers; the lot was encircled by a New England ball and post fence.

The interior corresponded with the exterior. Entering the front door the visitor found himself in a charming reception hall, with inviting settles built on either side of the old-fashioned fireplace. The walls were

Washington, and other pictures dear and familiar to Southern citizens. In the rear of the cottage, where the kitchen should be, was the main exhibit room, where were the wide, old fireplace and brick oven, with their associations of odorous roasts, baked beans, brown bread and pies. Overhead the reproduction of ancient kitchen rafters made a charming contrast to the rich, subdued yellow of the walls. Here young ladies, in costume representing the trade mark of Walter Baker & Co., served delicious chocolate and cocoa, and each day a professional cooking teacher gave short talks on the uses of these invaluable ingredients for dainties for the home table.

No expense or pains were spared to make

THE GOLD MEDAL HARVEST

this exhibit an exact reproduction of a colonial home; even the old-time knockers on the doors were not forgotten. Because of its historical accuracy, its homelikeness and its marked individuality, it was considered one of the most significant exhibits of an exposition where everything displayed was fraught with meaning; and it was justly awarded a gold medal for the "most admirable, effective and artistic installation of exhibit." The second gold medal awarded to this company by the jury on food exhibits was for chocolate preparations, breakfast cocoa and cocoa butter.

Under able management, the Baker Cottage made many new friends for the company, and in many more households their products will be in daily use. The impressive phase of the exhibit was that here Baker's chocolate and cocoa were an actual living presence, dwelling in domestic bliss in their own house. After all has been said, no higher praise can be given the Walter Baker exhibit at the Jamestown Exposition than to say that it adequately reflected the surroundings and conditions under which their famous cocoa and chocolate are made.

* * *

One of the best managed, collective exhibits was that known as the "pottery exhibit," in charge of A. Vere Shaw, which included the following well-known firms:

The Cambridge Glass Company, Cambridge, O., manufactures pressed and blown glassware. Their factory is the most complete, up-to-date, and one of the largest glass plants operating in the world today. All kinds of commercial table wares, lamps, photographers' glassware, novelties, etc., are manufactured; the company makes a specialty of private mold work.

But the most popular and largest production is the "Near Cut," pressed glass. This ware is most brilliant; and for quality of metal and finish it stands unequalled. So much care is taken in the selection of material and the manufacture of the glass, and the methods and machines used are so nearly perfect, that there are but few people, except experts, who do not mistake "Near Cut" for "real" cut glass. This glass is susceptible of a very high polish and gives off a sparkle which fully completes the illusion. It has taken the *highest premium*

award both at St. Louis and Jamestown. The designs are dignified and elegant. At the beginning of the year several new lines more attractive than any yet produced, will be placed on the market.

The company has kept pace with the rapid development of glass manufacture in the United States during the last ten years, and has broadened its product greatly within the last two years. The exhibit of "Near Cut" at the exposition is an exhibit worth while, and has received most favorable comment and criticism from all who have seen it.

The Cambridge Glass Company's is a National Plant, and has done its part in making Ohio the third glass manufacturing state in the Union.

* * *

The Knowles, Taylor, Knowles Company, East Liverpool, established in 1854, are among the oldest, largest, and most reliable pottery manufacturers and decorators in the world. They manufacture dinner and tea sets, toilet ware, specialties, etc., and turn out some fine art products. The table ware is of semi-vitreous china, not so heavy as the English china, nor so light as the French. By turning out designs between these two extremes, a characteristic style has been developed that is both dainty and effective, as well as popular. Only high grade ware is produced, and a better line of commercial pottery than that of K. T. & K. can not be found anywhere.

This company makes the greatest display in the Ohio Ceramic Exhibit, filling three whole cases. Six standard dinner sets are shown and have been greatly admired. The largest case contains fine art pottery, and the whole exhibit makes a showing creditable to a great pottery and a great State. The Knowles, Taylor, Knowles Company received the *highest award*, a silver medal, for china and semi-porcelain specialties and dinner ware.

Many people on seeing this exhibit have asked, "why do Americans buy French china, when we have china just as beautiful here at home?" The principal reason is, that French china is imported. That makes a great difference to many people. Then some people do not know that America produces such fine pottery. But if you walk through a Knowles, Taylor, Knowles sam-

THE GOLD MEDAL HARVEST

ple room, you will there see a line of goods that rivals the best and most famous china imported from old France. As more Americans buy American goods, Americans will be encouraged to produce better goods, and the results will be, America, an art country.

* * *

In the exhibit of building brick, The Ohio Mining and Manufacturing Company, Shawnee, makes a splendid display. This company owns over 600 acres of land underlaid with an inexhaustible supply of the famous Hocking Valley Shale. The most modern methods are applied in the preparation of the clay and the manufacture of the brick, resulting in a product that for finish of form and brightness of color is surpassed by none. They make buff, speckled buff, gray, speckled gray, and flash brick in Standard, Roman, and Norman sizes, and in a great variety of moulded shapes for ornamental purposes. The artistic qualities of this company's brick are recognized, as shown by its large use for fire-places and interior decoration; and public buildings, churches, and residences throughout the United States, East, West, and South bear testimony to its superior strength and weather qualities, its perfect shape, and its unsurpassed beauty.

In a few days the company expects to have finished a large addition to its present mammoth plant, which will give it a total capacity of 150,000 face brick a day, and enable it to meet any demand for either stiff mud or dry pressed brick. The product is at present shipped all over the United States and into Canada, and with this addition the facilities and general scope of trade of the company will be greatly increased.

* * *

The Rookwood Pottery of Cincinnati was founded in 1880 by Mrs. Maria Longworth Storer, and has always turned its attention towards higher art rather than cheaper process. No printing patterns are used and never a duplicate is made. The beautiful underglaze effects of Rookwood are rarely found elsewhere, on account of the expense and risk of manufacture. As command of material has strengthened, the beauty of the ware has steadily gained, until form, color, decoration, and glaze combine

to produce those things of beauty which elude all attempts to imitate, and make Rookwood a complete novelty in the world's ceramics. Rookwood was awarded gold medal at Jamestown and took grand prizes also at Paris and St. Louis.

The earliest and best known variety of Rookwood is the "Standard," characterized by its low tones of dark color, with flower decorations painted in warm colors under a brilliant glaze. Later, came the "Sea Green" and "Iris," and in 1896 the "Mat" glaze, now among the Rookwood's most admired productions. The new "Velum" ware, a variation of the Mat, and the famous "Tiger Eye," first made at Rookwood in 1884, are two greatly admired types. The Rookwood vases in the Ohio Ceramic Exhibit show all the different textures, glazes and effects. The Rookwood Pottery has its reputation; it stands preeminent as the first distinctively American Art Pottery.

* * *

The "Clarus" art and dinner ware displayed in the Ohio exhibit has been admired by thousands of visitors, and it is unsurpassed. It combines pure colors and effective decorations with perfect glaze. Especially is the "burned gold" effect magnificent; and the softly glazed pieces in dark blue, decorated with lilies done in silver, are most beautiful. The "Clarus" ware received from the jury a gold medal, the highest award for decorated and plain china and semi-porcelain. It compares favorably with the best French china, and has even been pronounced superior in whiteness and gilding.

This company does a mammoth business and has good railroad and shipping facilities. It is not an old company, and has a modern plant, the newest appliances and skilled artisans, and no wares of their class made in America are superior to those of Pope-Gosser.

* * *

High among pottery manufacturers in the United States stands the Pope-Gosser Company, one of the largest and most trustworthy companies in the Potters Association. They make high-grade, white and decorated vitrified porcelain, and send their products all over the world. Masters in the ceramic art are employed and thousands of dollars have been spent in experimenting and getting the

THE GOLD MEDAL HARVEST

wares up to the present high standard, where quality is what counts.

* * *

The Ohio Mineral and Ceramic Exhibit includes reports, samples of stone, clays, salts, limes, sands, etc., brick, tile, porcelain electric insulators, building blocks, grind-stones, oils, coal, glass, crockery and cooking wares, and pottery, of which there are thirteen cases, one large pyramid of crockery and cooking wares, and the finest exhibit of brick ever seen. It was awarded sixteen medals, five gold, six silver, and five bronze, justly due to Ohio, the largest pottery state in the Union. The exhibit is worth about \$15,000.

* * *

Mr. Shaw is a college man of scholarly tastes, and he not only had the exhibits seen but understood. In passing I noticed at least four groups of ladies, listening intently to a description which he was eloquently and ably giving of the wonderful advancement made in pottery production in the past few years. He understood and pointed out the hidden beauties of the art. Mr. Shaw is certainly to be congratulated on the splendid results obtained, not only in securing gold medal awards, but in interesting thousands of visitors in the beautifying of their homes, as well as in the actual utility of pottery.

* * *

In recent years no product has grown in popularity more rapidly than yellow pine. Go where you will it is in evidence, repre-

senting not only a phase of utility, but an important feature in home building and inside finish of the new buildings of today. The yellow pine industry of the South has been a marvel in lumber development. Where, as many years ago, mahogany, birch and walnut were everywhere in the home, their gloomy colors are now displaced in inside finish by the cheery shades of the yellow pine, as demonstrated in the Flemish Room, which is part of the Yellow Pine Cottage that won a grand prize and gold medal at the St. Louis Exposition. This Flemish Room, since the close of the World's Fair, has been exhibited in seventeen cities by Miss Emma C. Allen, on behalf of the Southern Lumber Manufacturers Association. Despite the fact that it has so often been taken apart and put together again, it is still as perfect as when first exhibited, strongly demonstrating the durability of the wood. The room is twenty-seven feet long, with walls of heavy diamond-shaped paneling, and beautiful carved designs around the doors and mantel. The floor is of unstained, yellow pine, but the furniture is stained and brilliantly polished. Outside of the room are a number of boards showing stained and unstained effects in this wood. Expert hardwood finishers agree that yellow pine can be more easily worked up to a surface that defies criticism than any hard wood.

The exhibit was awarded a gold medal for installation and one for the merit of the yellow pine.





ACTUAL PHOTOGRAPH OF THE MOST EXTENSIVE TOY MANUFACTORY IN THE WORLD

WHERE SANTA CLAUS GETS HIS TOYS

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

YES indeed! I was just as curious when a child as boys and girls are today to know where dear, old Santa Claus got his wonderful toys. Well, as I was coming down from Vermont the other day, when the train reached Winchendon, Massachusetts, a beautiful village with bright, cheerful-looking homes, I saw a great straw-colored building on the roof of which was a large screen bearing the sign, "Toys."

"That's it," says I, feeling sure there must be some interesting story to secure there for the National's boys and girls; and a tour of inspection through the establishment, proved my supposition correct.

As we walked up toward the great works, from the station, evidences of almost feverish haste were noted on all sides. A new brick building had just been completed; cars of

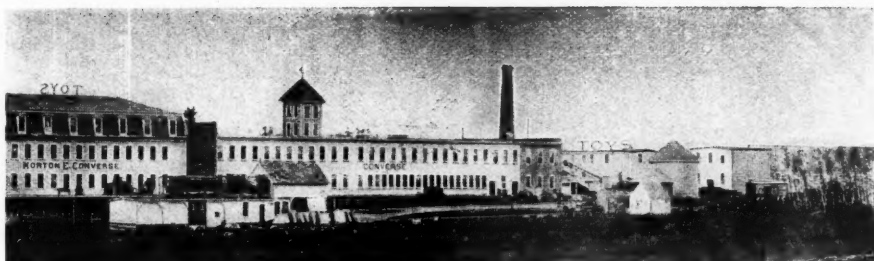
lumber were being unloaded in one part of the yard, while from the store-houses were going many crates and boxes of toys, that by this time may be unpacked and displayed in many cities and towns, awaiting Santa Claus when he goes from house to house on Christmas Eve.

No one was busier than Morton E. Converse, owner and proprietor, and the man who, from an idea and quantities of pluck, has become the greatest manufacturer of all sorts of toys in the world. He was going about the yards when we entered, inspecting the carloads of lumber just arrived, and directing his men about unloading it. Twenty-eight years ago Mr. Converse came to Winchendon from New Hampshire; and it is safe to say his inventions in the toy line have brought more sunshine into the lives of our boys and

girls than any other single manufacture. Here is the reservoir of childhood's happiness and Christmas cheer. Every room and department seemed to be hurrying to have toys enough ready to go abroad, when the millions of boys and girls awake on Christmas morning. The great saws were growling, and the smaller ones vied with each other with screams and shrieks—they were all so busy—cutting the boards and timbers into proper lengths before the wood goes on to other processes. Mr. Converse casually remarked, that a mil-



FINISHING ROOM—TRUNK DEPARTMENT



OVER FOUR ACRES OF FLOOR SPACE EXCLUSIVELY FOR THE MANUFACTURE OF TOYS

lion or two feet of lumber, and many carloads of tin and iron, are always kept on hand, waiting its summons to pass the ordeal of saws and planes, and emerge painted in gay colors as playthings of all sorts.

A great many boys and girls must have told Santa Claus to bring them desks and drawing blackboards this year, judging by the sights I saw when we passed through the long room where men and boys were assembling the upright, easel-like stands, and girls, seated at long benches, were deftly nailing on the blackboards and hanging the scrolls that showed many familiar objects for drawing lessons.

One more door was opened and we passed into another immense room, where everyone was rushing as before, but making—what do you suppose?—I thought of my National

Magazine boys, and wished they were all with me to catch the thrill of excitement which I felt—for here they were making drums; tiny ones to make merry at Christmas-time are here manufactured in quantities sufficient, it would seem, to provide martial music for the whole world. Here, too, were calf-skin head and sheep-skin head drums, and indestructible drums with steel heads, to retail at ten cents! When I saw those mountains of drums, of all sorts and sizes, all gaily decorated, it seemed as though the martial spirit came over me and I recalled pictures of the regiment drummer boys, as they march along tapping on their drum heads. Then there were fish horns, steel sail boats and all kinds of mechanical steel toys and building blocks, and a marvelous collection of "doll's furni-



THE DRUM DEPARTMENT

WHREE SANTA CLAUS GETS HIS TOYS



MEN'S RECREATION ROOMS. SIMILAR APARTMENTS ARE PROVIDED FOR THE WOMEN

ture," bureaus, china closets, tables, wash-sets—everything. Every one of these toys must mean a happy child behind it, or even several happy boys and girls—for there never was a toy owned by one child that others did not get pleasure from.

These steel-headed drums had steel sides also, and were beautifully ornamented with colored lithographs. I was interested in the fact that the popular sellers of today are those which have on them some pictures of national life, the stars and stripes, or the triumphant eagle. Each part of the drums is made by an expert.

Then we entered the stables, or what seemed to me at first glance a kindergarten of horses—rocking-horses of course. There was something comical in the steady gaze of the great herd of wooden equines, standing on their heels, waiting to be packed and sent off. It was surprising that they could be automatically fashioned so quickly from blocks of wood. When the shaping is complete they are dipped in paint, the eyes being afterward inserted as another branch of the manufacture. It was actually entertaining to see the girls tack on the tails, ears and harness, and how swiftly and deftly they worked, hammering on the finishing touches to the "fiery steeds." I believe that even the children who clamour for "a story, a story," at bedtime, would not close their eyes until they had heard over again all the details of the

making of rocking horses, and of the places where Santa goes to fetch them, if their mammas had seen the wonderful things that I saw that beautiful October day.

* * *

Speaking of rocking horses—I remember one I knew long ago. It was a "real" horse with a "real" tail, and flowing mane of "real" hair. It seemed then almost as big as a real horse and his name was "Rarus".

On a certain day the mother of the little family was absent on business for a short time, and the owner of Rarus was left to his own devices, to ride whither he would during her absence—I must confess that it did not take him long to ride into mischief.

Scarcely had the old gate clicked behind the departing mistress of the home than the rider hastily dismounted, and with busy hands dug into the big pan of dough, giving Rarus a touch here and there that might have done credit to Phidias in the modelling of his masterpieces—so far as it went. The eyes of Rarus were filled with the white substance, his ears were "improved," and every nook and cranny in his anatomy and harness was garnished with white—for "What is dough made for if not to play with?" thought the chubby artist. A healthy child cannot conceive of anything having a more important use than to afford him amusement.

This mischievous trick was long remembered and the good mother was wont, in

WHERE SANTA CLAUS GETS HIS TOYS



INTERIOR OF MEN'S RECREATION BUILDING

after years, to tell of those childish pranks, which added many hours of weariness to her already well-filled day—a consequence never considered by the boisterous children. Yet, how sweet the memories are of the mischief wrought by little, busy hands and active young minds, as the awakening intellect unfolds.

* * *

Stretched on the beach in summer time, who has not looked upon a scene which thrills one with a rush of memories and visions of the old sand pile? We lie and watch the little tots with pails and shovels, taking their first lessons in industrial building—the sand castles are the precursors of brick and stone. These myriads of pails and shovels come from the Converse factory, and if their little owners could be put together, what an army of industrious and happy childhood we should look upon!

When we arrived at the little girl's trunk room, I had the impulse to trace the destination of each little receptacle. There they were, "just like mamma's," all ready for packing away the doll's clothes when she starts on imaginary, or real journeys. I remembered hearing one mother tell how her little girls learned, by packing the doll's clothes in just such a trunk, to care for their own belongings in later days, when she was no longer with them to "do the packing." Toys are not merely playthings in the family of the wise

mother—they are educators. Even the beating of the noisy drum in the busy hands of the little chaps at Christmas time has its educative force and suggests the first idea of music,—percussion; and soon the child begins to distinguish one rat-tat from another, and thus the rudiments of music are inculcated in the budding intellect. Often a boy gains his first desire for study in a particular line from his toys—the old proverb might be paraphrased to say, "the toy is father of the man."

The indestructible drawing scrolls, with the blackboards and a roll above—already described—showing the drawing lessons, have also their educative influence, and teach, by easy stages, the rudiments of reading, writing and drawing.

There, too, were the little kitchen cabinets, teaching the lesson of system, order and good housekeeping in the home. The toy kitchens, with their tin stoves and perfect equipment, suggest to the mind of the child the requisites for the outfit that will some day be needed in the "real" kitchens that will be part of the homes ruled over by the little girls of the present time in years to come.

It is wonderful how these millions of rocking horses, drums and blackboards are produced, and how expert the help become in handling the work. Just the act of pasting the covers on the trunks, or handling the trays, is a trade in itself, and never have I seen girls

WHERE SANTA CLAUS GETS HIS TOYS



PAINTING ROOM, HORSE DEPARTMENT

handle anything with more dexterity than in this factory.

My first impressions, before going through the factory, were more than confirmed, when Mr. Converse pointed out, here and there, members of the "gold watch brigade," who had been with him twenty-five years. Then I understood the main reason for the splendid success here presented.

The business is owned and managed by Morton E. Converse and his son Atherton D. Converse; the latter is a member of the legislature or general court of Massachusetts, and the father has just served two terms as state senator. One cannot pass a day in the factory without obtaining a glimpse of old time, ideal relations between employer and employees, for Mr. Converse and his son maintain the democratic relationship which has had so much to do with the establishing and upbuilding of industry throughout New England.

It was a delight to tour about Winchendon with Mr. Converse, and note the public spirit evidenced in fine buildings and beautiful grounds. Mr. Converse has a handsome

home in the best residential section, and in the stone columns supporting the entrance have been imbedded the old stone doorsteps—brought down from the hills of New Hampshire—that were once before the houses of his great grandfathers on both paternal and maternal side—reaching back to King Philip's time in early colonial days. In his home Mr. Converse has a large collection of curios brought from Egypt, Greece and Italy, during a recent tour of those countries. Some of these were selected by the late Dean Shaler of Harvard, who was one of the party. This collection is one of the most interesting I have ever seen in a private house.

Do you know what I think of a man and his institution, who quietly and without ostentation is devoting his energies toward making children happy with his wonderful toys? I think he must be an optimist and lover of mankind—he must live in an atmosphere of contentment, conscious, as he looks at his own happy family of children, of having contributed more than his share to the basic principles of America's patriotism and domestic virtues.

THE MODERN MOUNT PARNASSUS

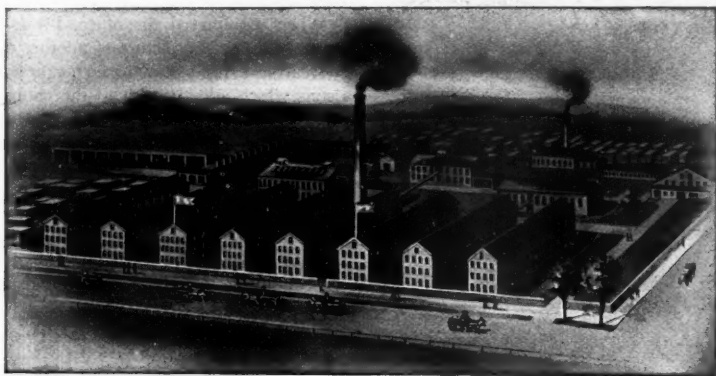
THE HOME OF CELESTIAL MUSIC IN THE NEW WORLD

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

HIGH up among the hills of old Vermont, I visited Brattleboro, where the Estey organs are made. Estey organs have for me a personal interest, for years ago there was a small boy just my size, who played an organ in a little village church out West. His fingers could scarcely span the octaves, and it was the perplexity of his life to play the four parts of a hymn at the same time—

passing the ravine where a mountain stream comes tumbling down into the placid Connecticut River!

A short but steep ascent from the station and we were on the main street, where the sedate air of this old town was here and there violated by the sounds of axe and hammer, where new houses and business blocks were going up. After quenching our thirst



THE ESTEY ORGAN FACTORY, A MIGHTY OCTAVE OF INDUSTRY

it was easy to take the soprano and the bass, but when it came to the intertwining of the tenor and alto, his troubles began, for the left hand thumb was never so nimble as the right one; so there he would sit hour after hour, practicing hymns, from "China" to "Nettleton" and the familiar old Doxology; and always before him, in gilt letters that impressed themselves on his mind in a never-to-be-forgotten memory, were the words in old English letters, "Estey Organ Co., Brattleboro, Vt."

So the recollections of those childhood days in Iowa account for my going on that beautiful September day up among the green hills of Vermont. How delighted I was when the train dashed into the rocky cut, lined on either side with moss and ferns, and what a joy it was to make my way up that winding road,

with a glass of delicious spring water, we boarded the electric car for a ride up through the handsome residential section, where the bright, freshly-painted houses nestling among the verdant maples gave testimony of the thrifty New England stock predominating here. Up, up we rode, winding and turning above the noisy brook in the valley below. It reminded me of Mt. Washington; for, leaving the sultry air and the dusty streets far below, we passed, as it were, the zone of deciduous trees and then came where the ever-green pines predominated. As we stepped off the car, what a panorama of nature was before us!

Here in fancy I could see the crescent semicircle of a stage upon the hillside, and located in the very center, were eight precise-looking buildings, roofed and side-shingled

THE MODERN MOUNT PARNASSUS

with slate, and with gabled roofs uniform in size and style; they suggested at once the giant keys on a great industrial organ; a mighty common octave, from C natural to C natural—there were no sharps and flats. Approaching nearer, we heard the singing saws and shrill planes within, sounds which bore out the poetic fancy.

As I approached along this winding road, passing behind imaginary footlights, it seemed



DEACON JACOB ESTEY, THE FOUNDER
OF THE COMPANY IN 1846

to me as though I had come to the modern Mount Parnassus, the home of celestial music in the New World, for surely these hills are worthy to be the dwellings of the immortal Nine—those classic Graces who for centuries have presided over poetry and song.

Just below, in what I called in fancy "the orchestra circle," was the city of Brattleboro, with its spires, homes and trees, as beautiful a bit of landscape as one could wish, and aptly representing the spellbound audience for the melodies presented by the Muses.

Across the broad Connecticut River was New Hampshire, and in the pulpit was venerable old Mount Wantastiquet, whose stern visage was leaning forward as though to catch each zephyr note from our wooded grotto. Like an echo, was the deep musical diapason of a distant thunder storm, that was rolling together the banks of fleecy summer clouds.

* * *

As I approached closer, the next thing of note that revealed itself was a lumber yard, with tall stacks of seasoned boards, and it was wonderful to realize that soon this tim-

ber—brought from all parts of the country—would be transformed into Estey Organs, which would discourse "American Music" in all climes. As we approached still nearer, the shrill treble of the busy mills mingled with the deep bass of the thunder, and we paused to listen to the harmony of organ making. Old scenes came back to mind, with all the enchantment of memory, and "old times," but the troublesome tenor notes no longer concerned me, now that I was actually in the place where the ivory keys of the Estey Organs are made. Even a cursory visit to this factory convinced me that the two deacons of the old church where I officiated as organist long ago made no mistake when they insisted upon an "Estey" to lead their choir.

When we entered the office, I was interested in seeing the picture of another deacon—Deacon Estey—who made the first melodeons which added much to the church services of olden times and imparted dignity and eclat to the home worship on Sunday evenings. I looked long at the sweet, patriarchal face represented in the picture; and it was indeed a pleasure to meet the two grandsons of the good old-time deacon. Colonel Jacob Gray Estey and J. Harry Estey are continuing the success which their grand-



THE NEW PIANO-CASED ORGAN

father began, and have done their part in aiding the evolution of church music from the early days of the "singing scule" and tuning fork to the gorgeous organ with its many ornate pipes that decorates our churches today.

Everywhere about the factories were the sturdy, bright, keen faces of Yankee workmen, for it struck me that every man there seemed to be an American—which is an unusual thing in these days; besides, they all

THE MODERN MOUNT PARNASSUS

seemed to have an intelligent appreciation of the responsibility of their part in the preparation of the various pieces of the organs. What a variety of instruments there were—from the dainty little missionary organs, occupying only a few cubic feet of space, and specially prepared to be carried to the wilds of India, the veldts of Africa and other remote missionary posts of the world—it may be on men's shoulders part of the distance—to the plain little organs for the simple homes of our country districts, that have brought comfort and solace to so many thousands of hearts. Then, in sharp contrast, were the large pipe organs designed for city churches, where now-a-days pipe organs are as common as they were uncommon fifty years ago. Then only the largest cities and big rich churches had pipe organs, but today, in practically all cities, every church of moderate pretensions is not content unless a pipe organ has been secured; and inversely, the purchase of a pipe organ in a town or village is a sure and certain index of growth and prosperity.

Every process of manufacture, from the making of the brass reeds to the tiniest rivet, is very interesting. We learned that the thinness of the tongue near the rivet end decides its pitch, while the curving of the tongue at the other end voices the reed or declares its quality. And I also discovered for the first time, although I have played an organ all my life since I was big enough to span the octaves, that every stop in the instrument has a separate bank of reeds, and the pulling out of each stop introduces the playing of its own specially-voiced reeds.

As we passed on, I paused to try one of the tempting new organs, and played the first tune I ever learned in grateful memory of the old Estey Organ at home—it was "Mount Vernon," in the key of C, wherein I avoided the terrible dread of sharps and flats. Then I drifted along from the familiar old hymns to the "Rosary," not forgetting a strain of Mendelssohn's "Athalie," and I was delighted at the effects obtained by the use of the Aeolian Harp and other new and improved stops which are truly marvels of manufacture.

A new piano-organ is made now, which is

a complete organ in an upright piano case, an effective adornment for any room. In all the history of music it has always been declared by the masters that pianos were never quite so near the gauge, the timbre, of the human voice as the organ, and certainly such a sound as is produced by the Vox Humana, the stop which imitates the human voice, can never be brought from metal strings. More than ever, I realized that in an organ one has the entire range of musical instruments, all combined in one keyboard. The organ is a composite of the flute, the violin, the clari-



THE FAVORITE CHAPEL ORGAN

net—aye, the note of every instrument is here, and with the Vox Humana, under the hands of a skillful player the keyboard is capable of producing a wonderful diapason that can be equalled by no other instrument on earth.

Especially interesting was the voicing of the pipes for organs of two, three and four manuals. I was impressed anew with the fact that the organ has a close connection with the human voice—there is a similarity in the mode of producing the sounds. There were the lips and the tongues that make the "speaking" qualities of the pipes—in the aperture of the whistle there are delicate indentations, or teeth, which determine the

THE MODERN MOUNT PARNASSUS

quality of the tone and decide whether it shall be soft flute or "reedy" oboe. At the top is another aperture rolled down; this determines the pitch, which can be changed by even a little indentation. At the mouth is the bridge, and across the bottom is the dam, and the tone is produced by setting in motion the air inside the pipe; the form of the pipe determines the quality of the tone. The test was made by striking a tuning fork and the moment it was placed at the lips of the pipe it sounded, because the note struck was in harmony with the key to which the pipe was set. If the tuning fork were struck and held off, no sound was emitted, but when struck and brought into contact with the pipe, it rang out clear and true. We saw pipes voiced from tiny little whistles that made a rivulet of sound, to great roaring bass which fairly shook the building when they voiced a response to the test.

One of the latest and most surprising innovations is a "reed" oboe, which seems a contradiction of terms. This is the achievement which has been dreamed of for years past by makers of musical instruments.

The making of the black and white keys, the long slender fingers for the pipe organs and the dainty little keys for the small, one-manual instruments, was of interest. The two-manual, church, reed organ is popular in many ways, supplying the desire for a pipe organ in volume and scope, without the cost of outlay and installation. In some of the instruments the keys were covered with celluloid instead of ivory. How daintily all were prepared for the touch of human fingers—who knows how many of these keyboards, with their old yellowed keys are now dispersed over the globe, the dearest possession of many a household, playing the glad, stirring strains of the wedding march as well as the funeral dirge of the departed soul, or the triumphant battle song for the victor!

All through the establishment, from the wood-working department where the cases are prepared, to the place where the most delicate reed is manufactured, there were in-

dications of that ingenuity for which Yankees have ever been famous. Here were workmen who have spent their lives in this factory, happy and content in their work. To them it is an art. The wood-working department again suggested the symphony of manufacture, from the shrieking treble of some little fretful instrument to the rumbling bass of the ravenous big saw.

* * *

I wish every young musician could see a two, three or four manual pipe organ in process of manufacture. It seems impossible that all this has evolved from the principle employed by the boy who makes his whistle out of the sapling; yet this is more credible than that these perfect instruments are the lineal descendants of clashing cymbals—the first earthly music—and the rudely graduated Pan pipes, composed of reeds of varying size. How astonished those ancient lovers of melody would be if they could hear the octaves of the great Estey Organs of today!

* * *

As we left the factory, having seen these architects of symphony at their work, the picture of this mighty octave of industry on the mountain side was emphasized by the whispering music of the pines on the crest of the hill above the factory, as they swayed in the rising wind. Overhead were decorations on the ceiling of the temple of the Creator—the blue sky with its drifting, fleecy clouds. Listening to the soft strains were the adjacent mountains of New Hampshire, but who shall play the deep bass pipes in this great organ of Nature? Then down came the thunder storm, and, as though a mighty octave was struck by some giant, invisible hand, the thunderous diapason rolled forth down the valleys; and the deep, reverberating music of the echoing thunder mingled in one vast harmony with the tiny, flute-like treble of the swift-rushing rivulet below. The steady, trumpet tones went calling far up among the hills, proclaiming the unity and harmony between the works of man the wondrous agencies of the Creator.

PROBLEMS IN MUNICIPAL ECONOMICS

By W. C. Jenkins

TELEPHONES

WHEN some writer undertakes the publication of the telephone history of the United States, that chapter which pertains to the organization of the Independent Telephone Companies in the East will be of more than passing interest. It will be of interest not only to telephone men generally, but it will attract the attention of every investor who desires to avoid financial pitfalls by studying the history of the past.

Now that time, in its gentle manner, has laid bare the naked facts, it seems almost inconceivable that such gross errors in judgment should have been made in the organization and conduct of the telephone business by men who are recognized among the leading financiers of the country; and in the history of many independent telephone companies, that of the United States Independent Telephone Company, and the Independent Telephone Securities Company, present a series of incidents that in future years will stand out prominently among the financial blunders of the period.

Seven years ago the Home Telephone Company was formed at Rochester. Local business men were induced to take stock in the new venture, and the name was changed to the Rochester Telephone Company. Several employees of the Bell Telephone Company were engaged to manage the details of the new organization, and an exchange was built. Prices were fixed at forty-eight dollars for unlimited business service, with twenty-four dollars for residence service within one mile, and thirty dollars for residences outside the mile limit. These rates have never been changed. Through some peculiar methods of financing, the company paid dividends.

The Stromberg-Carlson Company, a telephone manufacturing concern of Chicago, was induced to remove its plant to Rochester under a separate organization. Later, the Independent Telephone Securities Company was organized to buy up a number of

independent telephone companies, and succeeded in securing a controlling interest in several concerns, among which were the Utica, Syracuse and Rome exchanges. It also secured a controlling interest in the Utah Independent Telephone Company's system.

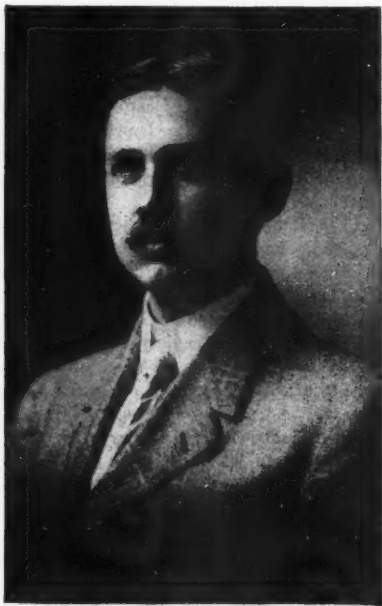
Appearances on the surface indicated success, and some of the financiers conceived the idea of organizing one big company to control all these smaller systems, and to take into camp the big Stromberg-Carlson plant. Accordingly, the United States Independent Telephone Company was formed, and the corporation started out with flying colors.

The New York Independent Telephone Company was urged into the new corporation, and, with some of Rochester's brightest business men at the head of the company, appearances indicated success, and it was not strange that the savings banks and trust funds were called upon for much of the capital needed to finance this immense enterprise. The people of Rochester became greatly excited over the new corporation, and those who did not secure some of the stocks or bonds were not regarded as being abreast of the financial conditions of the day. People in every conceivable walk of life hastened to place their money into the company's securities, believing that their investments would be profitable and secure. Many persons mortgaged their homes to obtain money to purchase these stocks and bonds. In every part of the country the promoters of independent telephone plants pointed to Rochester and Western New York as a locality where the Bell Company had met its Waterloo, and predicted similar victories in the Middle and Western States within a very brief time. The Bell Company itself regarded this independent movement in New York State with much apprehension.

The public was not aware that any grievous error had been made in this big independent movement until a year ago, when the dark financial clouds began to obscure the company's horizon. Bills were not paid

PROBLEMS IN MUNICIPAL ECONOMICS

promptly, and every possible rumor was soon afloat. Stocks and bonds tumbled rapidly, and investors hastened to get rid of their holdings. At this time an effort was made to sell the entire property to the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, and a price was agreed upon which was satisfactory to the majority of the bond holders of the Independent Company. Certain interests, probably other independent telephone companies, induced the attorney general to bring injunction proceedings to restrain the



E. J. COOK, GENERAL MANAGER OF THE ROCHESTER RAILWAY COMPANY

companies from consolidating on the ground that such a consolidation would violate the anti-trust law. The American Telephone and Telegraph Company withdrew from the negotiations and the proposed deal was declared off.

When it became apparent that a sale to the Bell interests was impossible, a committee was appointed to devise a plan for reorganization of the Independent Company's interests. This committee made its report on July 24, and its best efforts to save the United States Independent Company and the Independent Telephone Securities Company from bankruptcy was not ac-

companied by any guarantee that the proposed plan will bring the desired relief. The committee reported as the only alternative to winding up the business, a plan of reorganizing with a capital of six million dollars, and the issuing of three million two hundred and fifty thousand dollars in mortgage bonds. It is not a very cheerful prospect for the bondholders to put another three million dollars into an enterprise that has dissipated a capital of something like fifteen million dollars, and it is perhaps not strange that the bondholders are not unanimous in their approval of the proposed reorganization plan. No illusions are encouraged by the committee; they do not promise that the plan will be successful, and merely declare that the plan is the only feasible alternative to going out of business. In a very frank manner the committee asserted that this curiously ill-assorted business was wrecked by bad management and by attempting to do business on inadequate rates. The Utah investment, and, as the committee expressed it, large credits to irresponsible companies, involved losses aggregating four million dollars, and cutting into the Bell Company's interests as they did, enabled them to cut their own throats at the same time.

The summary at the end of the report tells its own story—

"What is required is, first of all a competent head for the Stromberg-Carlson Company; then a substantial increase of rates on the part of nearly all the operating companies, and finally, ample capital to pay the debts, complete construction and make necessary extensions."

It is apparent that the independent movements in the Eastern States have been conducted by a system of guessing. The Bell Company's years of experience, their ample statistics, carefully tabulated, have guided their operations intelligently, and, as a consequence, they are on a firm financial footing.

In no part of the United States has the independent system been so thrifty and general as in Western New York and Ohio. Much of this energy may be traced to a belief that in time the Bell interests will be driven from the field, and that investments in independent telephone plants will bring excellent financial results. Practically every city and village in Western New York has its independent telephone company, the Inter-Ocean Telephone Company holding considerable of the

PROBLEMS IN MUNICIPAL ECONOMICS

securities of the smaller concerns. At Niagara Falls a corporation known as the Niagara Home Telephone Company is furnishing service to the cities of Niagara Falls, Tonawanda, Lockport and Middleport.

In 1902 The Frontier Telephone Company was organized in Buffalo. This movement followed an agitation on the part of certain well-meaning citizens, who believed that they should do their part in throttling the Bell monopoly, and at the same time furnish telephone service in the city of Buffalo at a much lower rate than was being given by the Bell Company. Accordingly, a franchise was secured, and prices fixed at such a low figure that it seems practically impossible for the independent company to continue many years as a competitor, judging by the admissions of telephone men in other cities who have made the grievous error of contracting to furnish service at similar rates in the past.

Although a feature of the Frontier Company's contract with the city was that it should pay three per cent. on its gross earnings, the corporation has recently refused to pay the amount, giving as a reason that this charge was double taxation on account of the levy being in addition to its franchise tax.

In Cleveland, Ohio, a franchise was granted in 1896 to a corporation known as the Home Telephone Company. The franchise was granted for a period of twenty-five years, the city to have the right to purchase the poles, conduit, wires, and equipment at the actual valuation of the plant, at the expiration of that period, without taking into consideration the value of the franchise rights. The rates established were those asked for by the company, and were forty-eight dollars for business telephones, and thirty-six dollars for residences.

The company was subsequently reorganized and came into the possession of the Everett-Moore Syndicate, and its name was changed to Cuyahoga Telephone Company.

In 1902, the company virtually admitted its inability to continue doing business on the rates embodied in the franchise, and on July 14, of that year, the management made a formal appeal to the Board of Control, and asked that it be allowed to raise its rates, declaring that unless permission was granted, it would be unable to continue operation. The rate of forty-eight dollars, the company declared, was altogether too

low. A protest was made to the proposed increase in rates, and during the discussion, Mayor Johnson took occasion to say:

"I think the clause in the Cuyahoga Telephone Company's franchise, prohibiting its consolidation with any other company, should be abrogated. I believe that the consolidation of the telephone companies would be a great thing for the people. This business is unlike almost any other in this respect. Two telephone companies in the same city are an absolute nuisance, and



R. M. SEARLE, GENERAL MANAGER OF THE ROCHESTER RAILWAY AND LIGHT COMPANY

their consolidation would be a great accommodation to the people."

The Board of Control refused to take up the matter because of the fact, that some question concerning their power to act was raised in reference to the new municipal code, and also because the hands of the City Council were tied by an order of the Supreme Court.

The company later advanced its rates without permission of the council, setting up the claim that the council had no power to fix its rates. The city held the com-

PROBLEMS IN MUNICIPAL ECONOMICS

pany's written promise to hold the price to a certain figure, but notwithstanding this promise, the rates were increased to seventy-two dollars per year for business houses and forty-eight dollars per year for residences.

The council passed a resolution looking to the repeal of the franchise grants of the Cuyahoga Telephone Company, and the city solicitor was directed to prepare the necessary ordinance. Pending this action, the supreme court of Ohio, in another case, decided that the municipalities of Ohio had no authority whatever to regulate the rates to be charged for telephone service, which, of course, prevented the city from making any further objection.

The Bell interests in this section of Ohio, and also Western New York, have made great progress during the past few years. In the main office of the Cleveland Telephone Company hangs an interesting framed document. It is the original contract list of the Cleveland Telephone Company, dated September 23, 1879. In 1876 the telephone was looked upon as a curious toy, and not until 1879 did anyone think it would grow commercially useful. It occurred to some Cleveland business men in 1879, among whom were Fayette Brown, and George W. Stockley, that Cleveland ought to have telephone service. An organization was perfected, and contracts for service secured, with the proviso that contracts would be void unless one hundred subscribers could be obtained. When the company secured seventy-six contracts they opened the exchange, and that little exchange of seventy-six has grown into one with thirty-three thousand telephones today, and connects by long distance with all the cities east of the Rocky Mountains and north of the Gulf of Mexico.

The growth and progress of the Cleveland Telephone Company forms one of the most conspicuous successes of the entire system of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. The company operates exclusively in the city of Cleveland and the county of Cuyahoga, and has a capital stock of three million one hundred thousand dollars, of which the parent company, the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, owns the majority. The company has no bonds, and its earnings have been most satisfactory. During the past year the company has grown very rapidly, and expects

to make a gain of five thousand subscribers during the year of 1907.

Ten years ago the Cleveland Telephone Company had about five thousand subscribers, and this was practically the extent of its switchboard facilities. In 1897, however, the company erected a six-story telephone building, and at present operates eighteen exchanges in Cuyahoga County, ten of which are in Cleveland. The company is constantly adding to its facilities, and the manner in which it has progressed is shown in the fact that the various branches have maintained a tendency to outgrow their facilities. Not alone has the Cleveland exchange shown a wonderful increase, but the calls to and from suburban towns have also advanced in number.

Its rates are eighty-four dollars for business houses, and forty-eight dollars for residences.

The officers of the company are L. G. Richardson, president; John Balch, vice president; John Uprichard, auditor; A. H. Kirkwood, treasurer; Charles A. Grant, secretary; and P. Yensen, general manager.

The Bell Telephone Company of Buffalo is a conservatively managed corporation, and its relationship with the municipalities and with its patrons is most harmonious. The company's system consists of about sixty thousand telephone stations, twenty-three thousand of which are in Buffalo, and the balance in the fifty-five other exchange systems owned and operated by the company. To reach its present subscribers and to take care of the rapid increase, no less than one hundred and seventeen thousand miles of wire, in addition to that in its toll plant, are to be found in the company's exchange systems, over ninety thousand of which are in cables. An illustration of the remarkable development of the company may be shown by the fact that over eighteen thousand miles of additional wire were installed during 1906.

In order to connect all these exchanges, the company has created a toll line plant, recently greatly enlarged, and containing over fourteen thousand miles of copper wire. For the size of the territory served, it is conceded to be one of the most comprehensive systems in the United States. Like the other Bell companies, the Buffalo Telephone Company enjoys the privileges of connection with all long distance Bell lines in the United States and Canada.

PROBLEMS IN MUNICIPAL ECONOMICS

The Bell Telephone Company of Buffalo furnishes its patrons through the measured service plan. The system has been in effect since the organization of the company, the officials believing that this method is the most equitable system to both large and small telephone users. The subscriber who has occasion to use the telephone a hundred times a day should pay more for service than the patron whose business requires but a dozen or less calls per day; in other words, the subscriber pays for what he receives. When the company was first organized the price per message was fourteen cents. This has been reduced on different occasions until a fixed charge is now made of sixty dollars for a twelve-hundred message per year service. Large users of the telephone are given a three-cent rate. The measured service system is in effect in New York and several of the large cities, and it is believed in time that the plan will be in general force.

BUFFALO STREET RAILWAY CONDITIONS.

The rapid growth of cities like Buffalo, makes the problem of rapid transit within urban and suburban districts the most important municipal question with which we have to deal. As the city grows, the area within which a man may live and easily walk to his work becomes overfilled, and rents rise to such a point that a worker must move away from the business center. The steam railroads attempted to solve the problem of rapid transit by running frequent trains to the suburbs, but for various causes it was impossible for them to meet the whole demand.

The first improvement introduced in urban transportation was the omnibus, which required no special form of pavement. This was soon followed by the street car drawn by horses on its own roadway laid in the streets. After this, in quick succession, came cable and electric cars, now supplemented in the large cities by elevated and underground railways. The effect of these changes have been to increase very greatly the area within which the workingman can find a residence.

If we assume that one hour represents the maximum amount of time that can be taken to go to one's place of business, a man who walks can have his dwelling within a circle of three and a half mile radius; or within

an area of thirty-eight square miles. If he can use a horse car traveling at the rate of seven miles an hour, the distance which is open to him covers 154 square miles; if it is an electric car traveling at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, the distance will contain 706 square miles, and if he can be given a speed of twenty-five miles an hour by means of overhead or underground tracks, the distance within which he may live and reach his business in an hour will have an area of about 2,000 square miles.

The results of improved travel facilities in Buffalo have been of incalculable value to all whose business requires them to spend their days in the heart of the city. The tenement system with its overcrowded population has been eradicated, and conditions for the workingman have been greatly improved. The most prejudiced corporation enemy can see many evidences of improved conditions in the Buffalo street railway system. Many new cars of the latest design are being put into service, and new and heavier rails are being laid in the principal business districts; in fact it is the intention of the management to give the citizens one of the best street railway systems in the country.

The International Traction Company is a proprietary and not a holding company, and was incorporated in March, 1899, under the laws of New Jersey, for the purpose of effecting the consolidation of all the street railway systems operating in Buffalo and the territory north of Buffalo, embracing the cities of Niagara Falls, Lockport, the Tonawandas, Niagara Falls, Ontario, and vicinity, and to acquire and consolidate therewith two international bridges across Niagara River.

The International Railway Company was incorporated February 20, 1902, under the provisions of the railroad law of the State of New York, by filing agreements of consolidation between the street railways acquired by the International Traction Company. The company's franchises run from forty-five years to nine hundred and ninety-nine years. The International Traction Company owns all the stock of the International Railway Company.

The history of the street railway systems operating in Buffalo and adjoining territory is punctuated by many conflicts with the municipal governments. Many men have ridden into office on account of their pre-

PROBLEMS IN MUNICIPAL ECONOMICS

tended anxiety regarding the alleged greed of the corporations, but in 1902 new agreements were made which seem to be satisfactory to the citizens in general and the corporation is now living in peace and harmony with the city administration. As a consequence, the railway company is spending immense sums of money in improvements. The rate of fare is five cents, with universal transfers.

THE SITUATION IN ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

There have been many corporation incidents of an interesting nature in Rochester, New York, during the past half-century. The citizens have paid out thousands of dollars to the public service corporations that might have been saved, had ability instead of incompetency represented the people in the common council, and it is no wonder that arrogance and independence for many years held full sway in the offices of the corporations. The managers fully realized the weak and vacillating characteristics of the city government, and trimmed their sails accordingly. Franchises were granted that permitted over-capitalization, insufficient taxation and a general lack of proper supervision and control. When the public woke up the actual conditions dawned upon them, but with the constitutional debt limit of ten per cent. of the assessed valuation and with a close proximity to that limit, any proposition to obtain relief by purchase of a public utility could not be considered. Therefore public ownership, even though it be recommended only as a last resort, was not available, and any agitation along this line produced no beneficial effect upon the conscience of the men who were in control of the corporations.

Time has changed many of these undesirable conditions. Men who realize that corporations cannot be placed upon any pedestal of permanency by any other method than honesty are guiding the affairs of the public service concerns of Rochester today. That progressiveness and up-to-date methods are characteristic features of the present efforts of the management of the Rochester Railway & Light Company is apparent to everyone who visits the head offices of the institution. Indeed it would be difficult to find a better organized force of employees or more

general enthusiasm than can be seen in this corporation. Mr. R. M. Searle, general manager, is one of the best corporation men in the country. His manner of dealing with the public and in settling disputes, has won for the corporation a great many friends during the past year. Complaints are attended to promptly, and errors when they are discovered are cheerfully corrected. Last September Mr. Searle sent out thirty-five thousand postal cards to patrons, asking if their service was satisfactory and if they had any suggestions to make for its improvement. A large majority of replies received expressed complete satisfaction, others made minor suggestions, but the number of complaints received was very small. Mr. Searle has taken hold of the affairs of the Rochester Railway & Light Company with a view of making it a model public service corporation, in fact one of the best in the country. If he fails it will not be from lack of effort and intelligent direction.

STREET RAILWAY CONDITIONS.

The present street railway system of the city of Rochester had inception with the Rochester City & Brighton Railway Company, organized May 20, 1862. In 1868 this company was ended by mortgage foreclosure, and a new company of the same name was organized March 5, 1868. Later other articles were filed, organizing the Rochester Electric Railway Company, the South Park Railway Company, Crosstown Railway Company, and, finally, the present Rochester Railway Company on February 25, 1890. The Rochester Railway Company leased the Rochester City & Brighton Railway Company in 1890, and in the same year became vested with all the capital stock, franchises, etc. of the Rochester City & Brighton Railway Company by proceedings taken under the railroad law. At this time the corporation also secured the rights and franchises of the Crosstown Railway Company, South Park Railway Company and leased the Rochester Electric Railway Company.

Aside from the acts of the legislature, the rights and duties of the Rochester Railway Company are prescribed by various franchises, council resolutions and agreements with the company. Acting upon a special message of Mayor Cutler in 1904, the common council revoked the unused franchises

PROBLEMS IN MUNICIPAL ECONOMICS

of the Rochester Railway Company, and in 1905 requested the attorney general to begin action to annul these franchises. It was tried last October, and the franchises in sixty-nine streets were annulled. No appeal was taken by the railway company. In 1904 the Rochester Light & Power Company and the Rochester Gas & Electric Company were consolidated under the name of Rochester Railway & Light Company. The Rochester Railway & Light Company now owns a majority of the stock of the Rochester Railway Company acquired under the consolidation agreement and operates its street railway system, but the latter company maintains a separate corporate existence.

The chief point of dispute between the city and the railway is in regard to the amount the railway should pay toward street improvements. In the old days of horse cars, the company was required to pave the street between the rails and two feet outside, but in the city ordinances passed between 1868 and 1890, a period of twenty years, the street railway company was not required to lay new pavements between its tracks when new pavements were laid in the streets. A distinction was made between keeping an old pavement in repair and laying a new one. Some of these disputes have been settled, while others are still in court. The present management desires to determine what its liabilities are and to settle accordingly. The legality of the claims is in dispute and goes so far into the intricacies of the constitutional laws that an appeal has been made to the highest courts for final decision.

The conditions in Rochester have undergone a remarkable change during the past five years, or since the present ownership obtained control. At the present time matters are conducted purely upon a business basis and devoid of political trickery. It is apparent that the rights of the public are being considered, and an effort is being made to promote a general feeling of friendship rather than to encourage hostility. Reasonable concessions, even though not demanded, have been given, and the rates, especially of the street lighting contract, are lower than those of most cities of its class. The price per light per annum is fifty-seven dollars and ninety-five cents. The street railway charges a five-cent fare, and, although its franchisees do not make it imperative, the company gives

transfer privileges. The cars are all of a modern type and the service is excellent. The motormen and conductors are above the average intelligence found among street railway employees.

Since the Rochester Railway & Light Company has been in control of the public service corporations of Rochester the company has engaged some of the best public utility men in the country to bring order out of chaos and place the affairs of the different concerns upon a broad and liberal basis. There is absolutely no identity whatever on the part of these men with any of the political parties or factions of the city or state. Their efforts are being directed toward the improvement of the service and reducing the cost. In this way they expect to obtain public approval, by attempting to build up their system rather than by entrenching themselves behind political breastworks of doubtful character. During my stay at Rochester I interviewed a great number of the leading citizens, who pointed with much pride to the greatly improved condition in corporation affairs. It is the general opinion that the Rochester Street Railway Company is one of the best systems in the country at the present time.

The officers of the Rochester Railway & Light Company are H. E. Andrews, Cleveland, president; W. K. Vanderbilt Jr. and C. A. Hollister, vice presidents; R. M. Searle, general manager. Mr. Searle recently made a trip to Europe to study all the latest improvements. J. T. Hutchings, assistant general manager, came from Philadelphia, and is one of the best electrical men in the business.

Much of the credit for bringing the street railway system to the present degree of efficiency is due R. E. Danforth who was identified with the company as general manager for five years. Mr. Danforth came to Rochester under the Clark Syndicate, and remained until last August, when Mr. E. J. Cook succeeded him. Mr. Cook was formerly chief engineer for the Cleveland Electric Railway Company, and understands street railway management and construction in its every detail.

Mr. J. C. Collins, secretary of the street railway company, was of great aid to Mr. Danforth in organizing the policy and carrying for the system.



H EART THROBS socials are becoming very popular all over the country, if I may believe my friends and subscribers who write me very enthusiastic letters concerning "The Old Scrap Book." That curious and incomparable volume, made up by 50,000 people, has furnished more real solid entertainment, I candidly believe, than any other book ever published.

Its 840 selections have proved the "whole world kin" in sentiment, and everything in this book has a close personal connection with the people, and remarks made about it always arouse the greatest curiosity among those who do not already know the book. Readings from this remarkable collection embrace humor, pathos, sentiment and as wide a range of feeling as it is possible to compress into an evening's entertainment.

Heart Throbs socials have proved an excellent plan to raise money for various societies and churches. The reader informs the audience of the contents of the book, and they make the selections, indicating what they would like.

One reader records:

"I wish you could have heard old Deacon Stanton recite "Church Music;" his voice shook with laughter as he read of the comparison of Solomon with "the lilies of the field, somewhat to the former's disadvantage."

Then perhaps a younger member of the happy circle mounts the platform and reads "The Death of Little Nell," or some mother surprises her children with her knowledge of the elocutionary art; or a father startles his family by his rendering of some favorite

selection from Heart Throbs—these socials are indeed a revelation of hidden talent.

A number of students of elocution have made a great success by giving readings exclusively from Heart Throbs.

Ministers and others interested in Heart Throbs entertainments will find this a very pleasant way of providing unique amusement and raising money; they would do well to secure a copy of the book either from the Boston office or from 150 Nassau Street, Room 431, New York City. The New York office has charge of the entertainment bureau, and will send prompt information concerning the proposition.

In my continuous travels about the country the most welcome thing I see on entering a home is a Heart Throbs Book, lying on the table. The volume may be placed there by the hostess, in anticipation of my coming, and if so, she certainly succeeds in delighting at least one of her guests. I find the book in the homes of the Middle Western States, amid the Berkshire Hills, in the heart of the big cities, in the Rockies—in fact, all over the country.

Some time ago I had some friends to dinner; they came from the West, East, North and South. After dinner we had a little music, and then I studied the situation a minute. "We must do something that will interest them all at the same time," I thought. Around the library table we gathered, and a well-thumbed copy of "Heart Throbs" was produced and handed around from one to another, for each to make a selection, and then the reading began. Each poem was read by the person who had selected it, and

VICTOR RECORDS

Make Christmas
a Real Christmas



While the two rival vaudeville interests are vying with each other to star the leading popular artists, the *Victor* presents the best of both.

May Irwin, famous for her quaint witticisms; Vesta Victoria and Alice Lloyd, the famous English comedienues; that celebrated tenor, Richard Jose; clever Clarice Vance, with her irresistibly humorous song hits; Harry Lauder, the great Scotch comedian; and popular Eddie Morton, are some of the many artists who make records exclusively for the *Victor*.

Then there's Billy Murray, Harry Macdonough, Arthur Collins, Ada Jones, Harry Tally and other favorites who also sing for you on the *Victor*.

Ask any *Victor* dealer to play any *Victor* Record you want to hear.

Write today for catalogue.

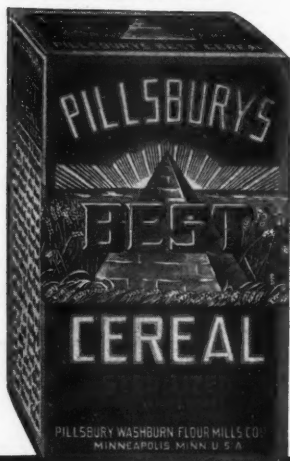
Victor Talking Machine Company
Camden, N. J., U. S. A.

Berliner Gramophone Company of Montreal, Canadian Distributors



A thousand new Victor records every year—issued monthly. Simultaneous Opening Day throughout America on the 28th of the preceding month.

*The
Breakfast Food*



We point to

Pillsbury's BEST Flour

as the best recommendation for the
superior quality of our new breakfast
food

Pillsbury's BEST Cereal

For nearly half a century Pillsbury's Best Flour has been the standard in the Flour business the world over. Our new breakfast food is made with the same care, from the same selected wheat, in the same great mills at Minneapolis. Each package makes 12 lbs. of delicious, creamy white food.

Look for the name **PILLSBURY** on your flour sack and cereal package.
Ask your Grocer.

Read Special Recipe for Children on opposite page 

The Flour



Flour?
"Pillsbury's BEST"
*You
Know the rest*

**The following
Special Recipe
for Children**

Takes a little more time and trouble than to prepare in the ordinary way. But it has been discovered that this makes the ideal food for little folks.

Pour one quart of boiling water into a cold pan, add one-half teaspoonful of salt, and then stir in slowly one cup (one-half pint) of Pillsbury's Best Cereal.

Cook thirty minutes, or longer, in a covered pan set in boiling water.

Cooking three-quarters of an hour will not injure, but rather add to its delicacy. In such instances, however, it is often necessary to stir in a little boiling water to keep it from becoming too thick. Serve hot with cream and sugar.

LET'S TALK IT OVER

then we all discussed it, and related, perhaps, some circumstance in connection with it that had touched our personal experience. A stenographic report of that evening would have made interesting reading. We began our amusement at eight o'clock, and it was well past midnight before we ceased the entertainment that had grown exclusively from between the covers of a Heart Throbs Book.

To show how widely distributed the book is, I will tell how I wandered into a banquet at a late hour only a week or two since, and was called upon to address over 400 businessmen of Minneapolis; "King Bountiful" had arrived for the harvest festival of the Minneapolis Publicity Club, and was sitting enthroned. The banquet was held in the Donaldson Tea Rooms, and the decorations were all in character, stacks of corn, pumpkins and various other "kindly fruits of the earth" being displayed. It was the approach o' Hallowe'en, and the spirit of gaiety was abroad.

What to say I did not know; but I felt flattered that any "throb" of mine could be interesting after such celebrities as Adam Bede, Colonel Baldwin, Major Young, Milton Bucklin and other well-known men had spoken.

I arose with some trepidation, but the words of the toastmaster, Sir Arthur Warrack, "we expect a closing heart throb from Joe Chapple," gave me my cue, and set the wheels moving with a bit of autobiography in which Minneapolis was directly concerned, Let Ex-mayor Gray tell the story as it was printed in the Minneapolis papers:

ONE HEART THROB AT THE END

"Do you know Joe Chapple was at the banquet and handed out a single magnificent heart-throb? It was all about two boys who paid forty-nine cents to get to the county seat in an Iowa district and then beat their way to Minneapolis, where there was an exposition in blossom. In Minneapolis they waited on table at the Nicollet house and soon had acquired enough "dough" to essay a newspaper in North Dakota. One day when the walking was good they fled to Ashland, Wisconsin, where another sure thing in the way of a newspaper awaited them. From Ashland they made their way to Boston, riding

this time on a passenger train in the regular way. There they found a disconsolate magazine which was simply yearning for heart throbs. They took pity on it, and have been feeding it affectionate breakfast food ever since.

From the way Joe Chapple told it, you might have thought he was one of these boys. It was a great story, and, told with gestures, made a mighty hit with the banqueters."

As I looked upon the clusters of golden corn stalks wreathed about the pillars of the room, I was reminded of the shocks standing in military array on the rolling fields of the prairie states, where they huddled together as though to protect themselves from the wintry blasts. They always reminded me of Indian tepees. This display of corn at the banquet recalled the thrilling lines of that epic of American verse, Columbia's Emblem, written by Edna Dean Proctor. The time is coming when this nation will realize that the appropriate and permanent emblem of this country may be found in the graceful leaves and waving tassels of the Indian maize. What is more musical than the rustle of a whispering corn field, or what fragrance is sweeter than the odor of the fields in the early days of June?

"With its banners of green and silken sheen,
It sprang at the sun's behest;
And by dew and shower, from its natal hour,
With honey and wine 'twas fed,
Till on slope and plain the gods were fain
To share the feast outspread;
For the rarest boon to the land they loved
Was the Corn so rich and fair,
Nor star nor breeze o'er the farthest seas
Could find its like elsewhere."

* * *

The rose may bloom for England,
The lily for France unfold;
Ireland may honor the shamrock,
Scotland her thistle bold;
But the shield of the Great Republic,
The glory of the West,
Shall bear a stalk of the tassled Corn—
The sun's supreme bequest!

* * *

AMONG the pianists to visit America this season interest is centered largely in Miss Catherine Goodson. Miss Goodson visited America last season for the first time and made her debut with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, under Dr. Karl Muck. Her success was immediate and unequivocal. She was at once engaged by Dr. Muck to play at his next concert in Cambridge, and by Mr. Franz Kneisel of the world-famous

The Edison Phonograph as a Christmas Present



NO single thing furnishes so much entertainment, amusement and enjoyment to a family, especially where there are children and young folks, as an Edison Phonograph. It supplies all kinds of amusement at little expense; it gives you a means of entertaining your friends and neighbors, and it keeps you up-to-date with every kind of music by the purchase of **NEW RECORDS** for a small sum, all of which combined, make the home the most delightful spot on earth. A small sum invested in an Edison Phonograph will do this.

Have you seen and heard the new model with the big horn? If not, go to the nearest dealer and see it, hear it and buy it. If you cannot do that, write to us for a complete descriptive catalogue.



THOMAS A. EDISON
Thomas A. Edison

NATIONAL PHONOGRAPH CO. 27 Lakeside Ave., Orange, N.J.

Don't fail to mention "The National Magazine" when writing to advertisers

LET'S TALK IT OVER

Kneisel Quartet for several appearances with that organization; she was also engaged by Emil Paur to play two performances with the Pittsburg Orchestra, and by Prof. Willy Hess to play with the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Miss Goodson is returning to America in time to appear as soloist at the Worcester Festival, which this season celebrates its fiftieth anniversary. She is then engaged to play with all the great orchestras in the country, in recital, private and public, and

The mechanism of her playing is simply a means to an end. It is her heart and her mind which give their message through the means of her mechanism and which stir her hearers.

* * *

SANITARY milk production is a question that will engage the attention of Congress, and was a subject discussed at the International Peace Congress with a great deal of interest. With the price of milk in-



DONALDSON'S TEA ROOMS, MINNEAPOLIS, DECORATED FOR THE HARVEST FESTIVAL
HELD OCTOBER 30

her tour is about to start under the most favorable auspices.

Miss Goodson is an artist of great temperament; her personality is charming, and wherever she goes she wins her way to the hearts of the audiences. She studied for years with the great Leschetizky, and in her the master took a very vivid interest. Her repertoire covers pretty generally the literature for the pianoforte. There is a remarkable charm about the playing of Miss Goodson, and in hearing her one feels the depth and beauty of music to a very great extent.

creasing, the experts at the Agricultural Department insist that a systematic inspection of dairy and farm produce and milk distribution methods cannot be too rigidly enforced, and so it looks as though even the farmer himself will be subject to federal inspection, which began at the packing houses in Chicago.

Investigation has brought out the fact that poorly lighted and ill ventilated stables are responsible for many of the defects in milk. With no attention paid to the stable yard, with swine, horses and other domestic animals scattered about the yard and stabled

LET'S TALK IT OVER

with the cows; with manure often collecting for months at a time, it is no wonder that impure milk finds its way to the market. As another precaution, sterilized bottles will be insisted upon, and with the Washington supply as a test, some radical dairy regulations may be looked for in the forth-coming laws, one of which will provide for classifying dairies. A somewhat startling suggestion was made as to whether milk included cream, which seems like another phase of the problem in the boarding house, as to

pening to take up a volume of Tennyson, I discovered that this was one of the amusements resorted to by the maids of honor of that unhappy woman, Queen Mary of England, in an endeavor to occupy her mind cheerfully, when health and hope failed her.

Now the idea is not to prepare for this too long, but just tell us what comes first into your mind in connection with this question, *for the happy moments* that flash to your mind first, are without doubt the happiest of your life, for they have left a lasting impression. Don't make it a matter of deliberation, but take what comes first. These contributions may be published in book form, after appearing in the National.

* * *



MISS KATHERINE GOODSON

whether the liquid used to color the coffee ought to be called milk, cream or sky-blue water.

* * *

WE simply cannot help asking things of our readers. The readers of The National Magazine are active people, and they keep us just "doing something" all the time.

The next thing to be done is to send on a thousand words—or less—concerning the *happiest moments of your life*. Now think quick! No query and answer could be more interesting, for what has been fruitful in producing happiness in one life must be an inspiration to others.

After we had decided on having these contributions from happy habiters, on hap-

DON'T forget that this is the last month for the preparation of your *Pleasure Books*, on which the prize will be awarded in the beginning of the coming year. I hope you have been keeping them written up, and even if a day or two has been missed, it will not be difficult for you to run back over the year in memory, and recall what happened on that particular date.

Be sure and send the diaries along just as soon as the old year is out, as it will take some time to read them all over and give judgment as to which is the most interesting record. There has been a great deal of interest in the project. It will be a record of some pleasure recorded by readers of the National every day of the year 1907.

* * *

THE initial chapters of *The Smoky God*, by Willis George Emerson, in the December issue of the National Magazine, begin one of the most remarkable serials which will appear in any magazine for 1908. The story is a thrilling conception of the inhabitants of the interior of the earth, and relates to the discovery of the North Pole, a matter that has long received the attention of eminent scientists.

The story of Olaf Jansen, the Swedish sailor, as told by Mr. Emerson in selections from the papers left by the Swede, has all the charm of romance and adventure, and is a serial that will be eagerly looked for each month by the readers of The National. Each succeeding chapter will be of greater

A Few of the Contributors to The Companion for 1908.

Grover Cleveland, for eight years the Chief Executive of the United States; now the most eminent figure in private life in America.

Arthur T. Hadley, LL.D., President of Yale University; eminent publicist and educator; for many years student and teacher of political science.

Sir William Ramsay, D.Sc., Ph.D., LL.D., Professor of Chemistry in University College, London; world-famous for his investigations and discoveries in chemical science; a scientific leader of his time.

George W. Melville, LL.D., Rear-Admiral and Engineer-in-Chief of the United States Navy (retired); famous as a leader of Arctic explorations; an inventor of many mechanical appliances; formerly President of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers; author.

Lady Henry Somerset, President of the National British Woman's Temperance Association; formerly President of the World's Women's Christian Temperance Union; formerly editor of the *Women's Signal*; active in philanthropic work.

Elmer Ellsworth Brown, Ph.D., United States Commissioner of Education, formerly Professor of Education at the University of California and President of the National Council of Education; author and efficient public servant.

H. Rider Haggard, widely known as a novelist; of high reputation as a specialist in agricultural economy; formerly in the British Colonial Service in Africa.

Charles D. Sigsbee, Rear-Admiral of the United States Navy; veteran of the Civil War; inventor of new methods of deep-sea exploration; Commander of the battle-ship *Maine* at the time of its destruction; valiant officer in the Spanish-American War; authoritative writer on matters of naval engineering.

Joseph W. Folk, Governor of Missouri, at the head of the successful movement for political reform in that state, and a strong supporter of civic righteousness in the nation.

Sir William Purdie Treloar, K.C.B., Lord Mayor of the City of London; historian; philanthropist; eminent public citizen.

Rodolfo Lanciani, D.C.L., Professor of Ancient Topography in the University of Rome; his discoveries in Roman archeology have been extraordinary in their value to history.

Carroll D. Wright, LL.D., President of Clark College and trustee of the Carnegie Institution; once a soldier in the Federal Army; later famous as Commissioner of Labor for the United States; of long experience and usefulness in public life.

Ira Remsen, Ph.D., LL.D., President of Johns Hopkins University; formerly and for many years Professor of Chemistry there; through his invaluable researches and writings one of the most famous of modern chemists.

Beverly T. Galloway, LL.D., Chief of the Bureau of Plant Industry of the Department of Agriculture; author of works on botany and horticulture.

Robert Lincoln O'Brien, Editor-in-Chief of the Boston *Transcript*; formerly personal secretary of President Cleveland; well-known Washington correspondent; author.

Elihu Thomson, Ph.D., inventor of electric welding process and many other important devices in electrical science; valued writer on technical subjects.

"**Maarten Maartens**," the foremost novelist of the time in Holland; widely and appreciatively read in America; a leader in the effort for political and economic betterment in his country.

George M. Sternberg, LL.D., Brigadier-General and Surgeon-General of the United States Army (retired); fighter of yellow fever and cholera; in command of the army medical service during the war with Spain; author.

Sir Harry H. Johnston, D.Sc., artist; traveller in many lands; explorer of the African wilderness; formerly Special Commissioner for the Uganda Protectorate; biologist; author of scientific works and books of travel.

AND MORE THAN TWO HUNDRED OTHERS.

SEE CHRISTMAS OFFER ON OPPOSITE PAGE.

Don't fail to mention "The National Magazine" when writing to advertisers

DEPARTMENT OF PROGRESSIVE ADVERTISERS

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

For 1908

The Best Christmas Present
for \$1.75



The Only Paper that Interests All the Family.

The fifty-two weekly issues for 1908 will give as much reading for \$1.75 as twenty 400-page books of fiction, history, etc., ordinarily costing \$1.50 each.

250 Capital Stories; 300 Articles and Sketches;
2000 One-Minute Stories; 1000 Notes on
Nature and Science; Weekly Medical
Article; Children's Page, etc.

Christmas Present Coupon

Cut out at once and send this slip (or mention this publication) with
\$1.75 for the 52 issues of 1908 and you will receive J601

GIFT 1. All the issues of the paper for the remaining weeks of 1907,
including the Beautiful Holiday Numbers.

GIFT 2. The Companion's Four-Leaf Hanging Calendar for 1908 in
Full Color—exclusively for Companion subscribers.

Then The Companion for the fifty-two issues of 1908—a library in itself.

Send for Sample Copies of the Paper and Illustrated Announcement for 1908.
THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, BOSTON, MASS.

Don't fail to mention "The National Magazine" when writing to advertisers.

LET'S TALK IT OVER

interest, and afford entertainment for the long winter evenings, and the reading of this story will provoke much lively discussion in the cosy corners of the household.

* * *

A FAMINE in the United States seems impossible; but it is evident that we are about to experience one. Mr. Gifford Pinchot, the head forester of the United States government, is authority for the statement that on the highest estimate there remain but 2,000 billion feet of timber in the country, and that the annual consumption is 100 billion.

This means that we will have no lumber at all in twenty years, and the famine will begin long before the forests are gone. What are the paper mills to do for pulp; where will the railroad ties come from? The houses we can build of cement and brick, but where will we get the flooring and finished lumber? Who will supply our packing cases and our matches and tooth-picks, our barrel staves and our wooden furniture? What will become of our wood fires? Lumber is as essential to a nation as wheat or iron, and in twenty years we will have exhausted our supply.

A few years ago our farmers were clearing their fields of trees and burning them up. Timber was a nuisance. Scientific forestry that preserves a country's timber supply for all generations has long been practiced in Europe. In view of the experience of these older countries, our wasteful practice is nothing short of criminal.

* * *

A MERRY, merry Christmas to readers of The National. This is said with all the heartiness that can be expressed in those good old words.

If I might choose a Christmas remembrance, the one thing I would desire would be that every reader of The National should own a copy of "Heart Throbs." Not because of any pecuniary profit which might

accrue to us from the sale of these books, but because it is my sincere desire to have every subscriber familiar with the book which is the essence of the splendid spirit of the National Magazine readers, a remembrance of at least 50,000 people. We have printed a great deal of matter about "Heart Throbs," and yet the half has not been told. If you could all see the thousands of letters that are pouring in, and realize the spirit of these letters, you would understand the reason for my enthusiasm over this book. I truly believe that every single copy of "Heart Throbs" circulated, and in the hands of the people, is more potential for the uplifting and stimulation of the best ambitions, than any educative literature ever published, outside of Holy Writ.

Remember, this book is not the work of one person, but the concentrated opinions of 50,000 people, scattered far and wide over the country.

* * *

A MEMORABLE incident occurred at Pilot Knob, Missouri, where the forty-third anniversary of Pilot Knob battle was commemorated, the exercises being in charge of the Veterans of the Civil War, an organization composed of survivors of both the Union and Southern armies. The exercises were attended by over 2,000 persons and addresses were made by Congressman M. R. Smith of Farmington and Dr. Rowe of Rolla. It is proposed to organize branches of this association in every state, and to make it national in scope. Such a league would go far toward eliminating any scars that may remain of the days of '61.

Such a union has been a pet project since the days of boyhood, when I sat on the knee of a veteran of the Northern army, or walked hand in hand with a beloved relative of the South; and listened eagerly to his tales of the gray. A subscriber kindly sent me a memorandum of this organization, of which Colonel F. C. Sitz was elected lieutenant colonel.